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CATALINA ISLANDS

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 9 AUGUST, 1906 No. 1

AN ANGLER'S REVERIE

(Trolling off Santa Catalina Island.)

HERE, in these Western waters,
By this isle of the Sunset Sea,
I could rest my boat, or just let it float
Wherever it wished to be,
And with rod and reel and a meager meal
I could sit through the live-long day,
And I would not ask for a Bourbon flask,
But just for a pipe of clay;
And the whole year in and the whole year out
I could sit in that narrow boat
And rock and roll, and smoke and troll,
And float
and float
and float!

And all I would like would be a "strike"
To add to my heart's repose—
A shark or a whale, or a yellow-tail,
Or a tuna (the angler knows),
And the world could preach and the world
could teach,
Of the heaven or hell to be,
But there on that tide I'd be satisfied,
For it's heaven enough for me!
And the live-long day with my pipe of clay
I could ride in that little boat,
And I'd rock and roll, and smoke and troll,
And float
and float
and float!

THE MAGIC ISLE

By "STILLHUNTER"

OSSIBLY, nay more, quite probably, there is no equal area in the world—at least no equal area cast in island form save portions of Sicily—which has attracted so wide and so universal attention as that rough bit of earth and rock and sand which rises abruptly from the Santa Barbara Channel off the coast of Los Angeles County, and which is known to all the world as Santa Catalina, to a few of its most ardent devotees as the "Magic Isle."

In September of 1542 the caravels of Cabrillo, the indomitable Columbus of the West Coast, sailed into the harbor of what is now Avalon and found there a prosperous Indian village; that is, prosperous as the island Indians were wont to consider prosperity. They were safe from the marauding tribes of the mainland; indeed, with some of these tribes they bartered, crossing the channel in crude canoes. Cabrillo is said to have named the islands now called San Clemente and Catalina, after his two ships, La Vittoria and San Salvador, but the name has since been changed, just why or how or by whom is not well known, but presumably to suit the fancy of some one of the Franciscan friars, whose teachings among mainland flocks are supposed to have drawn most of the inhabitants of the beautiful island to the coast of Southern California, whence the greater part of them went to fill unnamed and unnumbered graves, now worn level with the surrounding world by the relentless hand of time.

But be that as it may, the Catalina in which we are interested, you and I and the rest of us who go down to the sea in launches for the taking of its game fishes, is the island of today, not of the yesterday or the day before, and to its fresh life one who knows it turns with the sure prospect of relief from the weary grind of ordinary days.

To reach Catalina now, one takes the steamer at San Pedro, in whose harbor, three hundred and fifty years ago, Cabrillo's ships came to anchor. Today the land-locked bay is filled with the fleets of all the world, and as the steamer slips out through the double and triple lines of masts hung heavy with the bunting of nations, one cannot but dream of the days that are forever dead. On past the breakwater, whereon in dim lines the faithful squad of inshore fishermen may be seen fighting here a bass, there a mackerel, the screw drives the vessel, until at length a backward glance reveals but a dim haze of mainland, dotted with the white buildings of the city, now merged almost into one snowy blotch.

From beneath the very bows on either side gauze-winged flying fishes raise themselves from out of a sea of deepest blue, beating their way laboriously for a hundred yards or less, only to drop once more into the ocean. Rarely, schools of huge tuna (the "tunnies" of Atlantic and Mediterannean coasts) appear, ahead of them a vertiable cloud of flying fish seeking by every means in their power to escape the dreaded jaws of their pursuers. Such sights as this are not frequent, however, and it is the solitary fisherman off the open seaside of Catalina in a small boat who sees them most often of any who visit the Magic Isle.

Gradually the green-blue of inshore waters gives place to a strip of dull, brick red, to which you can discover neither length nor breadth, though, peering over the side, you are prone to believe that it has no bottom. Occasionally the boat pitches very badly through this portion of the passage, and if you are wise you will stay in the outer air, where it blows fresh and crisp across the deck and where the gulls scream about your head. This is the real channel. This is

CATALINA HARBOR
Into which Cabrillo is supposed to have sailed in the long ago

the belt of water which sometimes runs like a mill-race to the south, sometimes lies like a lake of oil. In it at times appear great whales; a few years ago one of the monsters rose beneath the steel plates of the "Hermosa," lifting the boat perceptibly and scraping the broad leathern back until the sea ran red with blood.

And then, dimly and afar off, like some huge kraken rising from miles of level sea, you behold the misty mass of Catalina. If the day be clear the mist soon passes, every peak stands out clear cut and keen as if the Master Painter of the Universe had brought his brush to play with care-free hand upon the canvas of the skies. Larger and larger grows the vision; more and more of the island rises above the horizon; all impatience you pace the deck, but at least a full hour more must pass ere you can

AVALON, CATALINA ISLANDS
The most famous fishing resort in the world

step upon the little wharf at Avalon, an hour full of expectations which will be more than realized when at last you become fully acquainted with the isle we love. Slowly, oh! so slowly, the red gives way to blue again and the deeper ultramarine to the light greens that betray the approaching shore line. Above your head the whistle screams as if in salutation to the white-headed eagles that wheel in ever-widening circles above the very tips of the peaks. Like ants upon the wharf you see the people gathering to welcome the steamer; the screw slows down until you can scarcely feel its vibration, and with a long sigh the steamer slips into its berth, great ropes are made fast, the gangplank falls with a crash and you set your foot on the wharf, whence with a rush you gain the land and know that your feet are pressing some of the most interesting soil of all the West Coast. At least these are some of the things the writer did—and he has not included the joyous attack of *mal de mere* which laid hold of him a few miles outside of San Pedro and refused to let up until the red mid-channel had been entirely passed.

The prime thing which draws almost all of us to Catalina is the fishing—though there are a number of pretty girls there each season—and the location of some of the fishing banks may not be uninteresting. Indeed, within the scope of this article, as I at present intend it to run, I will have but little space to more than touch upon each of the many attractions of the Magic Isle for the fisherman and the hunter. Each of the larger and more worthy game fishes at Catalina has a special bit of sea where it is more abundant at certain seasons of the year than it is in any others. Notoriously the fish which has made Catalina and the whole Santa Barbara Channel famous is the tuna, but the monster black sea bass, widely known as the "Jewfish," has done not a little to maintain that reputation. Nine out of ten visiting anglers go after these bass instead of the tuna, which latter are very uncertain and at some seasons of the year do no run at all.

LITTLE HARBOR
One of the smaller resorts on Catalina Island

As I think I have said before in this series of articles, I have never had the pleasure of a personal encounter with a Jewfish, but I have before me as I write the account of Prof. C. F. Holder's taking of one of them, given in his own words, and, with certain abridgements, I am reproducing it herewith:

"I was wondering if in the veins of my boatman," says this versatile writer, "ran the blood of the Aztecs or of the Indians whom Cabrillo discovered here centuries ago, when suddenly the tension of the line I held increased to a steady pull; then

came a jerk that carried my hand into the water. * * * The line jerked heavily in my hand, then began to run out steadily. When about six feet had gone over the gunwale I stopped, gave a glance at the coil to see that all was clear, and when the line came taut jerked the hook into my first Jewfish.

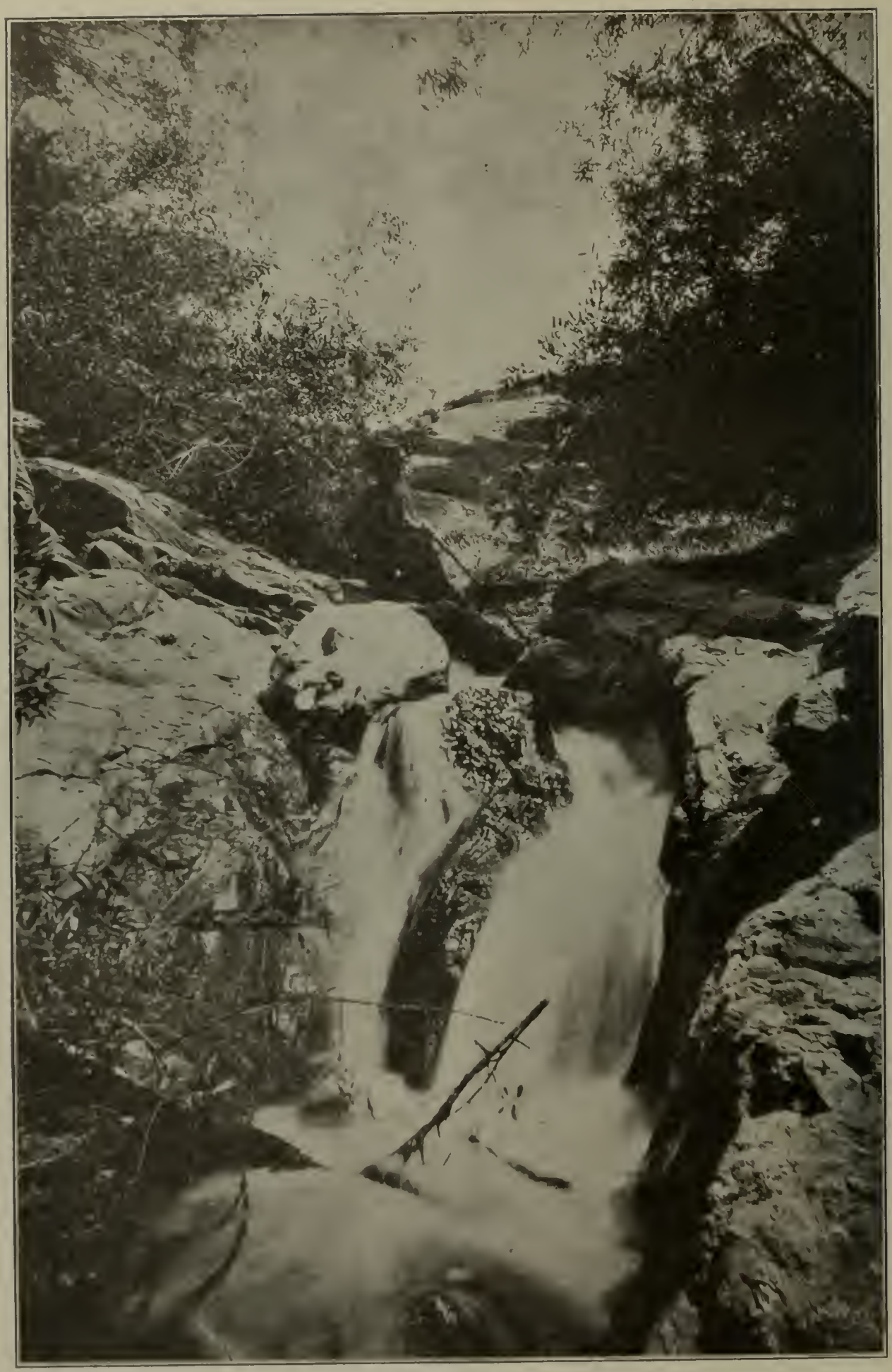
"A ten-foot shark never pulled harder than this gamy fish, and for five minutes it was in with the greatest difficulty, gaining ten feet only to have the fish rush toward me and then dash away with an impetus that was more than irrestible. Then I would a question who was master. I took the line stop him again, slowly making foot by foot, hand over hand, taking a turn on the cleat, slacking and pulling, in attempts to tire the monster—tactics that for awhile were of no avail.

"One of the tricks of this fish was to stop and jerk its head from side to side violently, a proceeding that produced an effect equivalent to striking blows at the holder of the line—tremendous jerks that came, one-two-three! then, one-two-three!—then the line would slacken as the fish rushed up. And if I took the line in quickly enough to prevent a turn, well and good; if I did not, the fish would turn and dash at the bottom, making everything hum and sing.

"Giving and taking, hauling and easing off for twenty minutes, I was almost satisfied that I had done my whole duty in the premises, when suddenly the fish rushed up and, recovering, I took in the slack, with a final effort bringing the black giant to the surface. For a moment I saw a pair of eyes as large as those of an ox, a rich chestnut back, and then with a tremendous heave the fish threw itself over, deluging me with water and half capsizing the boat. It was the last struggle. I kept my hold, and with another haul had the king of Pacific Coast fishes at hands' length, where it rolled and tossed, its huge tail bathing us with spray, protesting against its capture.

THE ISTHMUS
Another of Catalina's minor harbors

* * * * "Imagine, you casters of the black bass fly, a small-mouthed black bass lengthened out to six feet, bulky in proportion, a giant black bass—one that you would dream about after a good day's fishing—almost a fac simile of the five-pounder you have taken pride in, but increased to a size that tips the scales at three hundred and forty-seven pounds! Imagine this and you have the Jewfish, black sea bass, or *Stereolepis gigas*, of the Pacific Coast—a noble fish, a gamy fellow, especially adapted to



WILLOW GLEN
One of the beauty spots of Inland Catalina

the man who desires animated dumb-bells, or who, sedentary in his habits, requires violent exercise combined with much excitement."

This, of course, is a story of the old days, of the years prior to 1894, when the first Jewfish ever taken on a light rod was landed by Major Charles Viele of the United States Army. Many things which Professor Holder mentions do not coincide with my ideas, and the practice of taking even these great fish on handlines has about gone out, as it should, except among a very few; but in the days when this was written it was about the only method known, and doubtless the exhilaration of the fight was great.

The best of the sea bass banks lie to the west and south of Catalina, toward the open sea, where the mountains run sheer to the level floor of the waters with no sandy beach to intervene. Indeed, there is very little beach, as we of the mainland consider it, anywhere around the island save at Avalon. Here, as I have said, have been found the ruins of the largest Indian village of the whole series that once dotted the island, and among the piles of shells and other detritus have been found numberless bone and shell fishhooks, proving that the natives drew on the hordes of the sea for at least a part of their food supply.

I very much doubt, however, if they ever tackled a Jewfish or tuna with the puny weapons they possessed, unless in times of large runs they now and again speared one of the swimmers. The use of nets was probably known to the aborigines, yet it is incredible that their weaving was of such strength as to hold a four hundred-pound fish.

I have already spoken at more or less length in this series of articles of most of the other game fishes of these waters, including that prince among all piscatorial prizes, the yellowtail; the tuna I am reserving for a story which I hope to get from the man who holds the record for having taken the largest tuna ever caught on rod and line. This huge mackerel weighed 251 pounds and was fought fourteen hours before it could be brought to gaff—the weight is a matter of record, the time of fight has not been verified as yet.

All of the fishes I have discussed are found in the immediate waters of Catalina, and from them I now propose to turn to some of the other attractions of this Paradise of the Pacific to outdoor lovers and sportsmen generally. Driving over some of the most admirable roads that lie beneath the California sun is a pleasure to be enjoyed nowhere else as it is here. The uplands are reached by many canon gates, and while the island is not as well wooded as are similar mainland localities, it has an abundance of low growth. Cactus clumps as well as shrubbery of many kinds cover the hills through which the road to Middle Ranch winds, and the flying horses bear one past occasional vistas of open table-land bowered in oaks which are most beautiful.

Nowhere is a camera more to be desired than on Catalina, and nowhere can less hackneyed, less worn-out views be obtained by the discriminating amateur. From the brush and the thorny prickly pear growth the blue bodies of quail rise along the very roadside, while rare glimpses of fleeting forms are sometimes vouchsafed by the wary wild goats, whose ancestors came to the Magic Isle in some very uncertain manner. The peaks they frequent make interesting climbs, even for the man who is not seeking the head of a wary "Billy," but who goes solely for the walk and for the panoramas of land and sea which will reward him. Black Jack and Orizaba, the two highest peaks of the island chain, furnish wonderful views in which are included on a clear day visions of San Clemente, Santa Barbara, and other islands of the Channel archipelago.

About Christmas many of the shrubs borne on the uplands of the Isle of Summer come into bloom. Some of their blossoms are marvelously beautiful, though for the most part their flowering is insignificant in common with other growths of their kind the world over. Indeed, the whole Cabrillo Range, the backbone of this risen Atlantis, is a huge flower bed when flowering time is on. And flowering time here, in common with the rest of the Southwest, is all the year round, for as soon as one plant ceases to put forth blooms there is another all ready to take up its life work.

Little Harbor, which has, I believe, been pictured in Western Field heretofore, is also another objective point for many coaching parties, and is a world in itself to those who are interested in "God's great out-of-

doors." This is a pretty bit of water, somewhat less protected and not so deep as is Avalon, but none the less interesting from every point of view. Some of the best fishing for the smaller fishes is to be had here, and I am told that the bait casting game, as practised from the shore, is better here than on the mainland. The names of the fishes to be found here and in the bay at Avalon is legion. Indeed, I have no idea that they have ever been catalogued, at least not as thoroughly as they should be, for the benefit of sportsmen as well as naturalists. There is nothing I so well like about the art of sea fishing as to know definitely what I have caught, even though the name by which I know it be local, and albeit uncouth.

Little Harbor can be reached by boat or by trail as the traveler prefers, and the one trip is as enjoyable as the other. Sea birds are very plentiful hereabouts, as indeed they are all along the mainland side of Catalina, and their antics above the waves have served to pass many an otherwise weary hour for me when the finned wanderers of the depths below were not biting as well as I should have liked. Some of the pelicans and gulls are very tame, through the guillemots and the petrels are less fearless.

Aside from fishing and boating, the best sport of the island is goat hunting. It has been said that the Catalina goat is fit game only for the boy and the 22 rifle. Nothing could be farther from the truth. These animals have been wild for so many years, and have been shot at so much, that they are wilder than any blacktail that ever set foot on Baldy or in San Gorgonio. They frequent only the very highest peaks, coming down onto the mesas only when the feed is scarce —an unusual thing for a goat which can live where even a burro would starve.

Some of the heads are very fine trophies, and fully as worthy the trouble of getting them as are the white goats of the northern Rocky Mountain section. The best way to go after the Catalina goat is with a guide, as many an over-confident sportsman has found to his sorrow when he became lost in some one of the myriad canons with which the entire island is so heavily scarred. There seems to be no end nor no beginning to many of these gorges, and only a man who is well acquainted with the whole range can get you out once you become entangled in the labyrinthine mazes.

But out on the mountainside, armed with a good rifle, .30-30 or .32, the real pleasure of the chase begins. Dimly and afar off, clinging to the side of a gaunt, gray cliff, your guide or yourself—if you are acquainted with the game—sights a goat. Unlike the white goats of the Cascades and the Selkirks these animals do not always travel in bands, and so the hunter will frequently find a splendid Billy wandering along by himself, waiting, as it were, for some rifle bullet to bring down his head as a trophy to ornament the wall of a far-off den. When you have him located your work has but just begun, for he is as wary as a chamois and more sure footed than an ibex. You go after him, usually by a long and circuitous route, clambering up cliffs on which you would not even dare to look were the prize anything less, down rifts between the hills that yawn away for thousands of feet to the blue sea, across slippery, grass-grown slopes where you doubt even the goat's ability to keep his footing, and then, rounding a point in the rough cliff, you come in sight of him feeding peacefully.

He has not winded you as yet; possibly he is clear across a good sized canon from you, and you note with pride the branching, convoluted horns that, you think, are so soon to be yours. You drop to one knee the better to steady the rifle and your foot disturbs a fragment of gravel which, ricochetting down the steep wall, start a miniature avalanche. With a snort your goat is gone, and all you get for your two or three hours' work is a glimpse of a brown or black rump vanishing around some all too convenient point. If this is any boy's game it will take a pretty good boy to play it to the finish.

But there are other days, for which high Heaven be thanked! Days when you go out and in a couple of hours fall in with an accommodating Billy who gives you a chance at him and you bring him home with all the glory in your eyes that you would have felt had he been a pronghorn or a mountain sheep. Almost always, however, it is the big one that gets away, and though you kill many goats thereafter you are ever thinking that his head would have looked much better on your wall than any you have succeeded in getting. And as with the fishing

THE WEST COAST OF CATALINA
A mile out from here lie the famous Jewfish grounds

Wild goats at home in the heart of Catalina Island

PRESENT DAY INDIANS OF THE MAINLAND DESERT

(Probably close kin to the Aboriginies Carillo found on Catalina three hundred years ago)

around the Magic Isle, it is not all of goat hunting to get your goat.

Little Harbor is, I believe, the headquarters of practically all the sportsmen who go to Catalina with the goat fever running thick in their blood. There is also other hunting in season hereabouts. Quail are by no means scarce and are so well protected that they exist in large bands. Indeed, in all that has looked to the betterment and beautification of Catalina Island, the Bannings have left no stone unturned. A notable instance of this is the way in which the seals, some of them huge fellows and one of them so very tame that he even comes up to the very beach on the harbor at Avalon, saluting the fishermen with their noisy barks, speaking as well as any dog could speak for a piece of fish, or a whole fish, or any old thing edible which you have a mind to give them.

All the year round the climate of Catalina, on the east coast at least, is simply superb. With its location in the middle of the inshore stream, splitting as it does a strong warm current of deep sea water, the island has a temperature rarely excelled for equability. The lack of rain is, of course, detrimental to vegetation, but on the other hand, in the dryest and most beneficial season of the year, there is no dust, and cooling breezes blow continuously from off a thousand miles of sea. In November the so-called winter begins, which differs from that of the mainland only in that it is much milder. Sea bathing goes on all the year round, some of its devotees being in the water every day of their stay at the island, summer or winter.

And yet, after all these other attractions, it is the glorious fishing that draws you and I and all the rest of us would-be Izaaks away from the desk and the pretty stenographer and the clicking ticker, to put on old clothes and pay the boatman five dollars per for the use of his boats and tackle. And a right good bargain it is; for in it there is healing for all the ills man is heir to, strength for all the days of work and worry that are to come to him between whiles ere he again sets his foot on Avalon's sandy beach. Long life to the boatmen of Avalon! they are better fellows than any gondoliers I ever met along the canals of old Venice—for the very cogent reason that I have never been to Venice, and never intend to go there so long as Catalina lies open to me. Take the advice of a fool fisherman who would rather fish than stay home and make money, and when you get time go to Catalina.

Marine Bric-a-brac from Avalon Aquarium

AT THE SNOW LINE

By F. M. Kelly.

EVER so faint, the light of coming day was showing behind the eastern hills. It comes late and goes early in December. Long enough, however, are those days of the heavy gloomy clouds, the days of the long-drawn-out cold downpours, half rain, half snow, that soak even through the hunter's rubber jacket after several hours on the high ridges where the goats are to be taken. We were after them that day, Jack C—— and I, companions on more than one hunting trip off the beaten trails. On the day previous we had moored our launch at the head of Vancouver Bay, Jarvis Inlet. Above us, rising almost sheer for six thousand feet, towered the snowy summits of Marlboro Heights, the fog-drift hanging in blotches or rolling slowly along the whole front, to vanish far up the valley.

High up on the Heights, just below the snow line, against the sombre back-ground of the mountain, some two hours before dusk on that afternoon, we counted no less than fourteen goats feeding on the sparse vegetation.

We had been on Marlboro Heights before, and knew how to climb with the least possible difficulty. On the left of the ridge a spur, timbered in places, rises gradually, though the ascent is strenuous enough at best. To get to this spur a short valley must be crossed, in itself no easy task, for the undergrowth is very thick.

When we set out it was still grey in the valley, for the morning had hardly worked above the hills. Each carried a carbine—the best arm for mountain work—and a small coil of stout rope. Slowly we worked through the sodden underbrush, through the matted tangle of ferns, our lower limbs quickly becoming wet. At length we reached the rise, when the real, earnest work commenced.

Two hours of sweating on the mountain spur, at times crawling on hands and knees, and we made the first stage of the ascent, a level piece of some hundred yards in length, where the salal grew thick, and where a few sturdy bull-pines formed little groves. This flat had been all cut up by the goats, looked like a yard, and there was not a leaf of salal to be seen; all had been browsed clean.

By noon we were over the snow-line, from where we could sweep the steep sides of the Heights to advantage. The fog-drift had passed; but a little breeze sprang up and brought snow, a cold, raw, wet snow, heavy and thick. It looked as though it was going to last, too; but we decided to stick it out as long as possible. Towards 3 o'clock the clouds passed and the sun came out clear and almost warm. It would be an ideal evening for December, and we felt we would be rewarded before the first touch of dusk.

On our left a ravine cut the face of the mountain, following an uneven course right down to the water. On the left of the ravine again, clumps of stunted evergreen clung hardily; while to the right was an open stretch of rough, shale-covered ground, with here and there small patches of grass. Four hundred yards below us, this sloping stretch ended in a sheer drop of some hundred and fifty feet. It was on this open we had seen the goats feeding the night before. Would they come again?

Almost an hour the sun had been shining, when Jack grabbed my arm and pointed with the free hand across the ravine, saying low but excitedly:

"Look, there they are!"

I looked and saw a goat at the edge of the ravine. It loomed big against the dark of the pine clump from which it had emerged. It paused there a moment, then turned and went slowly back under cover. We got our carbines ready. When the goat appeared again it was followed by four others. All en-

tered the ravine and were soon in the open. When they were well out, we picked our shots. They were then about two hundred and fifty yards away. Jack's went down without a kick, while mine leaped into the air, fell, got up, leaped again, stopping only a few yards from the edge of the cliff. We did not bother the other three, which sprang away with great speed, leaping from rock to rock, where man might not follow. We might have got one or two more while they were in sight, but we were satisfied; for we would have enough to do to get the others well down before we would be forced to leave them, in order to make the boat before dark. Besides, to get the goat I had dropped would take a little time, for we would have to be careful. It was then our ropes came in handy. We worked down as far as possible; then Jack braced himself and let me down gradually with a rope about my waist. With me I also took an end of the other rope to make fast to the goat. Working down, I had got almost within reach of it, when I saw it was not dead, and was debating within myself as to what I should better do, when to my horror I saw it struggling to rise. I lost no time then in an effort to haul myself up the mountain, and almost succeeded in pulling Jack down on top of me, so great was my endeavor. Ugh! Every second I expected to feel those hard, sharp hoofs strike me. When I reached Jack, he was laughing. Turning, I saw the goat had vanished. It was dead enough when we reached it next day.

THE DAWN

THE Sun Queen rose from her couch in the East;
The stars fled into the West;
A wealth of gold at her feet was laid
On the mountain's gleaming crest.

The morn breeze blew on the pipes o' Pan
And sung in the forest old;
Grim Neptune brought from his caverns deep
His treasures of pearl and gold.

The lion slunk to his darksome lair;
The tiger sulked in the gloom;
The were-wolf shrunk from the sight of light
Like a spectre to its tomb.

The desert, tawny and waste and wild,
Unfolded before her gaze;
The sheik bowed low toward the Moslem shrine
And muttered his prayer of praise.

The gracious queen looked down on the land
Where slept the husbandmen,
And she roused them from their slumbers deep
To rise and toil again.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall*

POEMS By Maurice Smiley

Moonlight on The Sea

A moon that silvers all the limpid miles,
  More fair and soft than land can ever know
Blue waves that lift their lily crests of snow
  Toward quiet stars that kiss them with their smiles.
A vision purged of all land-stains, all guiles,
  All hate and greed, all pain, all sinning's woe,
A world that sleeps, and sleeping dreams and so
  Doth seem to smile at what it dreams or, whiles
The mother heavens brooding vigils keep
  And bend above its cradle. Vestal fires
That glow on mighty altars in the vast
  Far void of night are shining o'er the deep
Like slumber-lamps. And on the soul that tires
  And faints falls all god's mercy-peace at last.

The Pure in Heart

NONE but the pure may unashamed
  Behold what Thou hast made.
How shall they face Thy stars or brave
  Thy morning unafraid?
How hear the waking song of Dawn,
  The anthem of Thy noon,
The glad refrain of all Thy day,
  The twilight's nesting croon?

How shall the evil-loving heart—
  The heart where hate abides,
Regard the murmur of Thy pines,
  The music of Thy tides,
The sweet rebuke of violets,
  The mountains' melodies,
The hymn of leaves, the faith of birds,
  Thy lilies and Thy seas?

I pray mine ears may never close
  To aught Creation sings;
But may they ever be attuned
  To all Thine utterings.
And may I never look accused
  On aught that shameth me,
But lift mine unconvicted gaze
  From Thy great works to Thee.

My Soul Doth Grow in Thee

I plucked a cactus from its native slope.
  Ah! how it clung with dry reluctant roots
To rock and clod, as tho' the hard red earth
  Were fertile loam and blinding sun and bare
Hot mountain height a cool retreat. And far
  I bore it from the things that it had known.
I could not take its mellow summer sun,
  Its soft white winter sheet or comrade growth.
I could but take of canon and of peak
  One little handful of its mother soil.
But under other suns it did not droop
  And bitter grow as once amid the stones.
So would my soul, if torn from all but thee,
  Transplanted to a clime where never breath
Of homeland came adown the breeze, grow firm,
  Contented, if it did but grow in thee.
It dies if torn from that. Thou art its sun
  And rain and field and sky and cloud. Thou art
Its peak, its canon and its pine; its home,
  Its hope, its life. Thou art its all!

August Twelfth

By R. Clapham.

AUGUST the twelfth! Why is it that the very mention of that date raises a thrill in the hearts of all sport loving people, whether it be in Scotland or amongst the hills of Yorkshire or Cumberland; and not only in the mother country, for many lovers of the gun on this side the "herring-pond" can remember with delight many happy days beginning from the above date and lasting until December. There is just cause for elation, for does not the red-grouse season open then, and the purple heather-clad hills resound to the crack, crack, of smokeless powder as the fast flying packs glide swiftly up to the guns.

Many people on this side the water regularly look forward to the trip across the ocean, to take their share in the grouse-driving or deer stalking, as the case may be, for they are invariably sure of plenty of sport, which on the American side is not always the case, for the game, both large and small, has sadly dwindled since the early days of the pioneers, and it means much hard work before anything like a really good bag can be got.

In either England or Scotland, however, any amount of shooting can be had on the moors, that is if the shooting man is lucky enough to own or rent a grouse moor, or at least know friends who will invite him to share their sport.

Grouse shooting, like most other outdoor sports in England, can run away with a good deal of "filthy lucre," and thus it is that the favored few who either rent or own moors are to be congratulated by their less lucky fellows; for the sport itself is excellent and the keen air of the hills and the lovely wild scenery lend an additional charm to it all.

Since the early days when Charles St. John, the author of that delightful book, "Wild Sports of the Highlands," roamed the Scottish hills and corries, accompanied by his trusty henchman Donald, things have changed immensely. In those days shooting was to be had for the asking, or for a merely nominal rent; whereas at the time of writing, many of the Scotch and English

moors are bringing in to their owners an immense sum each season.

The writer's father, in the '60s, rented a Yorkshire moor for the small amount of $90 per annum, and the same ground now brings in the respectable sum of $1,000—one instance of how the price of shooting has gone up, since the great demand has arisen amongst wealthy business and other people for sporting properties.

The opening day is keenly anticipated by all who love the gun and the sight of the purple heather, from the member of parliament to the kilted gillie or knickerbockered keeper. There are many districts to choose from, and he who would like one place might not appreciate others, and yet they all show the best of sport.

The hills of Ross-shire, the tablelands of Perth, the mountains of Argyll or the limestone clad "fells" of Yorkshire all produce their quota of those gamest of game birds, the red grouse. What joy it is to get away from the discomforts of city life and "hike" towards the pure air of the hills, guns and all impediments stowed away, and the train steaming out of the grime and smoke of the towns!

What tobacco is blown into thin air and how the recanter makes the rounds in the smokeroom, on the eve of the blissful twelfth! The merits of the various dogs and their capabilities are discussed, and possibly those of their masters also, for it is necessary to be able to "hold straight" when the grouse come swishing for the "butts" with a stiff breeze behind them.

On most moors, the old style of shooting over dogs is still adhered to for the first few days of the season, after that the birds are all driven to the guns who take up their positions in the sod shelters called "butts," erected for the purpose.

Many people, especially those of the old school, run down the practice of driving, adhering to the old-time method of shooting over dogs, which is, of course, to be expected, yet both sides have points in their favor.

Nowadays the birds are mostly all in packs before the twelfth, and but small bags can be made on most of the moors, over dogs; for the grouse are wild and hard to approach, a difficulty which is overcome by driving them to the guns. Lots of shooting and record bags is the cry of the modern gunner, so the pointer and setter are relegated to a back seat after the first few days, and yet what is prettier than to watch well trained dogs quartering their ground as regularly as clockwork?

The spaniel or retrievers have taken the place of pointers and setters to a great extent, for either of the former will retrieve your birds for you at the end of a drive.

There are many points in favor of the driving system, however, chief of which is that the older birds are killed off more than over dogs, leaving more young stock to breed from.

The old birds always head the packs when coming over the butts, and therefore have to run the gauntlet of the guns, the younger birds passing on their way in safety, which when shooting over dogs, does not occur, for the youngsters more often than not pay toll in place of their parents.

The shooting of driven grouse is harder than dropping your bird when flushed to a point, and the shooting is of course faster and more frequent, which quite suits the present generation, who like lots of sport with as little exertion as possible.

In either phase of the sport there is much skill needed on the part of the gunner to enable him to make a good showing of birds, for it is just as necessary to pick your bird and bring him down in good style, whether coming fast at you in a butt or behind a stone wall, as when Don or Bob, the pointers, stand stiff as statues till you flush the game for a straightaway shot. Of course, the success of the sport much depends on the conditions of weather during the breeding season of the grouse. Often a cold or wet season comes round, and the young birds, if hatched out at all, more often than not die of exposure, from the drenching wet which soaks the heather. In a good season, however, record bags are often obtained, and on most moors the number of the slain amounts to a very respectable total. The year 1875 was one of these noteworthy seasons, one bag recorded in the first two weeks of that August for five guns shooting over dogs, totaled up to 1,500 brace of grouse, and for one gun later in the season the bag totaled 75½ brace, shot over dogs in one day. The above is a sample of what the sport is like in Scotland when conditions are favorable.

COMING OVER THE GUNS

At the present day, with the rise in the rentals of all shootings, the accommodation and comforts of most shooting lodges has increased accordingly, and the shooting man if lazily inclined can take his sport at his ease, with but a mere modicum of the "roughing it" of twenty years ago. My memory carries me back to many happy days spent on the wild moorlands of west Yorkshire, which comprise some of the best in the north of England shooting, and possibly a slight sketch of the sport to be obtained there, will help to refresh the memory of some other Yorkshire "tyke" who may perchance cast his eye over these pages, and recall the days when he stood behind some gray stone wall or peat-built "butt" and held straight as the birds came down the wind, skimming the heather like bolts from the blue.

The dog-cart holds five sportsmen and their gear, as it winds its way, drawn by a sturdy bay mare, up the long rough road towards the hills looming up ahead. Here and there we get out and walk where the going is extra steep and the roadway stony. We quicken up along the last piece of level going, where the road is green and grass covered, except in the ruts and center of the track. The country changes from large pasture fields to rocky limestone-clad slopes, above which rise again large tracts of open grazing ground bordering the purple heather of the moor. We disembark at a white-washed farm house at the head of the valley and walk the last mile and a half to the little stone luncheon hut, close to a small stream whose dark peat colored water ripples gently over the stones in its bed. The keeper and the drivers, ten in number, follow us up the hill, carrying the luncheon baskets and the guns and cartridge bags. The key of the hut is produced from under a stone close by, and we enter and deposit the "grub" on the table, while the drivers make their way round to a distant point for the first drive of the season.

We light our pipes, look to our guns and cartridge bags, till the men have been allowed over half an hour to reach their point, then we draw for our positions behind the stone wall which shelters us during the first drive. My place is on a little terrace some half way up the long slope which ends in the dark mass of Tugleborough hill, and above and below me I can see the others of the party at their places, some seventy or eighty yards apart.

It is a fine morning, with a slight breeze rustling the grasses, which will, however, considerably increase the pace of the birds as they come from the higher ground away across the long slope ahead. I slip a couple of shells into the gun, lean it against the wall with the open cartridge bag handy, and watch the wheeling forms of two kestrel hawks as they float high overhead hunting the ground for mice or other small fry. There is a movement below me away amongst the rocks at the foot of the hill side, and a speck of red attracts my attention for a moment. It is one of the men acting as a "stop;" with a red handkerchief on the end of his stick; it is his duty to turn any birds which may attempt to cross too low down, and thus escape the guns posted behind the wall.

Away ahead of me the heather stretches along the hillside for a mile or more, beyond which rises a higher hill over which the drivers will appear and beat the intervening ground towards the wall.

Sometimes the birds put up high on this hill, hold their elevation as they come off, and pass overhead at a considerable height, affording difficult shooting.

At other times they sink the hill and skim the heather as they fly fast towards the hidden guns; and when coming low in this manner they are often hard to see till almost within shot, as their coloring harmonizes with the ground below them and the distant background.

I have just knocked the ashes from my pipe bowl and am thinking the beaters should be nearly on their homeward trip, when a sharp report from above me on my left warns me that the game has begun. I grab the gun and keep my head just level with the wall top, keeping my gaze on the ground ahead. Away in the distance I suddenly see rapidly moving specks, skimming fast in my direction, but as they draw nearer they swing slightly down hill, going straight for the gun posted below me.

I can see him crouched ready behind the sheltering stones, and just as the birds rise slightly to pass over, I see a puff of white smoke and note that one of the leaders hits the heather. Turning, I glance ahead again, to see, about a hundred yards distant, a small "pack" of birds coming straight at me.

As they reach the forty-yard limit I let go, and the leader, an old cock, comes down with a thud; as the rest pass behind me I give one of the stragglers the second barrel and he also makes connection with the heather. It was an easy chance for a right and left, and surely a good start to have two down at the first "pop."

The ground ahead is clear again, and above and below we can hear the sharp reports of the smokeless powder and occasionally see a falling bird as my nearest neighbors hold straight and stop the leaders. A few minutes pass and nothing comes my way, but far ahead I can see the faint forms of the drivers as they come down the distant hill. Suddenly high in the air I see again a mass of quickly moving specks which resolve themselves into a large pack of fifty brace or more, and if I am not mistaken they will pass within shot of my position.

On they come, going great guns before the breeze, and I hold well ahead of one of the leading birds. As I press the trigger a little cloud of feathers floats on the air and a flapping in the rough grass ahead testifies to his downfall. I swing onto another as they pass and he gets it, too, but carries on some distance, only to tower in the air and fall with a crash a hundred and fifty yeards behind me. The guns on both sides of me are evidently going it hot and strong, for shot after shot echoes down the wind.

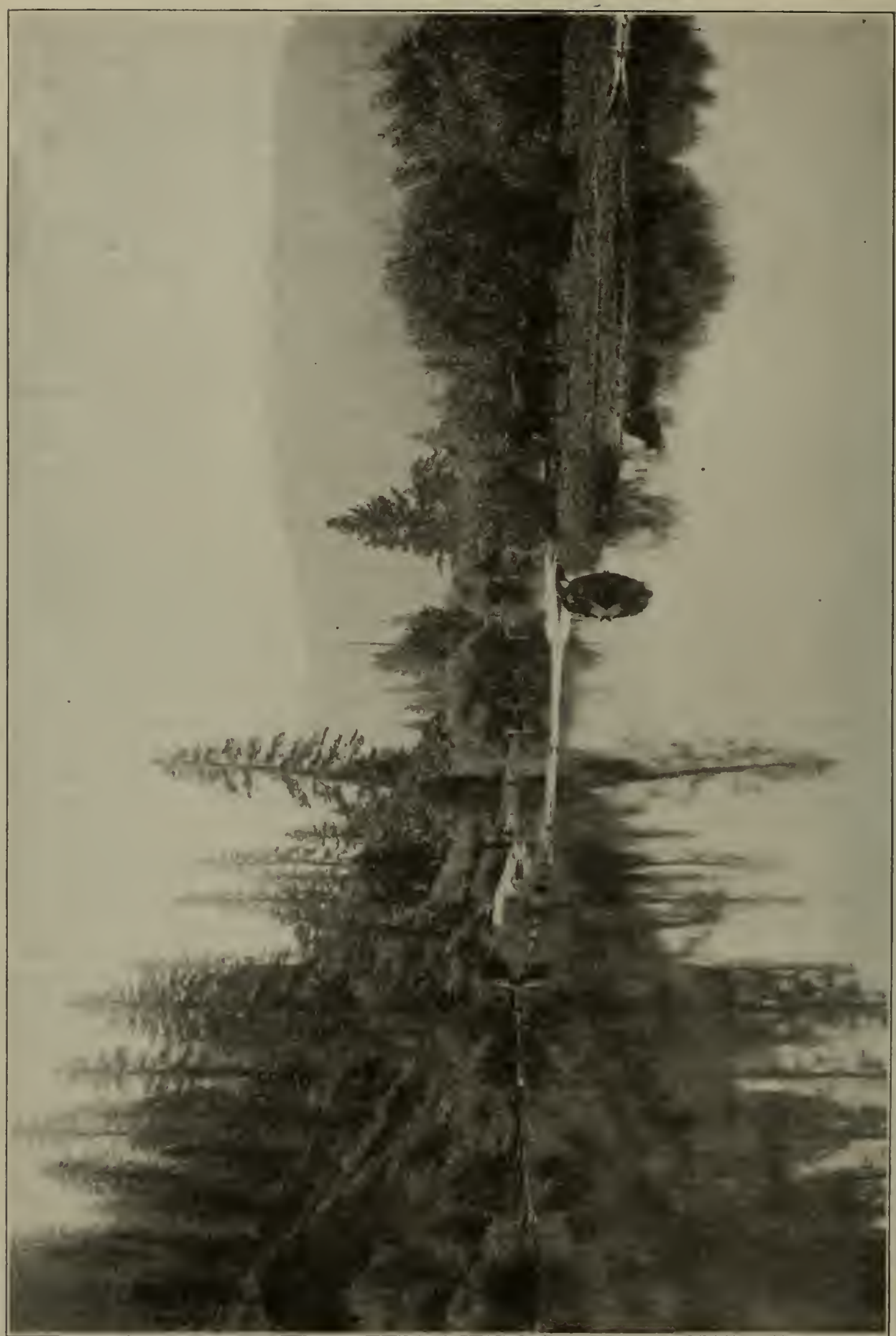
I see the man above me neatly stop a brace, then five birds come high and somewhat wide over my position. I risk a long pull at the last of these, being the nearest, and am pleased to see him collapse in mid-air and hit the heather a tremendous whack. As I close the breech another small pack comes flying straight towards me, but at the shot the leaders merely swerve and come on—a bad miss—but I stop one with the second barrel.

The drivers are now within earshot and I can hear their shouts as they draw nearer. I do not move, however, for all of the birds may not yet have come, as they sometimes settle again before reaching the guns, especially if they have flown some distance. Just as I thought! Here comes a little pack of seven which divide as they approach the wall and I bag a bird as the man below me stops a brace out of four which swung down over him.

The drive is now practically over, so I turn to climb over the wall and gather the slain in front of my stand. As I pick up the first of these, a wild chorus of "Mark! mark!" from the oncoming beaters makes me look up quickly, in time to see the man above me kill a single bird which had lain close and then got up.

As the keeper comes up with his old pointer Don, I point out to him the direction of my "towered" bird and in a few minutes see Don stiffen to a point as he marks its resting place. The other guns of the party now put in an appearance and we ascertain the number of birds altogether accounted for. The total for the drive is twenty-eight brace, with six brace as top score to a single gun. Another drive follows the first, which accounts for twenty-six and a half brace more, then we adjourn to the hut for luncheon.

The various viands are demolished by the now hungry party, after which the fragrant weed is lighted while the drivers get away to the starting place for one of the afternoon drives. This and one other afternoon drive follow, the totals for each adding up to thirty-one and twenty-four and a half brace respectively, bringing the grand total for the day up to 110 brace for five guns.



A VIEW OF KLAMATH RIVER (See opp. page. "In the Land of Burnt Out Fires",

In The Land of Burnt Out Fires

By T. Shelley Sutton.

N THE land of burnt out fires," over whose scattered ashes and Phoenix-like mantles of vernal verdure still hangs the shadow of the never-to-be-forgotten Modoc massacre, and not far from the enchanted realm "where rolls the Oregon," lies a wonderland of the great, wide West—a land in which appears the epitome of all Nature's occidental beauties, marvels and sublimity; teeming with unnumbered possibilities; aglow with golden promise; fascinating with its wealth of weird history yet brilliant with its modern distinctiveness. It is like a "No Man's Land," where primeval Nature, not the genus homo, is master of the wild. It is known as Klamath County, and it lies directly against the California-Oregon boundary line, in Oregon.

Of late we have heard considerable of this "wonderland," for Uncle Sam has had scores of engineers at work on "the Klamath project," engaged in one of the nation's most momentous drainage and irrigation schemes. But to know this land, to understand the strange topography of the country, to appreciate its resources and sportive possibilities, one must see it, live in it, roam over it.

The Klamath country lies in the Great Basin, including much of Nevada, Utah, Idaho and California—that land which Nature has seen fit to handicap merely by reason of an insufficient rainfall; but which in time, following the work in the Klamath land, will eventually be made to blossom as the rose," and to bear many fruits. For who can forsee the future, or who can say what mighty rivers will yet be brought to quench the thirst of all these fertile deserts? Some day the rivers of the West—the rivers of the whole round world—will acquaint us of their purpose, and man will learn the value of the water's wealth, now vanishing in the seas. We will divert unnumbered channels we will command myriads of crystal streams, and all that is now parching for the kiss of aqua shall be gratified. But as Kipling would say—"that is another story." It lies in the Utopian age of practical idealism.

Of the 400,000 acres in the Klamath basin, nearly half is to be irrigated from the shallow waters of Klamath and Tule Lakes at a cost of over $4,000,000, and these great lakes, comprising over 150,000 acres in area, shall be drained, exhausted, lost to us. The swamps of tule rushes and the "muck beds" and the grebes will be no more. To the home-seeker, to the settler, to the farmer, it is glorious news; but to the western sportsman, to the true and typical "knight of the gun," it is almost pathetic in its significance. There is an impending tragedy in the achievement of our nation's engineers. They are hastening another sweeping exodus from the East; they are blazing another vandal-trail into the wildest of our few remaining fastnesses; they are robbing us of one of Nature's grandest hunting grounds—gradually, slowly, surely, despoiling the wonders of Klamath-land.

But there is one encouraging feature of this progressive raid in our retreats—for the onward march of civilization will at least give us rest from the pillaging, brainless, degenerate and contemptible practices of the idiotic pot-hunter. The ducks will have vanished from Klamath and Tule lakes. And as these are their western headquarters, it means that the duck will have passed entirely. The statement may sound preposterous to many; but how many realize the increasing rapidity with which the ducks of North America are being slaughtered? If one disputes the possibility of extinction, let him ask himself, "Where now is the beautifully colored wood-duck once the most plentiful of our wild fowls?" How often do you see one my friend? And where are they? Do you know that the canvasback, so popular with the western nimrod, was

One Glimpse of Tule Lake.

once as popular with the hunters of Chesapeake, and that to-day not a single canvasback is ever seen in the Chesapeake lands? And what of the ruddy duck? And the pied, or Labrador duck? This latter is utterly extinct, yet once—and that not many years ago—it was abundantly common. The plover and snipe, too, are among the vanishing "families of the feather." Statistics show that there are less than twenty per cent. of what there were twelve years ago. There are now more varieties of curlew, and other shore birds, on the Pacific Coast than on all the coasts of the world. The willet, I believe, has entirely disappeared.

Last year, according to good authorities, 150 tons of ducks were killed on the big lakes of Klamath county. Pot-hunters for the San Francisco and Portland markets were guilty of this wholesale slaughter. The true sportsmen got few of them. Thousands of these ducks were refrigerated east for Chicago and other markets. Even New York received vast quantities of them. So flagrantly is the law violated, that the New York, Chicago and Omaha papers have called attention to the matter. Listen, fellow sportsman, and hear what the New York Sun says of this wanton slaughter:

"The hunters establish regular camps at Klamath and Tule lakes, where the fowl stop by the million on their way South. The wagons call twice or three times a week for the victims and it is no uncommon thing to see two tons of birds awaiting transportation at one time.

"The law is flagrantly violated by these hunters. The Oregon law allows but fifty ducks a day for each hunter. Both Lower Klamath and Tule lakes are crossed by the Oregon-California border. Hunters in Oregon simply embark with their ducks and pull across the California line on those rare occasions when a deputy game warden comes into the district.

"The bird life in the Klamath country was until recently threatened with extermination by hunters of grebes and other birds valuable for their plumage. It is not so many years ago that the spectacle of $30,000 worth of grebe skins in one pile was seen in Klamath county. Grebes in those days were plentiful around the shores of Lower Klamath and Tule lakes.

"With the help of the Audubon societies there has been a lull in the warfare against them and the grebes are not now diminishing in number. For two seasons they have been comparatively unmolested.

"There are many rare and striking birds in the Oregon-California border country. Among them are two or three species of tern, including Forster's variety; the white crane, the

little known blue heron and the big breasted pelican. Among all of these the professional hunter has caused devastation.

"Until two years ago the Forster's tern was in danger of extermination. The intelligence of the tern is not at all commensurate with its beauty, and ages of isolation, far from disturbing human presence, had bred an unwariness. When one tern, shot dead, would flop down on the water the others would crowd around to see what was the matter. Even a novice could not miss them."

And how many terns are there to-day on the waters of Klamath county? How many centuries must pass before one may see another stack of grebe skins worth $30,000? As for the Forster tern, and "the little known blue heron" it was once the author's pleasure to spend a summer in vicinity of those lakes, and in all of my many wanderings I saw not one of either! Perhaps they may still be found, but they are certainly few and far between. "Once were my people as the leaves of the autumn-wood—and whither have they gone?" Why, in heaven's name, do we permit this senseless slaughter? The ducks alone, have been left us in bounteous numbers. Let us protect these while yet we have them. We know that noary platitude about an "ounce of prevention" and a "pound of cure"' so let us take some step looking to the prevention. When we remember that this wholesale slaughter not only affects the Klamath country, and robs it of its feathered kingdom, but directly and indisputably despoils every lake and marsh and gun-club preserve in the West, it will be seen that it is the duty of every true sportsman to join in a concerted effort for the protection of the Klamath and Tule lakes; for hither, northward or southward bound, our ducks betake themselves, and tarry in their flights.

I am not advocating the cessation of duck-shooting in Klamath county, for it is truly a sportsman's paradise, and as such should be maintained; but I say that the law should be enforced, without the loopholes of evasion, so that all honorable sportsmen may enjoy the sports of this duck-retreat. Let us content ourselves, as sportsmen, with the bag-limit, and as sportsmen wage victorious war on the professional pothunters who would

A Cozy Corner on Klamath Lake.

ruin one of the greatest hunting grounds in all the West.

I know that "Western Field" will place its energies in the cause, and do all that is possible to stop the depredations, for it has never been found wanting in protecting the sportsman's interests, and has always been vigilant in its work. But no one, or a dozen, can accomplish much. It requires a concerted movement on the parts of all. This territory lies mostly in Oregon, but it is of no less interest to California sportsmen.

VERSES

BY

Alice Crittenden Derby

EVOLUTION

SNOWY kerchief quaintly crossed,
Gown full-skirted, flower-embossed,
Tresses filleted sedately,
Pose demurely prim and stately,
Frugal fingers guiding featly
Threads that lengthen, strengthen neatly
With the distaff's rhythmic plaint—
She our grandsires' memories paint
By the fireside spinning.

* * *

Clinging coat of easeful grace,
Piquant veil-encircled face,
Swaying form at eager angle,
Loosened locks in breeze-blown tangle,
Dancing eyes that scan the highway,
Heedful still of jest and byplay,
Fearless hands by Speed obeyed—
Gaily flits our modern maid
'Cross the country spinning.

AN ABDUCTION

GOLDENROD, goldenrod, why do you bend and nod
To all the breezes that happen your way?
Such a familiar air, even in one so fair,
Is not quite proper for youth to display.

Holding your head so high, up toward the passers-by,
Harm may befall you, oh! goldenrod dear;
You are so bold and bright, some chilly autumn night
Jack Frost will kiss you most rudely, I fear.

I know a pretty place, in a tall painted vase;
Blue—just the color you always should wear.
Come with me, goldenrod, leave this old grassy sod;
You will be safer and happier there.

MY FIRST BEAR

By J. A. ("Jerky") Johnson.

WAY back in the '60s my father was quite a noted bear hunter in Oregon. Sitting 'round the fire of long winter evenings, I had listened with great interest to my father's stories of encounters with the great grizzly bears and Indians, both of which were plentiful in those days and destructive on stock and human lives.

I longed to be a man so I might kill big bears and unload the Indian from his pony with my imagined rifle, but to this day I have never been able to unload the pony of its rider, although I think I have had my share of bear killing. Although only twenty-seven grizzlies tally on my string, I have killed many more black, brown and cinnamons.

My first experience with bear was with a black. It was in the winter, when I was between 12 and 13 years of age. This bear I took or sent home without gun or weapon of any kind. It was not a very large bear, but he answered the purpose very well.

On the day previous I had gone to the woods to stop some holes in a division fence between my father's pasture and that of Thomas Polk, our nearest neighbor. I was returning home in the evening through the woods along an old abandoned road, when I caught sight of a bunch of seven wild pigs. The wind was cold and they were evidently going to their bedding place, which was so near that I watched them go in a large hollow log that had broken off about ten feet from the ground. The hollow was about twenty feet long in the log and was sufficiently large for the pigs to go in one at a time, but how they could turn around in the log was a puzzle to me. Maybe they backed out; however, that was their business.

When the last pig was out of sight in the log I ran up and stuffed my coat and hat in the hole; then I cut some limbs and bushes and withdrawing my clothing, crammed the hole full of brush. Then I felt quite happy and said to myself: "Well, a bear got your mother and I have got you!"

For some time there had been a bear prowling about that vicinity, now and then eating a sheep, hog or young calf. He would go away somewhere else for a while, then unexpectedly return. Many times my father and others had followed him, but owing to having no good dogs, the bear always gave them the slip.

I had at this time a young dog I called "Keno." I was sure he would make a bear dog, for he was hound and terrier mixed and plucky enough to fight a cat or 'coon, and he would catch wounded deer or bay a wild hog.

When I returned home that evening I told my mother of my luck with the pigs and how I intended getting them home. I was going to take the wagon up with me in the morning and chip into the log till I got past the last pig, then cut the log in two. With a couple of skids placed one end on the ground, the other against the wagon, I proposed to tie each end of a long rope to a corner of the wagon bed, and passing the center of the rope under the log and back over the wagon, hitch the team to the center of the loop and draw the log on the wagon, thus killing two birds with one stone and bringing home a load of wood with pigs in it.

Mother laughed and said: "Do you think the old pen will hold your hogs?"

Then she advised me to take the old mares, they being the gentlest horses we had, but I didn't like to drive them. Old "Suze" was very free on the bit, and a splendid mare of good breeding, with some good running qualities, while old "Mary" was a slow-poky sort of animal, and one in driving them together had to apply the whip to Mary and hold Suze back. It was a tough job for the driver, but to satisfy mother I did as she wished, and was soon very happy that I did, though I carry the scars about my left

knee to this day. But many men have carried worse scars for not doing as their mother bade them!

When I drove away next morning mother said: "Now, Johnnie, be careful!" But mother knew she had little to fear, for I had helped my father load large timbers and knew the trick; and father had often said I was worth two men in timber; but poor mother little thought of what a sight was soon to come home on the end of the long rope which I had taken with me.

As I drew near the log Keno put up his nose and also the hair along his back. Then he dashed toward the log and began nipping at some black object that protruded from the log where I had stuffed in the brush. Most of the brush was pulled out and crowded to the sides of the log.

"Keep them in there, Keno!" I said, as I stopped the horses and ran toward the log, pulling off my coat as I ran. Just as I got there Keno let go his hold to spit out a mouthful of black fur and the bear lost no time in backing out. As he came in full view I threw my coat at him and ran for the wagon, hollowing at the top of my voice: "Hold him, Keno! I knew you would be a good bear dog!"

And so little Keno proved. The bear would try to slap him, then start to run, but Keno would "ham" him and the bear would turn and cuff. All the time I was tying the team, which had started to run and only for their straddling a sapling would have got away, for they had both smelled bear before in Oregon.

By the time I had the team tied Keno had made it so uncomfortable for Mr. Bear that he was glad to go up the stump from which the hollow log had fallen. "Now," I thought, "if I only had a gun!" But I knew my father had taken the old muzzle-loader to Napa with him to get a new tube put in it. "That's the way with those old kind of guns," I thought; "always a tube blown out or a bullet down with no powder behind it! When I get my gun it will be a cartridge gun." We only had one gun at that time; in those days there were few guns and lots of game; now there's lots of guns and little game.

I at once thought of a way of killing the bear. Necessity is always the mother of invention! I took the axe and cut a pole; then lashed the axe to it with some baling rope which was on the wagon for the purpose of tying the pigs if any should get out of the log while loading it; but this long-handled affair made a clumsy weapon, and though I raised it high and aimed to cut bruin's head clear off, I missed the whole bear and broke the axe handle against the side of the stump.

A happy thought again occurred: "I will lassoo him and give him such a dragging as he never had before! I can rope him as good as any vaquero and old Suze can drag him so fast he won't know himself when I get home with him—and won't mother be proud of me? She will give me a whole pumpkin pie and when father gets home tonight he will have his old dish of bear meat for supper, and will say: 'John, you're a chip of the old block.'"

By this time I had old Suze's single-tree undone from the doubletree, and leaving her tugs fast to it I dropped the neckyoke and unsnapped the lines. Then I took the long half-inch rope and tied one end on to the singletree ring, made a noose in the other end and did up my rope, leaped on old Suze and started for the stump.

Old Mary nickered after us as she stood tied to the sapling and seemed to say: "Good-by, Suze!" Keno was standing at the foot of the stump, barking viciously and seeming to say: "Come down if you dare! I can eat two such big coons as you." The bear seemed to grin at me as I approached him, swinging long and steady swings. As the noose fell over his head he seemed to try to guard it off with one foot, which passed through the loop. In an instant I ran my catch and tightened on the slack, and put both heels in Suze's flank. A lean of the body and she was gone like a shot. Old Suze was under good headway when she was at the rope's end, and the way that bear came off that stump was not slow! Grabbing off my hat, I used it for a whip and kicked so hard with my heels that the old mare got right down to good running.

When we were under good headway I looked back to see that black heap come bouncing. He would take a turn at coming endways and sometimes struck against bushes or rocks by the side of the old dim road, and would be jerked ten or fifteen feet high, then come rolling and bouncing along. Keno was trying hard to get hold

of him, but the bear was like the flea—just as he had him he didn't have him!

By this time we were out of the woods and had an open run for home. I intended to stop, of course, at the double gate in front of the house, for I felt sure there wouldn't be a breath left in that tumbling beast. Beside, he had been jerked against enough trees and rocks and bumped hard enough to kill any common thing. .

As we neared the gate I tugged at the short reins of the blind bridle, but the old mare had the smooth bit in her teeth and the scent of that drag in her nostrils. Mother was in the front yard looking at her crysanthemums, which were just commencing to bloom. I shouted: "Here we come!" The old mare hit the plank gate and went through it, but left me hanging in it. I was there only for an instant. The rope came through with a sizz and the bear came against me with such force that it knocked me plenty loose.

I got up and limped on to the barn with a wound in my left knee from the broken nails in the gate—or maybe the bear hit me as we went through, I don't know which, for he was yet alive. When I got to the old mare, who was standing at the barn door panting and trembling all over, the bear was breathing hard, too, and soon tried to stand up; so I took the mare and dragged him to a tree, where I could get the rope over a low limb; then I turned the mare back far enough to get slack rope and threw it over the limb. Then I hoisted him up and rode round and round the tree till the rope was wound to the singletree, made it fast and left him hang there till he was ready to skin! Then I went back again for old Mary.

Next day father went with me to get the pigs. The bear had pulled out my plugging, and, crawling in, had eaten both hams of the first pig. The others then crouched in so tight that two of them were smothered.

A THRENODY OF THE PLAINS

DARK, dark is the plain tonight—
Weird and wide;
Cold, cold are snows and white—
Chill is the ride.

Vague, vague are the hills and far
Distant and dim;
Bright, bright is the evening star
Low on their brim.

Wild, wild are the wolves that prowl
Far o'er the plain,
Sad, sad the coyote's howl—
Thrilling with pain.

Low, low is the owlet's hoot—
Ghostly its eyes,
Cold, cold are my lips and mute,
Cold as the skies!

Dull, dull is my heart and sad—
Mem'ry is King—
Vain, vain are my thoughts and mad—
Mad from their sting!

There, there on the prairie wide
Memory stalks,
Close, close by my horse's side
Misery walks;

Deep, deep in the heart of night
Darkness reveals
Forms, forms which the noonday light
Ever conceals.

What, what is my grief you ask?
Ah, I am mad!
I—I have broken the flask—
All that I had!

—"*Garvanza*"

AFOOT IN CALIFORNIA

By Harry H. Dunn.

EMERALD hills bathed in billows of slowly yellowing grain, fringed here and there with the darker greens of orange and lemon and olive orchards, flower laden in every little draw, blossom crowned even to the very tips of the hills—this is Southern California in spring.

Dull, purple brown, these same hills and valleys overlaid with the ripeness of the full year, the hum of reapers and the drone of giant threshing machines merged in with the lesser notes of the locust and the katydid, all bathed in such a sunshine as glows nowhere but in the Acadian skies of fancy's most fervid dreams—this is California del Sur in summer.

And then comes the fall, girt round about with all the hush of expectancy, of those hopes that have always known fulfillment, of those longings that await in silent peace the coming of the spring for their fruition. In opal skies, the breath of whose winds are but tinged with cooler vapors from off the sleeping sea, hang great red tails with wings outspread, while in the brush and along those little draws that were so green in spring time the rabbits play. At random over the hills a scarlet fuschia blossom raises a blazing torch, and from the valleys drifts up the heavy sweetness of myriad acres of orange bloom.

One day there breaks from the west a laden wind; with swelling bosom it strikes the peaks of the Sierras, and falls the rain in steady downpour. Winter has come, and from every wayside pool the throaty hylas lift up tuneful hymns of praise, to what and for what they know not, merely they are so happy that they must sing. Thus come the winter months and their coming benefits the thirsty land we love—that is those of us who are so fortunate as to have made it our homes.

To me there is nothing one-half so interesting in all the wide world of the outdoors as a country road. It is no matter whether you tramp it gun in hand, kodak over shoulder, or with microscope and collecting can. One can always get something from it, something which is not alone pleasing to the eye but which will add not a little to that store of information which every lover of the outdoors should possess. For this reason, more than any one other, I suppose, I am a great devotee of the walking game. The chance to climb the Matterhorn has never come to me; I very much doubt if I should take it were it to come, but there are few of the hills of Southern California that my wandering feet have not pressed, and of all these I do not recall one which has not taught me something.

The roads of California are beautiful, too. There is one strip of something like ten or fifteen miles which winds away back into the Santiago hills until it finally fetches up at dreamy old Arden, once the beloved home of Helena Modjeska. How many times have I slipped through its bordering clumps of sage and sumach and wild lilac to take a chance shot at a rabbit or a deer, no less a wanderer than I myself. We used to drive up there, too, we boys and our sweethearts, but I am afraid that in those days we saw more of brown eyes and curling tresses than we did of oak-bound arcades and flower embossed banks.

Down through the canon there wanders—or at least there used to wander in the dear dead years—a lovely little stream. In it there were a few fish, not many, but the road crossed it, in one brief stretch of three miles, no less than twenty-seven times. When we walked up this road of course we had to stop and drink at every one of these crossing places, either above or below it, and eat a bit of the cress that grew so abundantly all up and down the edges of the purling water. But you have been there,

"When wild lilacs hung above the mountain trails"

and you know what we did better than I can ever tell you—only may be you haven't done it in California, and if you haven't you have yet before you one of the greatest pleasures of the trees and the flowers and the grassy flats.

And Arden itself was beautiful! On either side of the little low Swiss chalet great gray banks of wild lilacs came down, and through the center of the canon the stream, grown smaller and smaller until now it was but a mere silver thread, babbled and sang in happy abandon, sang to the little birds overhead as they sang to it, the best songs of their short lives.

If you started real early in the morning, while the dew still lay heavy on the alfalfa field and the sleepy blackbirds were but first awakening from their night long slumber, you would reach the happy valley by noon. Then you could eat your lunch, or you could kill a quail or a rabbit and cook it over a little wildwood fire. Do you remember how good those first stolen feasts tasted? How you crept out behind the barn or in the little canon down below the house and roasted some of the eggs mother's hens had laid—and which you so carefully gathered in when she was not looking. No silver service ever gave such flavor to dinner served in gilded banquet hall as did those willow sticks on which we toasted quail and rabbit legs.

By the time your little dinner was over you were ready for an hour's snooze beneath the shade of the broad leaved sycamores, and then it was up and away for home. down the creek on the run—would that I could run now as I could then—as far as our breath held out. Then slowing to a walk, brisk and firm at first, a little bit dragging toward the end, and finally, home and bed and sleep between those white sheets that mother always seemed to have spread for us when we came home extraordinarily tired.

But the days of boyhood are gone, and we who go out in the hills nowadays must walk, perforce, because the years have laid on us so much of meat and of weariness that we cannot run. All of which is an excellent reason and one which tends to make us all

"Monuments of the dear dead days of Spanish rule'

advocates of the rest cure, but which does not help us to hunt rabbits as we used to do when we were boys back there on the farm.

Throughout Southern California there are winding roads that wander on and on, past old ruins, monuments of the dear dead days of Spanish rule in this, our Sunland. Such a one I am showing you to-day, one over which I have rambled many and many a day. Just now all the wayside is filled with the pink blossoms of the alfilaria, and the golden glow of poppies scattered along the edges of the sloping hills rims it on either side. When the picture was made the land was a bit dry—one of those autumns I have spoken of overlaid the southwestern world and no one looked for flaring blossoms save in hidden draws where the spring dampness yet remained.

But through the empty doorways and through window casements guiltless of glass clouds of swallows fly all summer long. Would that the camera could have caught them as they moved in graceful circles in and out of archways where once the beauty and the wit of old Castile laughed and chatted the hours away. Never again will those happy days return, but in a way we can rebuild them as we lie at length along the grassy sod, shaded by the whispering leaves of oak and sycamore. Wise, indeed were these first settlers in Southern California; they builded their habitations always near some stream and always where the long branches of some age-crowned tree would guard them from the too-ardent sun. Missions they left—places of worship whose architraves and chimes men seek even now to preserve to future generations—but the best of all they kept for their own homes. Most of these are now but crumbling ruins: four thick walls of adobe from which the red tiled roofs have long been fallen, and which are now but habitations for harmless lizards and song-lilting birds. Pleasant stopping places they make but the memories they rouse as eventide draws her veil above the world are infinitely sad. Involuntarily one thinks:

"Let me have sleep, deep sleep, upon my head,
And eons upon eons to be dead,
So when I wake I shall not, yawning, say,
Why could you not have let me sleep instead?"

The quatrains of the Tentmaker of Naishapur are particularly well adapted to this bit of the outdoors. Indeed I imagine that they were written for a country not unlike to this. I look on the growing vineyards of the central counties and I am but reminded of

"I often wonder what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

For of all the products of the Land of the Afternoon, none is so inseparably associated with the Spanish occupation as the production of wine. Time was when the walker amid California vales could stop at some cool cellar hid in these western hills and pour from great flagons a shimmering glass of cool red wine. Nowadays, the hand of the law has stepped in and spoiled all this, because the hordes of wanderers who have come west have made of these resting places questionable resorts—made of them places that the Spanish dons and donnas never dreamed of.

But walking is still good—provided you select roads that are not too badly cut up by hauling; and if you have a camera, what remembrances one can carry home with him. Every time you visit a mission, especially such a one as is at San Fernando or at Santa Barbara, you will find some new way to look at the whitewashed, solemn buildings that tell in a mute language all their own history of the rise and fall of the power of a once strong branch of the great church whose ramifications now extend into every quarter of the globe. As for me, there are no creeds but the outdoors, no beliefs save possibly that of the one God, to whom in the long ago the Athenians raised their altars, yet I can appreciate the power of it all, the beauty of the buildings they raised, and of the ways in which the soft-footed Fathers worked.

Always around these missions the quail call; it seems to me as if these blue-coated birds have come to know that within the adobe walls of the old gardens they are safe. Fearlessly they come around you as you walk through the grass grown patios, and in the early morning they wake you at coffee time with their joyous cries. What they say I know not, but to me it sounds like "Sweetheart, Sweetheart; come here, Sweetheart." And, judging from their everlasting happiness, I cannot but think that tney are all sweethearts, each to each. Then, too, there is always the chance that you will come upon the home of a family of these, well hidden in the lush grasses. It will be a shallow saucer, sometimes lined with feathers, sometimes with dry grass blades. And in it there will be from twelve to nineteen of the prettiest eggs you or anyone else ever saw. Cream white they are, so flecked with gold that one must believe with Dr. Cooper that they have eaten all too freely of the precious metal that made California known to the world of the east.

The trees of the Southwest are peculiar, too. Where there is water—sometimes where there is only the slightest trace of it—you are pretty sure to find sycamores and, by the same token, where there is an abundant growth of sycamores, a thirsty mortal can usually find enough water to satisfy him by digging a short distance into the soft earth. I remember very well one hot July day when my two hounds and I were following the old and dry trail of a bobcat. We had been in the hills since four o'clock, and we had not as yet even had sight of the four-foot we sought, yet we knew that he was on ahead of us, and, thoroughly tired, Colonel and Don Juan came to the full stop on the sandy bottom of a shady coulee, just between two great sycamores. The part of the hills in which we found ourselves was new to me and I had no idea of the location of such springs as might be scattered about. The dogs and I needed water badly, and, with my hands I scooped a hole some eighteen inches deep in the yielding sand, the while the dogs looked on, wise-eyed and patient. Soon we had a shallow pool of dirty water from which the dogs drank heartily. Almost as fast as they drank it was refilled from the underground stream, and, finally, I made myself another hole further up the canon and had a good, cool drink myself. Later we went on, later still we got our cat, and then we found a spring, just around the bend from where I had dug so assiduously for a good half hour. Such, however, is life in the outdoors and it is give and take all the way through.

I never cared much for a gun in these

A California River During the Dry Season.

tramps; it has always been more or less of a hindrance to me in getting around and I find it especially so when one has dogs—and a good dog or two adds an immense amount of pleasure to my days in the hills. Under the oaks especialy the scent of all the wild things seems to lie so well and I love to lie in their shadow and watch the white and black and liver blotched hounds work up scents which, nine times out of ten, result in nothing save a few desultory bays and much frightening of the mice thereabouts. Hounds are the best of all dogs for outside companionship, at least where one goes on very long trips. Bird dogs as a rule are very unreliable in the hills and have a good deal of trouble in keeping up with the pace set even by a moderate walker, who can easily tire them out before the end of the first day.

Along the ocean as well as inland there is delightful walking on the hard sands where the surf pounds, pounds, day long, night long, come wind, come rain. That is one reason I like the sea, it is so eternally the same, unchanging as that supposed day of judgment which is waiting just beyond the limbo of shadows for us all. The sea sings a sad song for some, but not for me. To my mind—imagination, you may call it if you will—it is a pean of praise, especially so along the shore of a quiet sea like the Pacific ocean. On Mediterranean sands it is the same, peace lies now where once plowed the triremes of ancient Rome. On the Atlantic, I suppose, all this is different, though I have tarried but little along the east coast, nor do I ever intend so to do as long as the gates of the Land of Manana are open to me and mine.

Of the blossoms and of the birds and of the trees and of the hills of the Southwest I have spoken. There remains yet but the streams, those little singing brooks that are swollen in winter time to mighty rivers, that shrink in the heat of summer again to threads of silver laid through the emeralds and the sepias of the hills. For them I have no words. You must see them for yourself and then say with me that Southern California is the sweetest land in all the world.

THE RED FOX

By Maurice Smiley.

HE municipality of Last Chance appeals to you as fair minded people, appeals to you collectively as a political entity and individually as the several citizens thereof.

If a lady should strike your town and in a modest and refined manner say by her actions and her raiment that she was a woman, would you be so ungallant as to doubt her word?

Well, then, wherein were we exofficio and prima facie policy holders in a big insurance society when we took Kiowa Ann at her word when she struck our camp and set up a shooting gallery? And why wasn't it the most natural thing in the world for us to steer the Britisher against her the first thing?

Relying with confidence upon a vindication from the charge of being natural born idiots, even while admitting with sack-cloth upon our persons and ashes upon our heads that we are fresh from the farm and got in only yesterday, let us lay all the facts before you.

Kiowa Ann was about the swellest piece of female woman that had struck the camp in many moons. She wore her hair a trifle shorter than the fashion supplements to the Denver papers said was just au fait in the haut ton. But say, she could shoot and then some! That's what endeared her to us from the start. She landed on the stage one afternoon, dressed quietly but with an elegance that made the proprietress of the Palace hotel look like a Swede chambermaid in her working clothes.

Before night she had rented a vacant store room and set up a shooting gallery. She had changed her store clothes for a "fetching" costume of buckskin with all the fringe and trimmings that go to make up a stage cowgirl. And maybe she didn't do business from the start! Why, an ice cream soda fountain man, down in the place that Sherman said war was, would have starved to death in comparison. She had a way of throwing her eyes at all the boys that made each one think she was confident that he could beat any other galoot in the camp—and that her heart was just going pit-a-pat for fear he wouldn't. As each of the boys had a sneaking notion that he could outshoot anything that ever handled popguns, you can easily see where she got in her graft.

Now, the municipality of Last Chance isn't as well known as Chicago or New York. While we are of the opinion that the last census grossly misrepresented our population and should have credited us with 74 instead of a measly 49, including the Chinese cook at the Palace, yet we are willing to concede that we haven't any red rings around us on the big maps and are surpassed in some respects by Denver itself.

For this and possibly other reasons, the advent of Kiowa Ann was something of an event, and the progress of her meteoric career engaged a very large share of public attention. The patronage of the Golden Eagle fell off to an alarming extent and Kiowa's shooting gallery was crowded nightly.

We even forgot all about the "Red Fox," who had been turning a few hold-up tricks all around us during the past two months or more. He called himself the Red Fox because he always wore a red mask and boasted that he was too foxy ever to be caught. Up to the present time, he had certainly made good—that is, made good money.

We were suddenly reminded of the Red Fox when the Britisher arrived on the stage one afternoon and told a wild tale about having been held up by a lone highwayman

wearing a red mask, the hold-up having taken place while the Britisher was out hunting a few days before.

"But the blooming hidiot didn't get all me money, don't you know?" he proudly asserted, pulling out a wad that would have choked a beer keg bunghole. "I 'ad it in me shoe, you know."

We didn't know, but we took his word for it and just enjoyed ourselves. He called himself Fitzroy Sefton, stoutly denied that he was a lord in disguise and told us to name our poison with endearing frequency. Of all the howling freaks that had ever struck that camp, "the lord," as we persisted in calling him because we saw it tickled him, was the limit. He took our joshing in good part and spent most of the first two days bragging about what a wonderful shot he was. He confided to us that he was going to hang around a week or two and see if he couldn't bag a few bears.

By this time Kiowa Ann had become a sort of local institution, and as there was a well-worn trail leading from the Golden Eagle to her shooting gallery, we steered "the lord" that way the second night. To give the Britisher credit, he could shoot a few himself, and Kiowa had to let out a few kinks to keep up with him. Kiowa herself had most of the rest of us using the whip, but "the lord" made light of her.

"She can shoot pretty well, you know," he said, "but I'll wager a ten-pun note that I can beat her."

The "ten-pun" note was covered quicker than a bobcat could chew up a jack rabbit. but Kiowa wouldn't hear of it.

"That's my bet, boys," she said. "I am a first cousin to Annie Buckley, and I have shot with Dr. Carver and Buffalo Bill, and do you think I am going to let a blooming Britisher make his brags over me without covering his pile myself?"

So a match was arranged, and maybe the place wasn't crowded the night it came off. The night shift at the mine was laid off and there wasn't enough vigilant citizenship left on guard to protect a Reuben from a gold brick man.

The Britisher was in rare form, but for some reason Kiowa was off her feed in the shooting line. She fell behind little by little, much to her mortification as well as bewilderment. It just happened, I suppose, that for the first 25 shots the Britisher gallantly insisted on loading her gun for her, but a sudden thought seemed to strike her when she entered on the second 25. That set some of us thinking and our suspicions were confirmed when we saw that she didn't miss but two bull's eyes during the whole 25. The second round made them almost a tie. Then the Britisher nervously insisted on loading her gun for her and after some hesitation she consented. She missed the first two shots.

"Gentlemen," she said suddenly, amid a dramatic pause, "I am satisfied that there is crooked work going on here. I know we are shooting at a small target, but I know perfectly well that I am not such a poor shot as to miss the whole target twice hand running. I don't like to make any charges that I can't prove, but I will bet $100 right now that my gun is being loaded with blank cartridges about once out of every four times."

As many guns as could be crowded into a given space looked the Englishman in the face as he cowered back against the wall. There was no use to deny the charge. His guilt was written on his face and he was about the worst scared chap that ever trembled and begged for mercy.

It was such a low-down ornery trick, and against a woman, too, that it was the greatest wonder in the world that he wasn't plugged right there. But Kiowa smiled so pleasantly and passed it off so charmingly, begging us not to punish the Britisher, that we let him off on the express condition that he get out of town the next day.

"Gentlemen," said Kiowa with apparent hesitation, "I have a little proposition to make to his lordship here and to you. I am willing to admit that he is a good shot. You can see how he can shoot. But I believe I can shoot better, and if you will guarantee fair play, as I know you will, I should be glad to bet him $1,000 that I can beat him five out of a hundred shots. If any of you care to make any side bets, and want me to hold the stake, all right. We can deposit all bets in my little strong box here where I keep my receipts."

A shout of approval went up and the Britisher flashed his roll in a minute. Money was flying in all directions, but the odds were ten to one on Kiowa. There must

have been at the least calculation $4,000 in the box besides the two big bets.

"Now, boys," said Kiowa, with her winning smile—and that "boys" tickled us more than the "gentlemen"—"I have a little favor to ask of you. I know you are all friends of mine. But some of you are a little hot-headed. You are a bit worked up over what has happened and to prevent any one's feelings from getting the best of him, I suggest that every one of you put your guns inside the railing here where they won't do any mischief. There isn't any occasion for any besides those that are being used in the match, and I shall really feel more at ease and shoot better if I know that there is no danger of anybody getting too handy with his shooting irons. As most of you are backing me, for which I sincerely thank you, you can appreciate the importance of entire confidence and peace of mind on my part."

That was about what she said. But it was the way she said it that really disarmed us and in five minutes there wasn't a shooting iron within five feet of any of us.

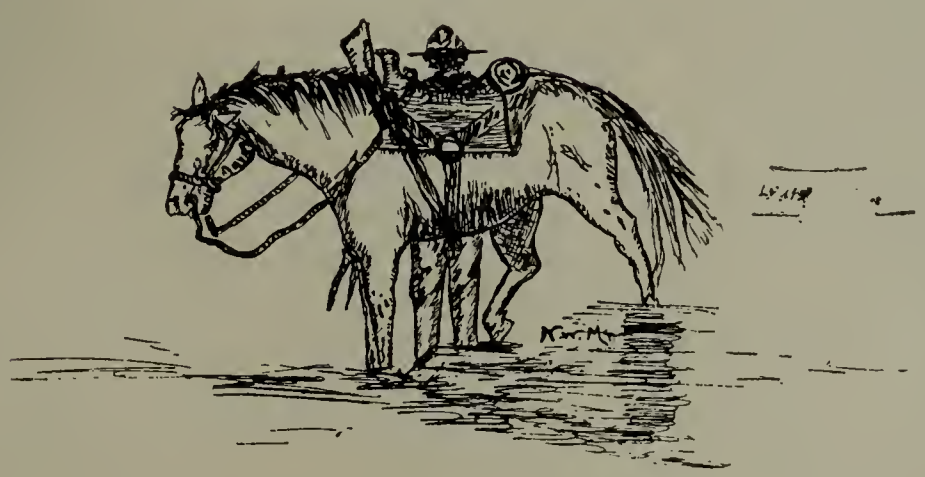
That's where we first took out our policies. It's always bad policy to give up your guns.

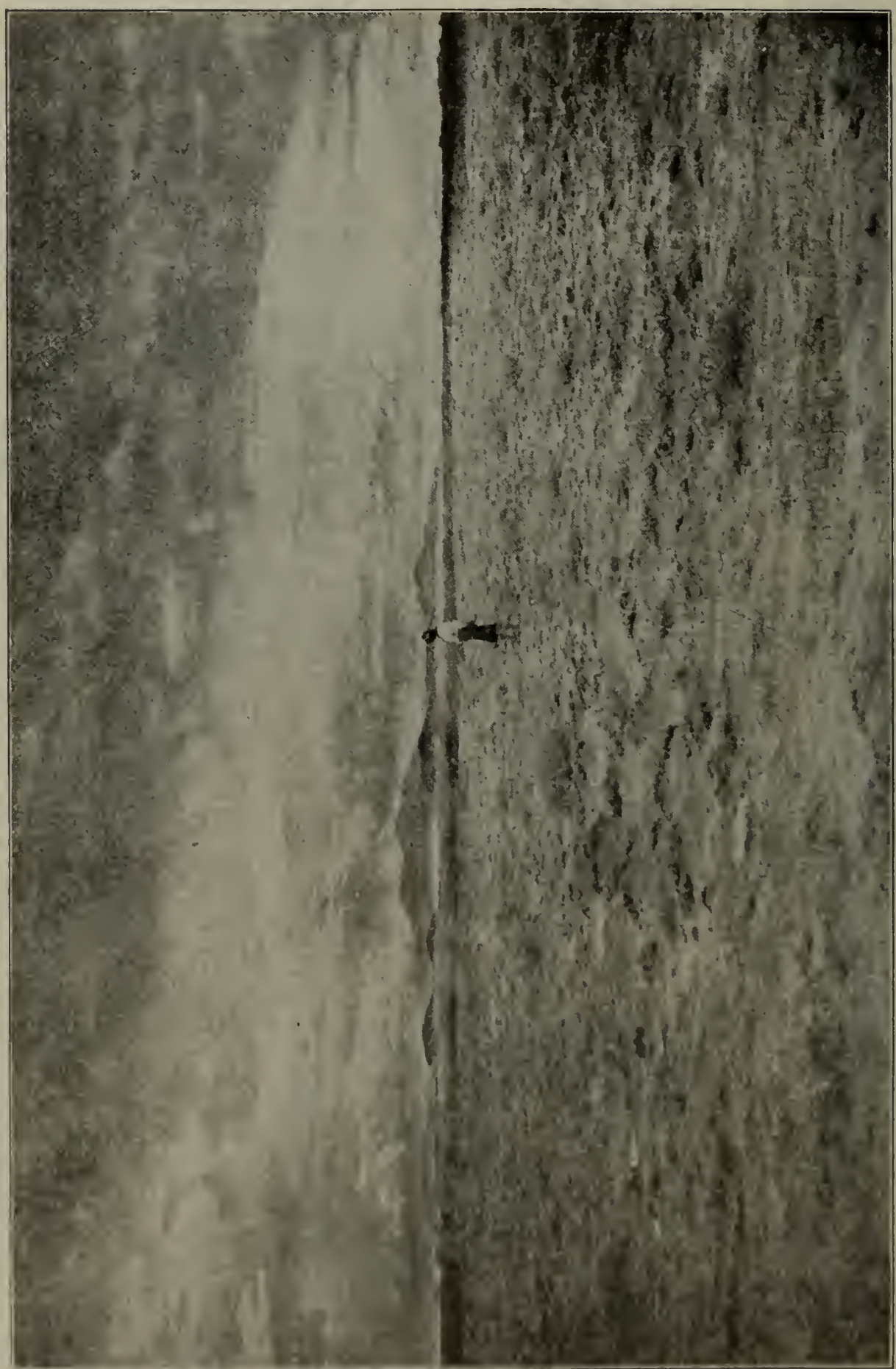
The last gun had hardly been dropped on the pile when things began to happen. With a bound the Britisher leaped over the railing, seized the box with the "gate receipts" and disappeared through a rear door. We awoke from our trance to see Kiowa's fetching cow-girl costume fall from her, revealing a slight but muscular and unmistakable masculine form in a neat business suit. "She" was addressing the meeting behind two wicked looking guns which seemed to cover every man jack of us at the same time.

"Gentlemen," the Red Fox was saying. "I regret that our heretofore pleasant relations must so soon be severed. But as soon as my hard-working friend gives the signal that the horses are ready and the money secure, you and I must part. If we ever meet again, it will not be voluntary on my part. Your ready sympathy with a lady who was being imposed upon does you credit. I can only say that it was the only way I saw open to getting your guns away from you. This little trap door will drop them into the cellar, but you will find them without difficulty, though it may be too late for effective use."

A sharp report of a pistol brought "her" remarks to a close and as the little pile of guns rattled through the trap door Kiowa sprang back and the next moment we heard the sound of horses' hoofs.

We had dropped our wads and most of us had to be "grub-staked" till payday. We leave it to you if we weren't chumps. But honestly, now, where were we really to blame? How did we know a woman isn't always a woman?





DEATH VALLEY.

CROSSING THE PRAIRIES

The Story of the Jayhawkers

By Lura Bartholomew.

THE JAYHAWKERS" of '49 was the self-given name suggested by Edward Bartholomew, one of their number, to an Illinois party of thirty-six gold hunters who went through an experience second to none among all the hardships and sufferings recorded of emigrants to California. Lost in the wilderness, they wandered for weeks over the great American desert, passed through Death Valley, and came out on a cattle ranch near the headwaters of the Santa Clara River, tottering, gaunt, hollow-eyed human skeletons, after being fifty-two days without provisions.

They escaped death, but they also missed fortune, for they found the great niter beds that are now making fortunes, being the real discoverers of these deposits half a century before the world became cognizant of their commercial value. The Jayhawkers participated in the discovery of silver in Nevada, and personally found Death Valley. Three of the men miserably perished in Death Valley, and a fourth became crazed from thirst and hunger and wandered away in the night, never to be heard of until fifteen years afterwards, when a United States surveying party found a demented white man among some Digger Indians in Southern Nevada, and established his identity as the missing Jayhawker.

The Jayhawkers started from Illinois April 5th, 1849. They reached Salt Lake City with but one unusual incident by the way and this was due to the rashness of one of their party. A man from Knoxville, Ill., had declared he would shoot the first Indian that crossed his path. Near the present site of Omaha he saw an Indian sitting on a log, at whom he fired his gun. The Indian happened to be a squaw and the man who had done the killing was seized by the Indians, and the rest of the party being powerless to interfere, he was skinned alive.

On reaching Salt Lake they purposely turned southwestward to avoid a repetition of the frightful sufferings of the Donner party, who had most all been frozen to death the winter before while trying to get through to California by the central emigrant trail through the Sierra Nevada. It was now October 3d, when they left Salt Lake, but in turning aside from the dangers of freezing in the snow field wildernesses of lofty mountains, these pioneers got into a trackless desert waste that had never before been traversed by a white man, and wandered several hundred miles to the southward. As they got further and further into the dreary, waterless, ridgey, trackless sameness of the great American Desert, their only hope was to keep going westward. Hours dragged into days, days into weeks and weeks into months, and still there was no end of that tantalizing sterility of soil, of that treeless tract, of that wretched country where nothing seemed to care to live, and not even sav-

ages had roamed or left traces of temporary dwellings.

The cattle weakened and stumbled along, less and less able to haul the ponderous prairie schooners. The wagons were cut down to carts. The oxen became gaunter and feebler. The carts were broken up and made into pack saddles for the patient plodding creatures. The surviving oxen were finally killed to furnish a supply of sun-parched beef that the wanderers might drag wearily on toward the hoped for human habitation on the Pacific slope.

In the afternoon of February 4th, 1850, John B. Colton and Edward Bartholomew were tottering on in advance of the others of the party, when they came out upon a ridge and viewed before them a far-reaching herd of fully 10,0000 cattle grazing down below, and close to where they paused they beheld two Mexican vaqueros leisurely lolling on the grass near their horses' feet. As the emaciated wrecks from the Valley of Death ambled toward the cattle herders the Mexicans became suddenly aware of their approach, arose and eyed them as though they were spectres stalking from the grave. But when the white men gaspingly spoke and indicated their famished condition, the vaqueros forgot their trepidation and became sympathetic at once. One threw himself into his saddle and galloped back over the ridge in the direction where the advance wanderers indicated that their companions were faltering along, despairing of coming out alive. The other horseman put spurs to his broncho and went racing off to the ranch house three miles away, to apprise the owner of the strange skelton company of unknown and starving white men.

That was on the old San Francisquito Ranch, which then embraced an enormous area of eleven leagues of land, a district thirty-three miles square, containing nearly 700,000 acres. The owner at that time was Jose Salazar. His wife had been the widow of Antonio Del Valle and her son was Don Ygnacio Del Valle of the Camulos ranch house, the home of "Ramona," the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's well-known California romance.

When Salazar learned of the approach of the starving band of Illinois pioneers, he set things moving at once. Horsemen were dispatched to bring in the wanderers, others were ordered to kill a beef, and others to milk the cows, that the unfortunate Americans might be feasted.

Salazar's wife herself and other women of the household went forth to meet the feeble travelers. When they saw the survivors they wept at their pitiful appearance. Big, strong men had lost more than 100 pounds showed in exact outline beneath the clinging over visible skeletons. Their very teeth showed in exact outline beneath the clining parchment cheeks, their temples were sunken, their eyes were caved far into their heads, their noses pinched and drawn, their necks shrunken to their primal tendons and their hands ashen and claw-like in their terrible thinness. Edward Bartholomew himself, a young man of giant proportions, in normal condition weighing 188 pounds, weighed then but 64 pounds. But when the ranch women discovered one lone little member of their sex in the starving party, they cried piteously and clasped her gently to their bosoms as though she were some little child. And they wept at the pathetic sight of her three little baby boys, whom she had somehow managed, with a mother's love, to bring through with the life still in their wizened, pinched, hunger-hollowed little bodies.

At first the party were allowed only to drink milk; then followed two weeks of feasting at the San Francisquito ranch house. Day and night the starved strangers were given all they cared to eat. The best the great ranch possessed was prepared for them. Don Jose Salazar and wife, the grandmother of former State Senator Del Valle of Los Angeles, were tireless in their hospitality. Gradually the skeletons filled out and began to assume the semblance of normal beings.

The old San Francisquito ranch house stood near the site of the Newhall ranch house of to-day, away up the Santa Clara river, about twenty miles north of the Mission San Fernando and some forty miles inland from the Mission San Buenaventura, on the sea coast.

A few years ago, when the writer was in California, nothing of the historic ranch house remained but a low mass of rubble outlining the walls where they were long ago shaken down by an earthquake. But the old stone milk house from which came such draughts of rich, creamy milk for the Jayhawkers still stands close in against a hill-

A TYPICAL DESERT GROWTH.
(Giant Cactus.)

side near the hospitable home that so long ago sheltered the first human beings to survive the horrors of Death Valley, that black hole of a country far back from the ocean, and yet sunken below the level of the distant sea itself.

From the San Francisquito ranch house the Jayhawkers finally followed down along the Santa Clara river, through the valley now devoted to the orange and lemon groves about Santa Paula, on to Ventura, on the edge of the vast Pacific, and up along the coast thirty miles to Santa Barbara. There the party dissolved and individuals chose their own way of reaching the mining regions far to the northward.

Of the original thirty-six, thirty-two emerged from Death Valley, and of those thirty-two who survived the terrible ordeal of the three months they were lost in the unknown country, but few are known to be now living.

John W. Brier, now living in Lodi, San Joaquin County, is a grey-haired man of about 64, but fifty-five years ago was the eldest of the three small children which a plucky little mother brought through Death Valley.

How the Jayhawkers came to lose their way and how they were joined in the wilderness by the Brier family, has always been a matter of conjecture. It seems that when the Jayhawkers left Salt Lake City they secured as leader a Captain Hunt, an officer of the Mormon battalion in the Mexican war, to act in the capacity of pathfinder, who was to guide them through to Los Angeles for $1 a wagon. When they got 250 miles southward of Salt Lake at Little Salt Lake, some of the party happened upon a map made by Fremont's explorers several years before, and they figured that if they turned directly westward they could save about 600 miles of a round-about course and arrive in California about the headwaters of the San Joaquin river. On the map it looked like a sensible short cut.

Captain Hunt and some of the conservative members argued against it, but finally the party pulled out and started westward bound across this unknown region. After some days they came out upon the edge of a mighty far-reaching precipice overlooking an apparently endless valley, stretching toward the western sunset. The precipice seemed a sheer wall of more than 1,000 feet. Here the whole party halted several days and debated whether to try to get down into the level plain, or turn back. A number of the party turned back, among them Captain Hunt, who bade the venturesome little band good-by and told the Jayhawkers that they were "heading straight for hell" and that he never expected to see one of them again. But the Jayhawkers found a ravine and worked down it and into the plain. There they began their unknown course across the desert. After a day or so other small parties broke away from Captain Hunt and came after them, trying to follow their disappearing trail in the sandy wastes.

When they were out only a day or so, the Rev. Mr. Brier and his little wife and their three small boys, aged four, seven and nine, caught up with them and joined the Jay-

hawker party, in which there were originally no women or children.

The first Sunday they were all out in the desert the minister preached a sermon on the text, "And there shall be no more death." Later explorers came along that same way and found no less than nine human skeletons where white men had laid down and died on the waterless, barren soil. Among those to perish was the honest minister himself.

But the plucky little woman kept bravely on, and it was she who cheered them on their way. Many a time, says Edward Bartholomew, she was the strongest one in the company. When the men were too weak or sick to girt on their own saddles, it was she who did it for them.

But just what their experiences were from day to day may be guessed at from a terse diary record kept by a man of the party who had formerly been a sailor and acquired the habit of keeping a daily log.

"Oct. 3d—Lay in camp, Spanish Fork, all day. Chose our officers. Our officers consisted of one colonel, one assistant and seven captains of seventy-five wagons. Our company is divided into seven divisions to guard the seven days of the week. Snow on the mountains, chilly winds in the valley.

"Oct. 12—This day went twenty-three and three-fourths miles. There were plenty of hares killed today. * * * Our train numbers are increased to 106 wagons.

"Oct. 16—Arrived in Little Salt Lake Valley and encamped at a spring.

"Oct. 23—We lay in camp all day, for some four men were out looking for a road.

"Nov. 16—Had a hard road over a range of mountains. No grass or water. It is a dismal looking country. There is nothing growing but greasewood.

"Nov. 17th—This day had a rough road. There is no running water. Rain water standing in the puddles. Grass is scarce. Of wood there is none. It is a dubious-looking country.

"Nov. 25th—This day went thirteen miles southwest course. Had a dry camp. It looks rather dubious for water. Misery Lake is highly charged with alkali.

"Nov. 26th—Caught two Pinte Indians. Found that we were too far north. Let one go again and kept other for a guide. Caught another in the evening.

"Nov. 29th—This day went six miles west. A dubious-looking country.

"Dec. 7th—Went twelve miles. Had hard roads. Gravelly roads. Grass very scarce, no water. Hard-looking country.

"Dec. 11th—Crossed a desert twelve miles. Found wood, grass and water just in time to save our cattle. A number of our cattle gave out before getting to water.

'Dec. 25th—Has been very warm. We are in a valley of salterns. In the night went seven miles.

"Dec. 27th—Came to the conclusion that our only outlet was to leave our carts and pack our oxen.

"Jan. 4th—Went ten miles down the valley. Water. No grass. Country looks hard ahead. Cattle are fast failing. Three were left today.

"Jan. 5th—We have been seven days without seeing a bit of grass. Had a dry camp.

"Jan. 12th—Came to a lake; proves to be salt. No fresh water. Dry camp. Dull prospects ahead.

"Jan. 13—This day went six miles north to a spring. In a deep, rocky cavern. Best water we have found for some time. Killed a cow. Some of our men not in camp yet. Two we do not think can be got into camp. They were so fatigued that they cannot come in.

"Jan. 14th—This day we went in search of the two men. Found them both dead. They were Fish from Indiana and Isham from Michigan. Died of fatigue.

"Jan. 17th—Had a frost last night. The first we have had since December. Went ten miles into a valley of salt and alkali.

"Jan. 23d—Found grass, water and some willows. The country begins to have a different look. We are now in some hopes of getting out soon.

"Jan. 27th—Went ten miles south and lost the trail. Sent back to the camp to trace it out. Came along the sage again. Had a dry camp.

"Jan. 28th—Struck into a large canyon. Found grass and water. Horses and ox bones around here in plenty. Wm. Robinson brought into camp. Died in the evening from the effects of drinking too much cold water after being so long without.

"Feb. 1st—Struck into a large canyon.

Thirst Mad.

Found stream of water. Suppose it to be the head of Kern river. It is lined with timber and grass. It looks like home. Game in sight, but none killed yet.

"Feb. 4th—Game begins to grow plentiful. One man lost. He was very weak. Went on a big mountain and was not heard from any more.

"Feb. 5th—Went seven miles west. Had a dry camp. We are in a country where there is a plenty of wild cattle and horses. There was such a bellowing of cattle that it was hard to sleep last night. Went out to shoot some. Killed one cow. Got caught at it. Found a ranch six miles from camp. Had thousands of cattle, sheep and horses. And we got out of trouble at last."

But these extracts from a brief diary do not indicate all the dismal days of suffering when the entry was simply 'No water, no water," and repeated comments upon the fiendish country. There was one period of five days and nights when the travelers had not even a teaspoonful of water of any kind to moisten their parched and drawn lips and scaly tongues.

But the Jayhawkers kept dragging their weary way southward and here and there killing one of their dying oxen for food; for all their other supplies were gone. The beef itself was unpalatable. No one could eat it, starving though they were. They boiled the hides and hoofs and found a little nourishment left in them. The men, themselves, were famished, wan and weak. Among them the little frail mother kept heroically on, caring for her three little babies, cooking what little was left, carrying her little ones by turns when they became uttterly exhausted and unable to drag along a step further.

And so it went on through hot days, past alkali pools, and up to disappearing mirages of desert lakes, and all through the terrible nights till finally the weary, weakened wanderers made only a few miles each day. On they trailed, even through "death's valley," until at last they reached that sunset slope on the edge of the vast Pacific in a land of wealth and plenty.

ON THE SOUTH PLATTE

By John B. Haas.

SOMETIMES, sitting in my den, writing recollections of the days long past—long before the days of railroads and cowboys—I feel like pitying the younger generation who, in spite of all the grand inventions and progress of these latter days, will never know the joyous recollection of the great wide West as we old-timers have seen it in all its wild beauty.

What a joy a kodak would have been to me while traveling across the plains in the year 1853! Of course, I see it all in my mind's eye, even after the lapse of half a century, but my pen is powerless to describe those scenes as fain I would.

There was beauty in the vast rolling prairies, with their myriads of flowers and their waving billows of grass; there was beauty in the tree-fringed rivers and creeks that enlivened the monotony of these prairies; there was beauty in the mountains, and grandeur in their snow-covered summits; there was beauty in the foaming streams rushing down their sides, and there was an inspiring, soul-stirring beauty in the terrific thunderstorms, as they overtook us amidst the titanic crags and pinnacles; and how splendid the view of those immense bare, rocky cliffs, glistening like silver in the sunshine after the storm!

And when memory presents to one those prairies, river bottoms, mountains and canons peopled as it were with herds of buffalos, elk, antelopes and deer, one can not help feeling sorry that civilization and the progressive white man has forever destroyed those denizens of the West.

We, that is, myself and a young man named Golder, had engaged our passage overland with a small company from St. Louis, and went by steamboat to Fort Leavenworth, from where we started per ox-team on our long voyage. We, as passengers, were privileged—much as the passenger on the canal boat, who was allowed to lead the mule on the tow path. Well! It wasn't quite so bad. We had to drive an ox-team every other day and take our turns at standing guard. Then we had a free day every other day, and as we both had ponies could go off the road hunting when we pleased. Standing guard was not very severe on us. We performed that duty in a way that would have brought us before a court-martial if we had been in military service. Many nights we slept, after the cattle had lain down, with our heads resting on the flank of "Tige" or "Mack" (the huge wheel oxen of our team), relying on their awakening us if anything stirred. And as for fear of danger we had none and the Indians were peaceable that year.

We were slow travellers, and every now and then careful Capt. Adams, our leader, would find an extra good camping place and decide to rest the cattle.

One of these chances, and a very excellent one, presented itself on the banks of the South Platte. The only drawback was that there was no wood for fuel. We had to substitute dry buffalo "chips," of which there were plenty, but our cooks, the womenfolks, did not take very kindly to the use of them. But there was splendid feed. The river bottom, clean back to the bluffs, was covered with blue grass. There was little or no need of herding the cattle; they filled themselves and laid down, resting.

It was an ideal place to enjoy a dulce far niente, or in plain American, to lay by and do nothing. But we were not to enjoy that pleasure by ourselves.

We had a fine tent with us and for once, being that we were to stay several days, we had erected it. We were all enjoying a siesta after dinner, all but Golder, who suddenly came in and aroused us.

"Get up, John! Guess we are taken," he said.

"Taken by what?" I inquired, lazily.

"Indians! The plain is full of them and

"The river bottom, clear back to the bluffs, was covered with blue grass."

they are coming right towards us." That aroused all, and we rushed out to see. Golder was right. The Indians came within two hundred yards of us and halted. We saw that they had their squaws and papooses with them. That reassured us, as the red men hardly ever created trouble when they had their families with them. In a little while we saw them erecting their tepees of buffalo hide. By the number of these there must have been a thousand of them.

It was a grand sight, one I will never forget. The broad Platte river below, the dark green meadow of blue grass, with our cattle luxuriating on it, our canvas covered wagons in a half circle, sheltering the women and children, the Indian village to the left of us, with its many tepees, smoke rising from every one of them, as the squaws were cooking their meals, while the bucks were lying around doing nothing, unless it might be watching the many ponies dotting the plain between us and the hills.

A deputation of fine, stalwart young fellows and one very old man came over to our camp fire and shook hands with their customary "How!" The old man asked: "Captain?" In a spirit of mischief Golder pointed to me. The old fellow shook his head. "No!" he said; "papoose no captain!" which raised the laugh on me and a grin on the wrinkled old face. I pointed to Capt. Adams and the two again shook hands. We treated them to coffee and sugar. They appreciated it highly, especially the sugar. smacking their lips and asking for more.

I forgot what it was about, but remember saying a few words in German to Golder. One of the young Indians was sitting along side of me on the wagon tongue and seemed to listen very attentively to our short conversation, and if I ever was surprised in my life I was then, as he said plainly:

"Du deutch? Deutscher man mein tepee." He motioned me to follow as he got up, pointing to the Indian camp. Golder agreed to go along at once. There wasn't a bit of fear in that boy, dandy as he was that would go half a mile out of his way sooner than muddy his shoes. We followed our guide through the village, scarcely noticed by the Indians, but all the more by the dogs, of which there were plenty. Our guide had all he could do to drive them away, for, as the white man's dogs treat the Indians with growls and barks, so also will Indian dogs receive the whites. When we reached the tepee—it was on the outer end of the village—our guide spoke a few words in Indian and our "Deutscher man" came out and extended his hand to us.

There was no mistaking the German in him. Present to yourself a well built six-footer, blue eyed, with reddish blonde hair, and full beard of the same color, dressed in buckskin hunting shirt, leggings and beaded moccasins.

"Gruess Gott, Landsleut!" (God bless you, countrymen!) he greeted us.

"Mein Bruder (my brother), Wah-o-hee." he said, pointing to our guide and adding a few words in the Sioux language, upon which the latter again left, returning shortly with a hind quarter of an antelope.

Our German friend then took us in the tepee and introduced his squaw to us. She was squatted on the ground, embroidering a moccasin with beads. We couldn't help admiring our host's good taste. She was really one of the prettiest Indian women I had ever seen, and what's more, clean, neat and tidy in her dress.

"Meine Frau!" he said, and not without pride, and she must have understood him. She looked up at us and a pleasant smile lit up her features.

"You are a Bavarian?" I asked. "I am," he replied, "but how did you know?" "By your greeting."

"And where are you from?" he questioned. "From the Palatinate, Rhenish Bavaria."

Thus we were acquainted at once. We had to stay with him and eat a dinner of antelope meat, wild honey and parched corn.

"You are surprised, and well you may be," he said, after we had lit our pipes—Golder never used tobacco—"to find me, a German. here with the Indians. Well! there is no danger of your betraying me. I can tell you in a few words how I came amongst them. I was an officer, a lieutenant, in the Sixth regiment of infantry, stationed in Landesse, in the Palatinate. I got into trouble. It was less my fault than that of the wife of my superior officer. I did not come of a noble family, though my parents were of good standing, so I had no chance with the military authorities. I challenged the officer, but found out by some of my burgher friends that instead of fighting me he would have me arrested and degraded.

'There was nothing else left to me, so that

night I made my escape from the fort, crossed the French frontier and was safe. Some of my parents' friends furnished me the money and I reached New York. From there I drifted to St. Louis, with hardly a dollar left. I had a good education, such as one gets in the civil and military schools in the old country, but knowing little of the English language and less of practical life in America, I was at my wit's ends. They were recruiting for the army. I enlisted as private and was sent out to old Fort Kearney. If I found life in the Bavarian army irksome, existence in the American army as a private, as it was then, was infinitely worse; it became utterly insupportable. As a well bred man, I felt lost amongst comrades with whom companionship was impossible. The officers, of course, kept entirely to themselves—had nothing to do with the rank and file, except on duty. Somehow, in spite of me, my comrades got down on me. There was sure to be trouble, and it came. I was to be court-martialed. Then I made up my mind to desert, and I did.

"For three days I wandered over the hills. I had no arms and did not dare to follow the military road. I had eaten the last morsel of food, and faint with hunger, had laid down—to die as I expected—when the Indian who brought you here found me while out hunting. He gave me some meat to eat and assisted me to his camp. This squaw is his sister. Yes! Wah-o-hee learned a few words of German from me and knew by hearing you speak that you were 'Deutsch'—and I am glad to have met you!"

When I asked him whether he never felt like returning to civilization he said: "Oh, yes! Sometimes I get heimweh (homesickness), but what should I do there? I have no trade. Educated for a soldier and fit for nothing else. And—it may seem strange to you—I am well treated by the tribe. I love my squaw and she loves me. She would die were I to leave her. No, I am happy here. Perhaps, later, years from now, I may go back, but not now."

The next day he and Wah-o-hee visited us in camp. We had a good time with them. I had a sorrel mare, with a roached mane, which I had bought in Weston before we started. The Indians had taken a great liking to her and would have a race. That was the finest race track in the world, near the Platte river, level as a floor and of solid clay, just hard enough to give a horse good footing.

The Indians, a picturesque crowd, clad in their red-white-and-blue blankets, formed on each side. My sorrel mare had Wah-o-hee for its rider and the Indians' pony was ridden by Nason, one of our men, who had served as a trooper in Uncle Sam's army. Of course, we had all turned out to see the fun.

With a "Whoopee!" they started at a signal given by the old chief. If horses think—and for one I do not much doubt it—my mare must have thought that she had one of the wildest riders in the world on her back, for Wah-o-hee would have no saddle. Clinging to her with his legs, he kept swinging his weight from side to side of her and yelling at the top of his voice, while Nason on the Indians' pony did his utmost as an old trooper to keep up. All this time the Indians were still as mice, but when my sorrel reached the stake first, beating Nason and the black by at least two lengths, they broke loose and there was no end of wild yells and cheering.

We had our German friend, Wah-o-hee, and half a dozen more Indians as guests. Though the German at first refused, we prevailed on him to accept some coffee and tobacco, assuring him that we had plenty of it.

The Indians, who had no idea of refusing, we rendered happy by giving each a big pound plug of Missouri tobacco. We camped there three days and had no trouble whatever.

ON THE LITTLE MANISTEE

By Rev. Geo. H. Bennett.

WHEN I was but a very small boy my father used to regale me with his hunting exploits during the pioneer days in Branch county. The spirit of the chase was thus quickly developed from the embryonic state to a burning passion in my blood, by his many narratives of bagging the wary wild turkey, outwitting the wily buck and catching the big grey wolves which were plentiful in those days. He early rewarded my enthusiastic interest by promising, when I became older, to take me into the pine woods of the north and show me a deer.

I nursed that promise for years. The years rolled away at last, and in 1881 the dream of my childhood was realized. We carefully targeted our shotguns with buckshot, and after due preparations, early in November, boarded the train for the happy hunting grounds in Lake county. At Reed City we fell in with Frank Knickerbocker, James Owen and Byron Gregory, three old hunters, who were on their way to a hunter's cabin fifteen miles north of Baldwin. As father was a physician armed with his apothecary shop, and a handy man to have around a camp, they invited us to go into camp with them. As we had no definite hunting ground in view, but expected to board with some settler, we gladly accepted their invitation.

Sunday morning at daybreak found us pulling out of Baldwin in a furious snowstorm. Our way took us over wild pine barrens, through great tracts of splendid timber, then around the end of Wolf Lake, to plunge at last into the great cedar swamp on the Little Manistee. That was my first introduction to a corduroy road—but it was one not soon to be forgotten, as the road was two miles long and badly broken down in places. Finding our cabin occupied by a party of hunters, we took possession of a small log hut about a mile away, and after a hard day's work got our camp snugly roofed, the crevices chinked with moss, and the floor thickly covered with fragrant hemlock twigs.

Rev. G. H. Bennett.

The weather soon cleared up, the snow disappeared and we were favored with many days of the old-time "Indian summer." One beautiful morning, just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills, I was walking along a bushy, sandy strip between the swamp and a range of low hills. It was sparsely covered with oak grubs and jack pines, with here and there a patch of bright green wintergreens, red with berries, and thickets of tall, dry slough grass. Under the bewitching influence of the verdure of the cedar swamp, the aroma of the evergreen trees, and the wild surroundings, I fell into a reverie and forgot I was hunting. As I entered a tangle of yellow slough grass, suddenly in front of me, and within thirty yards, bounded up and hobbed away two strange creatures like overgrown rabbits. I stood and gazed at them in open-mouthed

wonder, all forgetful of my gun, until they leaped up the neighboring ridge and vanished from sight. Then it dawned upon my astonished senses that those things must have been deer! It was several days before I dared relate my first experience with deer, in camp.

One evening we were returning over the corduroy. It was very dark. The cedars of the swamp overhung the road, leaving only a narrow strip of light overhead. When we reached the bridge, and were stepping onto it, we heard a great splashing in the river. After looking intently for a moment, I perceived a large black object, not fifty feet away, walking out on an uprooted cedar which had been denuded of bark and branches and hung out just above the water. At every step of the object the pole would swash into the water. Just then father whispered: "It is a bear," and the big fellow plunged into the river and began to swim across to a shadowy bend. Nothing was visible of bruin but a small black spot in a patch of light, reflected by the sky upon the water. I hastily spattered two charges of buckshot around his head, and father made the welkin ring with his new Winchester—but all to no avail. The bear disappeared in the shadows of the gloomy swamp. In the morning the monarch of the pines could not be traced, as he left no sign whatever in the thick moss which carpeted the swamp.

One Sunday morning we were sitting around our cabin door awaiting breakfast. The cabin stood within a few feet of the road. Jim was on his way to the river, about a hundred yards away, for a pail of water. Just then a big doe with two lusty fawns sprang into the road, close to the bridge. We all kept still, and they stood innocently looking about for some time. No gun was within reach fortunately, or I feel certain the Sabbath would have been broken. We had been in camp but a few days, when Frank brought in two magnificent whitetail bucks. He caught one napping in his bed. The other, though shot through the heart, ran some distance and when found was hanging by the antlers in a branch of a fallen tree.

Father had spent several days hunting south of the big swamp without getting a shot. Deer signs were plentiful, but the deer were hard to find in the heavy timber, and it was next to useless to hunt in the swamp. So he decided to take some other direction. Next morning we started out before daylight for an old chopping, three or four miles to the northwest. The misery of that early morning walk over a rough and frozen road, crippling along in a galling pair of cowhides, is fresh in memory to this day! But I soon got limbered up and forgot the boots. After passing a point of small pine timber, we left the road and entered a wide belt of level country. It was dotted with oak bushes, while here and there a scrubby tree lifted its head. Many years ago a great fire swept that region, and many old logs and broken and blackened stubs remained as mute witnesses of its devastating power. As we were getting near some low hills which had been logged a year or two before, we separated. Father had no more than gotten out of sight when I heard him give a short, sharp shout. Guessing what was up, I hastily mounted a big log, and watched in breathless excitement Bang! went his gun. Then all was silent for a moment. Pretty soon I heard him whistle. Answering the signal, I hastily made my way to him. When I came up he seemed quite unconcerned, but pointing to a small opening in the bushes about fifty yards away, he said, "George, two or three deer were running through the bushes there, and when I shouted, one of them stopped. His head was in that open spot. We will go now and see what became of him." I followed him to the place where the deer's head had appeared, and when we parted the bushes and stepped into the open space, there before us lay a plump forked horn buck with a broken neck! Father's face was wreathed with smiles, as I dropped my shot gun, threw my cap to the tree tops, and gave him three cheers. He immediately filled his pipe, and after filling the air with a perfect fog of strong old Durham smoke, he seized me by the shoulder, and said, "George, if you will kill a deer within two days, I will buy you a repeating rifle." Well, I hunted pretty hard that day, but the deer all kept out of sight—they must have overheard that promise, I guess. But we had a merry time at camp that night. Byron and Jim had each hung up some fine deer that day, and we spent the evening broiling venison, and telling stories of hair-breadth escapes—of deer we didn't get. But it was decided the whole camp must turn out next day and help me find a deer.

Daylight found us trudging over the frozen

One Day's Bag on the Little Manistee.

road and through the brushy burn, toward an old logging camp. The hunting party formed a line about four hundred yards long to sweep the hunting ground. My position was at one end of the line. The other hunters found rather open country, and soon got ahead of me, as my course took me through a big wind-fall. While I was picking my way very cautiously through the tangle of brush and fallen trees, and with every sense alert, the report of a gun wakened the echoes. In a moment or two, Bang! went another gun. It sounded nearer. So the fusilade began. Soon the sharp crack of a Winchester broke the silence. It seemed nearer still. Meantime I had speedily climbed a big stump to see what was running the gauntlet. Pretty soon I saw something dashing toward me through the undergrowth. Then it bounded along in the edge of a rather open grove of small Norway pines. As it was passing me, about ten rods away, I leveled the trusty old shot gun at its head and pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared away my deer was down. Whoop, how elated I felt! But just then it got up, and staggered away. Taking careful aim, I gave him the second barrel and down he went; and this time he went down to stay. I was reloading my gun, as unconcerned as an old hunter, when the others came up. It was very amusing to hear each of them explaining just how it happened that he missed that running deer. Of course I received most hearty congratulations from the whole crowd, and though my first venison was only a fifty-pound towhead —nevertheless it won the repeating rifle.

AUTUMN

My world is a sea of golden leaves
That the maple trees have shed,
And the sad wind sobs in a song that weaves
A plaint for the summer dead.

The dandelion is gray and old,
And the daisy's life is done,
And the tale that the truant robin told
Is sung to a southern sun.

The grasses, paled by the touch of time,
Are nodding by road and lane,
And the meadow brook, in its purling rhyme,
Duos with the autumn rain.

But ever the gipsy fall for me,
For the tints I love the best
Lie autumn-spun on the woods and lea
And the mountain's regal crest.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

SUMMER GOSSAMER

A subtly sensed, cool murmur of the brook that from the hill
Flows onward through the sunlight where the summer noon is still;
Whilst afar the grapes are ripening, and the odor of the vine
Is a promise of the fruitage and the ruby of the wine.

A down the west slow sinking, on a crimson couch and gold,
With a haze of opal splendor, showing fairer fold on fold,
The sun goes on his journey and through all the glowing land
The magic of the evening hush falls soft on every hand.

A sound of tiny tinkling, as of wind stirred blue-bell blooms,
That the fairies in the moonlight weave upon their fragile looms;
And a faint and far-off fragrance from the lilies on the lake,
Where the moon glints on the water and the cool green rushes shake.

Oh! it's good to lie adreaming where the soft wind in the trees
Lulls the restless brain to quiet and the throbbing heart to ease;
With the summer night bejeweled for your own especial case
And the fragrance of the forest wafted softly o'er your face.

—*Harry Dominy*

Western Field

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
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FRANK H. MAYER . . . . . Managing Editor

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

DESPITE the urgent solicitation of patrons the world over that we "give them more fire pictures," WESTERN FIELD begs to announce that, as in our opinion we have dwelt with sufficient length upon our recent misfortune, it is now more befitting that we should proceed to forget our troubles and take a healthy optimistic view of the future, all the present San Francisco conditions justifying the most enthusiastic optimism of which we are capable.

We shall, therefore, in our next (September) issue present to the public a series of photographic views of the New and Greater San Francisco, showing its almost instantantaneous rehabiliament, and giving visible proof that the Queen city of the Pacific already ranks today among the most important cities in America, and gives promise of becoming the third in population and importance in much short of a single decade.

Look out for the September WESTERN FIELD. It will be a revelation to our friends and well wishers and a confusion to the doubters who happily are so much in the minority as to be altogether inconsiderable.

ONE LAW FOR ALL.

THE opinion rendered recently by Judge Oster of the Supreme Court at San Bernardino, declaring unconstitutional all local county game ordinances in conflict with the general game law of the State, confirming and sustaining as it does a practically similar decision by the Appellate Court of Los Angeles, last year, accentuates most forcibly the necessity of the repeal of that part of the County Government act which pertains to the fixing of open and close seasons on game birds, animals and fish by county officials.

From its first inception WESTERN FIELD has urged and advocated the repeal of the act in question, its editor believing and knowing from extended acquaintance with game legislation in other states, and from a full conversance with local as well as general conditions, that it is impossible to enforce any such crazy-quilt legislation consistently and effectively in any state of this Union. We have always contested the constitutionality of the statute in question, holding that no legislative body has the constitutional right to delegate its legislative function to any inferior body, and that a common right, privilege or franchise conferred upon the people of the State at large by legislative enactment may not be legally or constitutionally modified, restricted or abrogated by any sectional minor authorities. That our position was correct is now abundantly confirmed by the courts, and we shall take vigorous and aggressive action to the end of having this clause repealed by our next assembly.

What California needs is one good general common law—"blanket law" if you please—covering the whole State impartially and effectively giving all the citizens of all the counties in the State identically similar and equal privileges. The verbose twaddle about the varying conditional requirements of each

section is sheer rot; the old saying about "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" holds here as well as everywhere else. The aim of the law is the protection of game and its preservation for the common enjoyment of all the people and not for the subservience of individual convenience. One general State law can alone meet with all the requirements and is obviously the easiest to enforce. At present every county has a law of its own—in most cases inchoate and nonsensical because of bewildering ambiguities and unconstitutional provisions, and their enforcement is a farce that should be discouraged.

Let us have one law for all the State—and let it be as indulgent in provisions as it should be drastic in its penalties for violation. And the sooner such a law is enacted the better for all and everything concerned.

DOVE SHOOTING.

THE shooting of doves on July 1 as permitted by our State game law is none the less a revolting, because it is a legalized crime.

At this date the nesting season is at its height and every mother bird killed means either a loss of the nearly incubated eggs or the worse horror of a brood of defenseless nestlings slowly starving to death.

It is impossible to conceive any normally minded man's defending such atrocious brutality and consienceless heartlessness. There are many cruel things done in the name of "sport," but none so cold-bloodedly vicious as this slaughter of the tiny innocents. Those things masquerading in the guise of men who persist in such unholy practises should be avoided by all clean people as they would shun a pestilence, for the exhibition of such a barbarous trait evidences the low plane of the possessor's morality. That man who would deliberately connive at the murder, by the awful process of slow starvation and exposure, of a nestful of little helpless birds, for the contemptibly small gain of a few ounces of very indifferent flesh, would not hesitate at baser means for a proportionally larger end. The man who persists in shooting poor flutterng mother doves who are gathering food for their nestlings would, in our opinion, hesitate at nothing vile and low in order to attain some desired end. We speak strongly and with feeling on this matter for we know only too well the truth of the adage: "Small straws show which way the wind is blowing."

That there is a certain homocidial tendency in all men cannot be denied. It enters largely and inseparably into sports which involve the taking of animal life of any kind, and we believe that it finds a certain outlet, and is dissipated very acceptably, by indulgence in such sport. As a French writer puts it: "Men must kill something. It does not pay to kill men, generally, so as it is a fine day, let us go out and kill something else." But usually one's desire to kill is tempered with a sense of fair play—a desire to give the thing sought to be slain at least a chance for its life, and to avoid as much as possible any unnecessary and wanton cruelty in the actual operation. And that sense of fair play, moderation and mercy, is the quantity of demarcation between the Sportsman and the "Sport."

Doubtlessly to the July dove shooting "Sport" the quality of any kind of mercy is over-strained. Being a brute he does not feel —is not capable in fact of feeling—any of the finer emotions which go to palliate and modify Man's inherent bestiality. In his besotted selfishness he murders for the sake of murder and to gratify his vanity and lust.

He is the man who always kills the limit for the pitiful cheap notoriety it confers on him. He is of that villianous horde who shoot animals for the fun of seeing them fall; a wretch whose instincts are as low and small as his soul and whom it will be well to watch in all matters connected with business, all things involving decency and honor.

If men *must* shoot doves—those poor little harmless creatures, endowed with not one attribute or quantity of gameness except their possession of an easy-to-take life—in the name of decency and humanity let them be shot only after they have achieved their parental duties, and when their own one little life alone must pay the penalty of man's murder lust.

Under any conditions the open season on doves should not be made earlier than October 1, as doves are concededly nesting up to September 1 of each year in some portions of the state, and they should have at least one month grace in which to teach their nestlings how to fly. We are aware that

at that time no doves are to be found in certain counties of this state—for which praise be! But to the objectors, who are liable to take issue with our views we respectfully submit that there is no legislative enactment which debars them from going to sections where doves may be found, if they deem it imperative to their happiness to demand the lives of the poor birds.

Let this crime of summer slaughtering doves be discouraged at once!

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

We are pleased to announce that owing to the generosity of our friends we have been amply supplied with back numbers of WESTERN FIELD for the years 1904-5-6. We are still, however, desirous of obtaining back numbers of the earlier issues—for the full years of 1902-3, and will gladly extend future subscriptions to all those who will kindly send in all the numbers of these two years' issues which they may feel disposed to spare. Address always, WESTERN FIELD, 1212 Waller street, San Francisco.

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe Curlew, Ibis. Plover, Rail — 25 in one day. Ducks, — 50 in one day. Geese (male) — 2 in one season. Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs total weight) in one day.												
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.)									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9¼ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

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Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, Redding, and C. L. Powell, Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly, Los Angeles; C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

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Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

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Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

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California Audubon Socity—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

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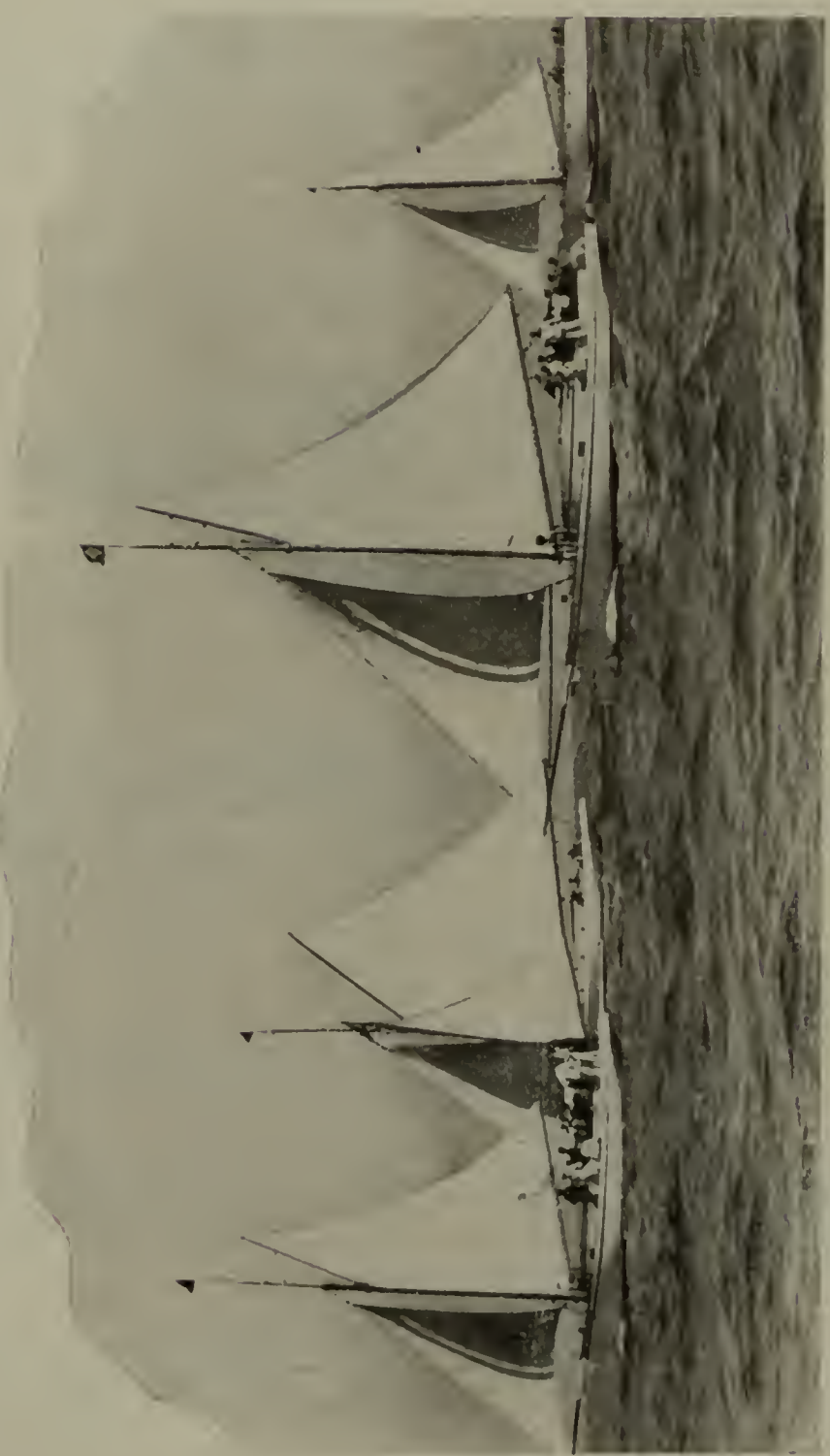

SOME SAN FRANCISCO YACHTS.

Acturus. Nixie. Edna. Aeolus.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS

By Herbert E. Carse.

THE racing through last summer was not satisfying. The thrill that gives life to the game and the interest that draws anxious spectators were altogether lacking. To make up for this calm, three unexpected events came up after the season's program that were of unusual interest. The first was a race between two 18-footers, the second a launch race between two new fishing launches and the third was another bout between the 18-footers.

Mat Walsh, an unknown, or in other words, a "rank outsider," came sailing into San Pedro from Playa del Rey with a "stock" boat, 18 feet over all, center board craft, such as are built by the dozen by the Racine Boat Co. Fellows & Pugh had just finished a boat the same length. One remark lead to another until Fellows & Pugh bet $350 that their boat could beat the stranger over a course from Long Beach pier to the Government breakwater and return, a distance of about seven miles. It turned out that the owner of the strange boat, the "Did," was F. A. Garbutt, the automobile racer. The friends of Fellows & Pugh took all the bets that floated near. They lost their money, for the "Did" was about two miles ahead on crossing the finish line. To be beaten in this way was more than Fellows & Pugh could accept as final, so they came back with a design and a bet of $500, same course. The Garbutt crowd quietly ordered light sails, hollow spars and an outrigger plank. Several months went by and a date was set. The new production, "Aimee," was about nine feet beam and very handy. To the close observers about the bay there did not seem to be much choice. The moment the boats crossed the line on the windward run "Did's" superiority showed immediately. She traveled right away and thus went closer inshore northwesterly from Long Beach pier. Just at this point the wind died out and the "Aimee" being farther out caught the breeze earlier and took the lead before "Did" got under way. As the wind strengthened "Did" soon caught up and rounded the windward stake a quarter of a mile or more ahead. "Aimee" unloaded all her crew but one upon a launch while running. "Did" carried her full crew of four, but lost only two seconds before the wind. Garbutt laid out on his outrigger plank to windward, which held "Did" well upright and materially assisted. "Aimee" carried ballast bags; in fact, accepted rules on the matter of crew and ballast were ignored. "Did" captured the purse by 1 min. 44½ sec. Hundreds of people gathered about this choice morsel of a race and expressed themselves as highly pleased with the event.

Photo by H. E. Carse — THE START OF "AMIE" AND "DID" Long Beach in the Background.

Photo by H. E. Carse — "DID" ON THE HOME STRETCH. About ⅜ Mile in Lead.

The fishing boat race was between Larson's 36-foot and Fulton's 33-foot launches. Each carried a 20-h. p. engine of rival builders. Larson and Fulton were builders of their respective boats. Fifty dollars was the bet on the outcome and Larson took the money. This race was to Avalon and return from the ferry landing in San Pedro. By a steady gain the winner came in 8 min. 35 sec. ahead, which is really close for a 54-mile run in open water with gasoline power. This was a star attraction, as there has been a great deal of talk

about launch speed, while this was the first controversy that actually reached a decision.

Among the South Coast club members are three new boats. C. H. Wedgwood, who built the "Marie," at odd times in his back yard before the club was organized, was not satisfied with beating the heralded prize winners. From the same back yard comes another racer, and of course everybody considers that the new production will be in the reckoning. "Skidoo" is her name.

Jos. Pugh has launched a Gardner production, "Monsoon," a boat of first-class specifications, fine appearance, rather slender and round in design.

Walter Folsom has a "Mischief II.," which measures up between 29 and 30 feet racing length. "Mischief I." is now owned by Mitchell, who will tune her up to carry away some of the glory.

"Detroit" is frequently out for a spin, but is over 30 feet racing length, which bars her from most of the races.

The South Coast Yacht club has practically completed arrangements to begin work on a $10,000 club house on the outer harbor site purchased two years ago. There's much to encourage the yachting enthusiast in the vicinity of San Pedro and a race off Long Beach soon opens a season of the sharpest contest in the history of Southern California yachting.

"LURLINE." H. H. SINCLAIR, OWNER.
Winner of the Trans-Pacific Race.

IN OUR HOME WATERS

By Arthur Inkersley.

As already stated in the July issue of WESTERN FIELD, the schooner Lurline, owned by H. H. Sinclair of Pasadena, Commodore of the South Coast Yacht Club, crossed the finishing line off Diamond Head, Honolulu, in the trans-Pacific race for the Hawaiian Promotion Committee's trophy on Saturday, June 23, at 7:11:30 p. m., and on Sunday morning, June 24, after the time allowance of sixteen hours, which she gave to the schooner La Paloma, had expired, was officially declared the winner. The Lurline sailed about 2,400 miles in twelve days, seven hours, ten minutes, or at an average rate of nearly 200 miles a day. She was formerly owned by the Spreckels Brothers and was enrolled in the San Fran-

cisco Yacht Club. Her last race before the trans-Pacific event was sailed on the 9th of September, 1895, when she was beaten in an exceedingly close contest by J. M. Macdonough's schooner Jessie at the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association.

The ketch Anemone, owned by Charles L. Tutt of Colorado Springs, was the largest boat in the race and took second place. She sailed 2,309 miles in 14 days and some minutes, or at an average daily rate of 165 miles. Her trip was without mishap, except that on June 21st her spinnaker boom was carried away.

Clarence Macfarlane's schooner La Paloma reached Honolulu on Wednesday, June 27, having sailed 2,447 miles. She should have reached the Island of Maui a day sooner, but a defect in her chronometer caused her to miss the island. La Paloma completed the course in 15 days, 11 hours and 20 minutes. Her voyage was an uncomfortable and somewhat hazardous one, the cabin being flooded most of the time and the crew being almost constantly engaged in bailing out as the pumps were not in good order.

The winning yacht, Lurline, never lacked wind throughout the trip except for a short time in the channel between San Pedro and Santa Catalina Islands. She picked up the trade wind early and sailed 2,200 miles on one tack. On board, as guests of Commodore H. H. Sinclair, were Dr. Milbank Johnson, Louis F. Vedder and E. Pverton, all of Los Angeles. The wining yacht was splendidly received at Honolulu. Her owner's guests returned from Honolulu by the steamer China, which reached San Francisco on July 3. On the night of the 3rd Governor Carter, presiding at a luau given by the Hawaii Yacht Club at Pearl Harbor, presented the prizes to the owners of the boats that finished first and second in the trans-Pacific race. Commodore Sinclair received an order on Shreve & Company, the San Francisco jewelers, for the handsome silver calabash presented by the Hawaiian Promotion Committee. Though only the base of the trophy was injured in the great fire, its completion was delayed so that it could not be sent to Honolulu in time for presentation to the winner. Speeches were made by United States Judge Sanford B. Dole, formerly governor of Hawaii; by Commodore H. H. Sinclair, Charles L. Tutt, Clarence Macfarlane and others. The skippers of the three yachts all signified their willingness to take part in another similar race. The schooner Lurline and the ketch Anemone left Honolulu on July 6, the former going to San Pedro and the latter to Seattle. Clarence Macfarlane received much praise for his pluck in sailing the race in a boat so comparatively small as La Paloma. The members of the Hawaii Yacht Club will build a larger craft for next year's contest.

Though the San Francisco Yacht Club has held no set event since its opening jinks and cruise on Saturday, June 30, and Sunday, July 1, the members have enjoyed several pleasant cruises in the upper bay and the

Photo by Inkersley — H. H. JENNESS At the Wheel "Of His Wave."

channel. The fleet in commission includes Commodore J. M Punnett's sloop Curlew; Vice-Commodore Dr. Emmet Rixford's sloop Annie; Port Captain F. E. Phillips' sloop White Heather; Dr. T. L. Hill's sloop Queen; H. H. Jenness' yawl Wave; J. R. Hanify's schooner Martha; ex-Commodore W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger; C. H. Morell's schooner White Wings; Isidor Gutte's schooner Chispa; the yawls Royal and Jester and W. Marshall's sloop Phoenicia.

The fleet of the Corinthian Yacht Club had a cruise to Marion Islands scheduled for Saturday, July 21, but the lack of wind prevented them from getting further than Paradise Cove. Sunday was spent on shore until noon, when a strong breeze sprang up, which, with a flood tide and smooth water, made excellent sailing off the El Camps shore. Among the yachts under way were Commodore J. C. Brickell's sloop Genesta, Vice-Commodore Frank J. Stone's sloop Presto, ex-Commodore J. W. Pew's yawl Truant, which, in the absence of her owner in Alaska, has been chartered by Carl Westerfield and R. H. Morrow, formerly owners of the sloop Aeolus; Harry Halok's sloop May; Paul Biber's sloop Mignon; E. F. Lagar's sloop Emma; T. Jenning's sloop Speedwell; Short Brothers' sloop Emma; W. Dean's sloop Mischief and W. Sharpe's sloop Harpoon.

The following programme has been arranged for the rest of the season for the members of the Corinthian Yacht Club: The annual cruise up the Sacramento river will be held this month, beginning on the 4th. On Saturday, September 1, the fleet will cruise to Alviro, the headquarters of the South Bay Yacht Club, and will remain there Sunday, returning on

Monday to moorings in Tiburon Cove. The first cruise of the Corinthians to Alviso took place in 1904, when "Tom" Jennings was commodore, and was much enjoyed. In 1905 the tide did not serve well on any available holiday and the visit to the South Bay was not paid. On Saturday, September 15, the Corinthian fleet will rendezvous at Vallejo, and on the 29th of that month will cruise to Petaluma drawbridge. On Sunday, October 14, the annual baseball game will be held at Paradise Cove and on the 27th the closing jinks will be held in the club house at Tiburon. The last regular cruise of the yachting season of 1906 will be held on Sunday, the 28th. The bridge over the entrance to the lagoon will be raised on Sunday, November 18, to permit the yachts to pass into winter quarters.

The California Yacht Club had nearly completed arrangements for an opening jinks when the earthquake and fire caused the postponement of all scheduled events. On Saturday, July 21, a cruise to Sheep Island, followed by a clam-bake and sports on the beach on Sunday, served to open the season. The materials for the entertainment were conveyed on the yacht Idler, the owner of which, ex-Commodore George M. Shaw, is a South Maine man and a connoisseur of clams and clam-bakes. The clams were dug off the shores of Sheep Island, and were supplemented by green corn, planked bass, sweet potatoes and other dainties.

D. J. Keane, owner of the schooner Alice M., formerly Charles P. Doe's Frances, was selected Vice-Commodore of the California Yacht Club at a meeting of directors held at the end of June. Julian Altendorf, who had been elected port captain at the annual meeting, having resigned his office on account of pressure of business, Lewis Ward, skipper of Commodore Robert Vincent's yawl Iola, was chosen in his stead. The fleet includes, in addition to the yachts already mentioned, the sloop Tigress, owned by Broadwater et al.; the sloop Secret, owned by L. I. Gale; the sloop Spray, formerly owned by Jack London, the well-known socialist and writer of short stories; Julian Altendorf's yawl Pilgrim; T. Kendall's sloop Albert; Frank Gresham's yawl Gypsie; T. O'Connor's sloop Pactolus; the sloop Comet, formerly owned by George T. S. White, Vice-Commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and the yawl Spray, formerly owned by Frank A. Bartlett of the Corinthian Yacht Club but now the property of ex-Commissioner of Shipping Robinson. For several weeks after the disaster Sydney Cavill, the well-known swimming instructor of the Olympic Club, and his family lived on board Louis Rosenfeld's sloop Jessie E. Ex-Commodore George M. Shaw's yawl Idler looks smart in a new suit of sails, made in Oakland, a suit that had been ordered by him in San Francisco having perished in the fire.

August J. R. Brandes, who was for several years a member of the crew of the yawl Idler, and chairman of the regatta committee of the California Yacht Club, has returned to this State after an absence of two years in Washington, D. C., where he had a position in the

Photo by Inkersley — YAWL "WAVE" (H. H. Jenness, owner.)

Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing. He is again in the employ of the Oakland Enquirer and has resumed his work on the regatta committee, his services on which were appreciated highly by his brother yachtsmen.

The new sloop Yankee, owned by David Abecassis, and Dr. T. L. Hill's sloop Queen, were on a trip up the Sacramento river during the Independence Day holiday. The yachts left Walnut Grove on the return journey on Friday, July 6, encountering a heavy breeze in Suisun bay and later in San Pablo. The sloop Yankee displays great speed and is expected to carry off the Macdoncugh trophy in the 44-foot class at the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association, which (as the 9th of September falls on Sunday) will take place September 10 this year.

The yacht-owner tends constantly to desire a larger and abler boat. Just as David Abecassis, from owning a little 20-footer, has now become the skipper of one of the biggest, trimmest and speediest sloops on the bay, so John E. Macfarlane of the Corinthian Yacht Club, who designed and built the fast fin-keel sloop Discovery, entertains the wish to command a bigger boat. He spent many of his spare hours last winter in designing a new craft, but the plans were destroyed in the fire. Not a whit disconcerted by this mishap, the canny Scot has already begun work on the plans for a new boat.

Neither of the boats owned by H. R. Simpkins of the San Francisco Yacht Club is in commission this year. The little fin-keel sloop Mistral and the big yawl Tramontana are both for sale, the latter for about one-third the sum she cost her owner. The Tramontana is one of the best and ablest sea-boats in the bay and has made several trips to the Farallones, Santa Cruz, Monterey Bay, Santa Catalina and the Santa Barbara channel. H. R. Simpkins was for one season vice-commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club, but, since he found great difficulty in inducing his Burlingame friends to accompany him on cruises, he has lost interest in the sport.

F. A. Robbins of Sausalito, who was formerly port captain of the San Francisco Yacht

Club and owner of the launch Rob Roy, has returned from a trip around the world. He has bought the power-boat Imp, formerly owned by Hickwott of Bouldin Island. The Imp was designed by Herreshoff and, equipped with a Herrshoff steam engine, was the fastest craft in San Francisco bay. She beat the ferry boat San Rafael by two minutes from San Francisco to Sausalito. The steam engine will be taken out of her and a marine gas engine (probably of the Buffalo type) will be installed. She will be arranged for comfortable crusing, the skipper steering the craft and controlling the engine from the after part.

POLO AT CORONADO BEACH

By Arthur Inkersley.

It is the policy of the Coronado Country Club, at Coronado Beach, to afford facilities for outdoor amateur sports of all kinds and at all seasons of the year. The club has a handsome and well-equipped two-storied house, from the broad piazzas of which fine views are obtained of the golf links, the polo field and trap shooting ground. A grand-stand at the side of the one-mile race track supplies seats for a large number of spectators. The public is admitted free of charge to the grounds and the grandstand, the club-house and enclosure surrounding it being the only part reserved for members, contestants and their friends. Members in good standing in any recognized country club in the United States (and doubtless, also in Canada, Mexico and Europe) are permitted to make use of the enclosures of the Coronado Country Club.

The Coronado Country Club has an excellent nine-hole golf course, from all parts of which there are beautiful vistas of San Diego bay, the city of San Diego, Point Loma and the glittering Pacific ocean. The championships, for men and women, are played for in February of each year, unusually handsome trophies of hammered silver being presented to the winners, whose names are also engraved on precisely similar trophies of larger size, which must be won three times before becoming the winner's property. Annual contests for lawn tennis championships, for men and women, are held on the cement courts near the Hotel del Coronado. The golf and lawn tennis tournaments of this year were described fully in the April issue of WESTERN FIELD.

In March of this year a polo tournament was held on the ground in front of the club house. Teams from Burlingame, Riverside, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Santa Monica took part, the Burlingame team proving the strongest.

CORONADO COUNTY CLUB HOUSE.
Photo by H. R. Fitch.

The four representatives of the Burlingame Country Club were Walter Scott Hobart, John Lawson, R. M. Tobin and J. O. Tobin, Jr. The Riverside team, with Robert Lee Bettner as captain, was good second, the score in the Burlingame-Riverside match being 5 to 4. The relative strength of the other three teams is indicated by the order in which they are mentioned. The Santa Monica team was so poorly mounted that it scarcely had a fair chance against the Burlingame four, who had clever, high class ponies and plenty of them.

The match polo field is sown to grass and is the only turfed polo field on the Pacific coast south of Del Monte. It measures 900 by 400 feet. Besides, there is a practice field, so that players, while exercising their ponies, do not disturb the match ground. Sixty horse boxes are provided for the accomodation of ponies on the grounds. The Country Club makes no charge for stabling the ponies owned by members or by contestants in the tournaments. Special arrangements are made for the transportation of ponies and helpers from any sta-

H. R. Fitch, Photo. BURLINGAME vs. RIVERSIDE, March 2, 1906

tion of the Southern Pacific or Santa Fe railroads in California.

The Polo Challenge Trophy, presented by John D. Spreckels of San Francisco, is a handsome silver bowl, 20 inches high and 17 inches in diameter. Each member of the winning team receives a silver goblet a foot high. The big bowl must be won three times by the same club before becoming its property. The winning club will thus have a dozen goblets distributed among its members, as a set of goblets is given at each tournament.

The next polo tournament will be held in September and will attract teams from Riverside, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Coronado and, it is hoped, from Burlingame as well. Though the Burlingame men will not resume play on their own fields until the fall rains soften them, there should be no difficulty in making up a Burlingame team to go south. John Lawson has promised to take his ponies down; Walter Scott Hobart is available, and so is Lawrence McCreery, who was a member of Walter Buckmaster's crack English team and is making his home at Burlingame. Lawrence McCreery's San Francisco property will require so much attention that he will probably find it necessary to remain in California for at least two years. The Tobin family can easily supply one or two members to make up a Burlingame team.

Santa Barbara has a goodly list of polo players, among them being Dr. E. J. Boeseke, Dr. B. C. Boeseke, T. L. Colby, T. L. Colby, Jr., C. W. Ealand, Ernest Wickenden, T. M. Warren, Elliott Rogers, Reginald Rogers and R. Cameron Rogers. The Santa Barbara Country Club players will hold a tournament before the Coronado event and will thus get some excellent training for themselves and their mounts.

B. N. Smith, Jr., secretary of the Southern California Polo and Pony-Racing Association, will get the Los Angeles team together and Robert Lee Bettner will make up the Riverside four. It was understood in February that the

SANTA BARBARA vs. LOS ANGELES, March 1, 1906.
H. R. Fitch, Photo.

Riverside team was not so strong as it might have been had not dissession existed among the polo cracks, and it is to be hoped that nothing will prevent the formation of the strongest possible team for the coming tournament.

The most valuable trophy in the possession of the Coronado Country Club is the polo-pony-racing trophy presented by A. B. Spreckels. It is of solid silver, and, with its base of green Vermont marble, stands 39 inches high, its capacity being 23 pints. The handles are decorated with well-designed heads of ponies. It must be won three times by the same owner before becoming his property. The polo-pony races are open only to bona fide polo-ponies that have played on five separate occasions at least in regular games and are not more than 14 hands 2 inches; these facts to be certified by the president and captain of the club to which the owner belongs.

The Southern California Polo and Pony-Racing Association includes five clubs: Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Riverside and Coronado. It is hoped that a series of successive polo tournaments will be established in Southern California, so that the game may be played throughout the winter. If F. J. Mackey brings out an English team during the coming winter, arrangements will be made for the team to visit Coronado.

THE GOLF SEASON OF 1906.

(By Arthur Inkersley)

The golfers of San Francisco and the neighborhood were busily engaged in their favorite pastime during the Independence Day holidays. On Saturday, June 30, mixed handicap tournaments were held on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club, six couples handing in their cards. The afternoon was very warm and some of the couples did not start over the course until late. The contest was a nine-hole one. The winning couple capturing a miniature silver cup and a berry spoon. The scores were as follows.

Mixed Handicap Foursomes.

Players	Gross	H'd'p	Net
Mrs. F. H. Johnson and R. D. Girvin	56	3	53
Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy and C. A. Belden	60	6	54
Mrs. Hilbert and Dr. H. O. Howitt	60	5	55
Mrs. J. J. Crooks nd J. J. Crooks	57	0	57
Mrs. George Roe and R. J. Davis	61	3	58
Miss Reid and R. Girvin, Jr.	67	0	67

The men of the San Rafael Golf Club held a handicap tournament over eighteen holes on the Fourth. The day was hot and not all who played turned in their scores. C. A. Belden won with a net score of 95; J. J. Crooks and R. B. Hellman's scores being 97 each; while Dr. H. O. Howitt's net returns were 98 and those of R. J. Davis 99.

The principal trophies of the San Rafael Golf Club are the Council's Cups, of which there are two, one for men and the other for women. These are contended for in scratch competitions and carry with them the match play championships of the club. The Midsummer Trophy is played for during the summer season and in a handicap competition. It was won by Dr. H. O. Howitt last year. One competition for the Council's Cup for men has been held during the present season, the winner being George Heazelton, who beat John Follis in the final round. The qualifying round for the Midsummer Trophy ended on July 15, the eight who qualified meeting in the first match play round on any convenient day between July 21 and 28. The second round may be played on any day between August 1 and 15 and the final round on any date between August 15 and 30 that may agreed on by the contestants.

The qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, of the next competition for the Council's Cup for men will be held on Saturday, September 8, the same scores being counted in a handicap event. The first and second rounds of match play will be played on Sunday and Monday, September 9 and 10, and the final round on Saturday, September 15. On account of the heavy rains that fell late this year the San Rafael course remained in excellent condition until late in the season.

Photo by Inkersley MIXED FOURSOMES ON THE SAN RAFAEL LINKS.

The officers of the San Rafael Golf Club for this year are G. M. Pinckard, president; George Heazelton, vice-president; R. J. Davis, secretary and treasurer; A. S. Lilley, captain; W. J. Casey, Dr. H. O. Howitt and A. A. Curtis, members of the council; Dr. H. O. Howitt, house committee, and A. A. Curtis, green committee.

The second annual competiton for the Mrs. William H. Crocker Cup, open to members of any golf club, and to become the property of the first competitor to win two victories, took place during the Independence Day holidays on the links of the Burlingame Country Club. The entry list closed on June 28 and included the following names: Mrs. R. Gilman Brown of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, winner of the 1905 competition; Mrs. Walter Scott Martin and Mrs. L. I. Scott, of the Burlingame Country Club; Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel of the Menlo Golf and Country Club; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club; Miss Alice Hager and Miss Edith Chesebrough of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Only four of the above took part in the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, the following be the scores, hole by hole:

Qualifying Round for Mrs. W. H. Crocker Cup.

Competitors	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	9 Holes	18 Holes
Mrs. R. G. Brown	5	5	5	4	5	6	5	8	7	50	
	3	4	4	4	4	7	4	8	7	45	95
Mrs. W. S. Martin	5	4	5	3	5	6	5	9	7	49	
	4	5	5	4	5	7	4	8	7	49	98
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	5	4	5	5	6	6	4	11	7	53	
	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	8	8	50	103
Mrs. L. I. Scott										62	
										57	119

There being only four competitors the first round was the semi-final one, in which Mrs. R. G. Brown beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Mrs. W. S. Martin defeated Mrs. L. I. Scott.

The final round between Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. W. S. Martin on the morning of the Fourth was very closely contested, both fair competitors being at the top of their game. A large gallery followed the players. Mrs. Martin won the first two holes, Mrs. Brown took the third and fourth and the fifth was halved; score, all even. Mrs. Martin took the sixth and Mrs. Brown the seventh; score, all even. Mrs. Martin won the eighth and ninth holes, being 2 up on the first round.

Mrs. Brown, who had been a little off her drive in the first round, played a splendid game in the second, bringing the tenth hole, halving the eleventh and taking the twelfth and thirteenth which made her 1 up. Mrs. Martin took the fourteenth hole, and the match was all even again. Mrs. Brown won the fifteenth and sixteenth, making her closing 2. The seventeenth hole was halved and the match won by Mrs. R. G. Brown 2 up 1 to go. Mrs. Brown's score for the last eight holes was 36, which with a 7 for the last hole, would give a score of 43. The handsome two-handled silver trophy became the permanent property of Mrs. Brown and will serve as a nucleus around which to gather a collection to replace the fine one that she lost in the great fire.

A men's handicap against bogey brought out nineteen competitors, the winner being George Cadwalader, who was 3 up. Captain A. H. Payne was 1 up; A. B. Williamson and T. Balfour were even. The rest were down.

The members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club held their first competition since April 18th on the Ingleside course on the Fourth. A 36-hole tournament was played, eighteen holes in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. A prize was awarded for the best net score for the 36 holes and also

SAN RAFAEL GOLF CLUB HOUSE
Photh by Inkersley

for the best net score for the morning round. The scores made in the afternoon were recorded as the first competition for the monthly handicap medal. C. H. Bentley won the trophy for the 36-hole event with a net score of 170 and also captured the monthly medal with a net score of 82 for the second eighteen holes. S. L. Abbott, Jr., captured the prize for the best morning score with 85 less 2 net 83. The full details are shown in the tables:

San Francisco Golf and Country Club, July 4th, Morning Round.

Competitors	Out	In	Gross	H'd'p	Net
S. L. Abbott, Jr.	41	44	85	2	83
B. D. Adamson	43	41	84	0	84
H. A. Blackman	47	43	90	6	84
R. G. Brown	47	47	94	6	88
C. H. Bentley	48	48	96	8	88
R. J. Woods	52	48	100	12	88
Dr. T. G. McConkey	49	47	96	6	90
Charles Page	47	55	102	8	94
A. J. Owen	*			8	

*No Returns.

Afternoon Round.

Competitors	Out	In	Gross	H'd'p	Net	Total for day
C. H. Bentley	46	44	90	8	82	170
B. D. Adamson	43	44	87	0	87	171
H. A. Blackman	50	43	93	6	87	171
R. G. Brown	45	46	91	6	85	173
S. L. Abbott, Jr	48	50	98	2	96	179
Dr. T. E. McConkey	49	47	96	6	90	180
R. J. Woods	56	51	107	12	95	183
Charles Page	54	47	101	8	93	187
R. J. Owen	*			8		

The first competition for the monthly medal was to have been held on the Ingleside links in April but was postponed and took place, as narrated above, on July Fourth. The second competition will be held on Saturday, August 4. At the close of the season the winners will meet in a final competion for a gold medal. These contests are intended to furnish an incentive to golfers to visit the links during the summer, when city golf courses are almost deserted.

Twenty-seven players entered the Fourth of July Handicap on the links of the Claremont County Club and all but two made returns. The winner was C. P. Hubbard, with a score of 78 less 5, net 73. C. F. Newton, champion

From a painting by Jessie Kradley.

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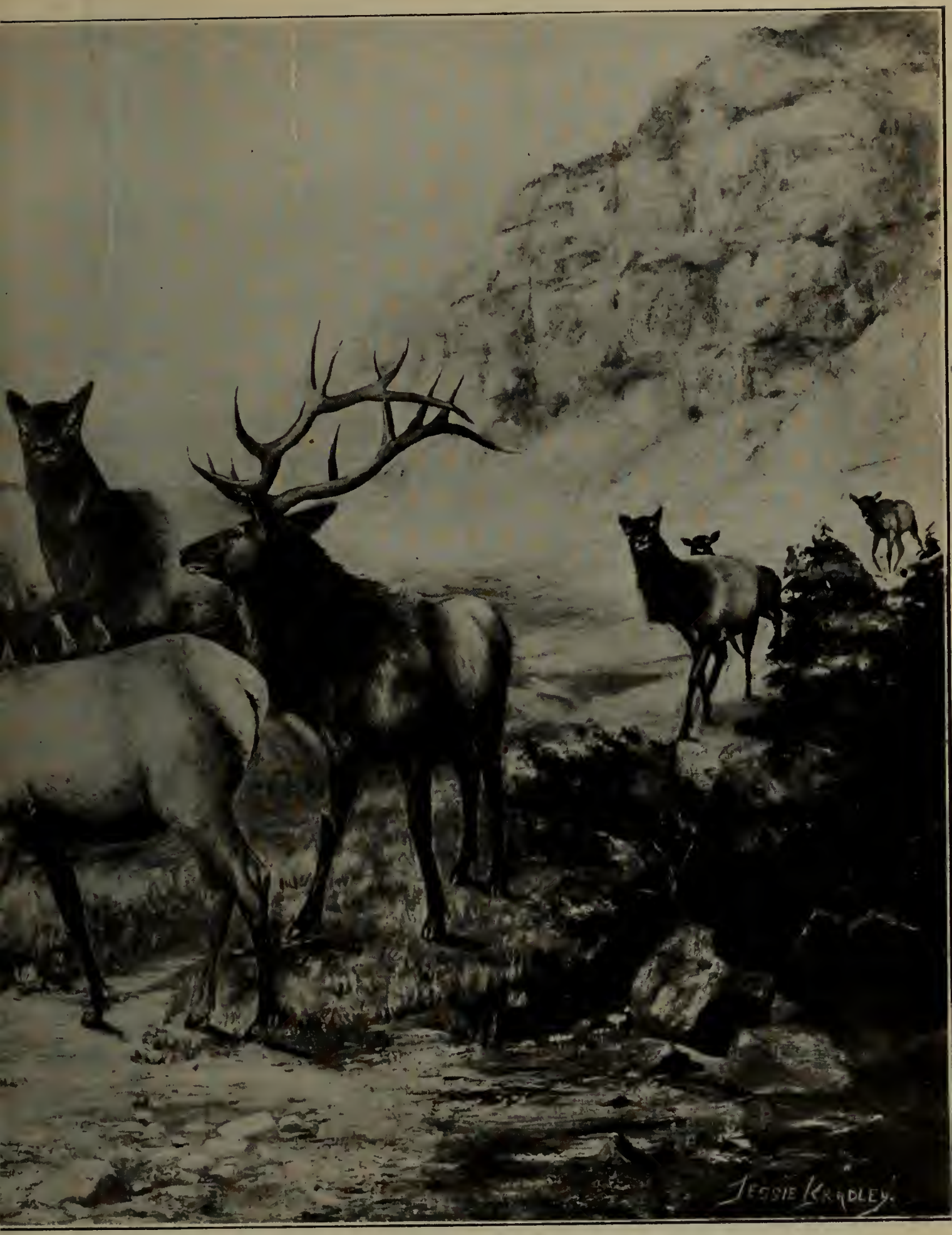

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of the Northern California and Pacific Coast Golf Association, played from scratch and also returned 78. G. Henshaw and C. Braden tied for second place with net scores of 76. The full scores are given in the table:

Claremont Country Club, Fourth of July Handicap.

Competitors	1st Rd	2nd Rd	Gross	H'd'p	Net
Hubbard	38	40	78	5	73
Henshaw	39	45	84	8	76
Braden	44	47	91	15	76
Folger	42	39	81	4	77
Cadman	44	42	86	9	77
Newton	43	35	78	0	78
Gould	46	42	88	10	78
De Golia	42	44	86	7	79
Rev. E. E. Baker	44	44	88	8	80
Sherwood	46	40	86	6	80
Dr. Carpenter	47	42	89	7	82
Ames	42	45	87	5	82
Higgins	43	44	87	4	83
Taylor	49	45	94	10	86
Knowles	42	52	94	8	86
Wheaton	48	47	95	9	86
Johnson	47	44	91	4	87
Walker	50	53	103	16	87
Smith	50	51	101	12	89
Valentine	55	50	105	13	92
Allen	55	51	106	14	92
Babcock	50	57	107	12	95
Gray	57	54	111	14	97
Wetherbee	73	58	131	18	113
Runyon	66	68	134	18	116
Goodall	*			14	
Cooper	*			10	

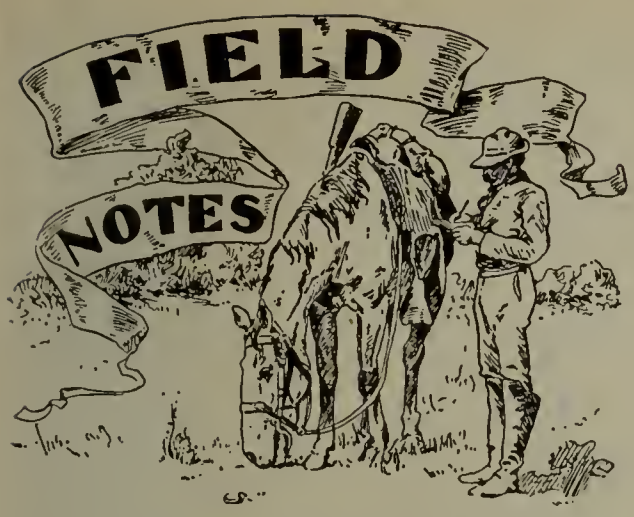
*No returns.

An effort has been made to attract the ladies to the links but for the present the programme has been abandoned and the first competition will be the regular handicap tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association, which is set for October 3 on the course of the Meulo Golf and Country Club. This event may, however, be transferred to the links of the Sacramento Golf Club, the members of which are anxious to have an association tournament held on their home course. To their disappointment, no competition of the C. W. G. A. has ever taken place at the capital city. The second regular tournament of the C. W. G. A. will be held on November 16 and the last of the present year on December 26.

When the earthquake and fire compelled the postponement of the programme of the C. W. G. A. so far as it related to golf clubs in the neighborhood of San Francisco, it would have been perfectly possible for the clubs in the Southern division to have held their scheduled tournaments, but both divisions determined to carry on their events simultaneously, as has hitherto been done. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, the founder and organizer of the C. W. G. A., retains the posts of secretary and treasurer for the Northern division, and Miss Mercereau of the Los Angeles Country Club performs the same duties for the Southern division. The next competition (the second) for the championship of the C. G. A. will be held early next year on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club.

Not content with her labors in behalf of the California Women Golfers' Association, Mrs. R. G. Brown hopes to unite all the golf clubs of the Pacific coast in the Western Women Golfers' Association, which includes the whole country to the west of Chicago. When this shall have been accomplished it will be possible to hold individual and team championship matches between the women of the East and the West. The best available twenty or twenty-five women golfers of the West will endeavor to wrest victory from the Eastern representatives in a team match. Mrs. A. T. Brower of the Evanston Golf Club, Illinois, president of the Western Women Golfers' Association, is in communication with Mrs. R. G. Brown in regard to inducing all the clubs in the C. W. G. A. to ally themselves with the W. W. G. A.

As already fully announced in the July issue of Western Field, the annual Del Monte tournament will take place this month, from the 20th to the 25th, inclusive. The program includes handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte Cup for Men and for the Del Monte Cup for Women, with trophies for the runners-up; Handicap Mixed Foursomes and Consolation Handicaps, medal score, for men and women.



GRIZZLIES GALORE.

Editor Western Field:

In your February issue I notice that Mr. Conway has again taken up the grizzly bear question. Not, however, he says, to help Mr. Payne out, but just to prove that the "other gentleman from the north will prove to be a feather weight."

Now as before stated, these two gentlemen, who have taken so much delight in calling all who have said anything about this bear, "tenderfeet" and "ignoramuses," and have treated all that has been said with ridicule and sarcasm, it would seem that if they had anything to say regarding the grizzly bear, it is time to introduce it and let the readers of WESTERN FIELD see what they really know.

I used personalities for the reason that it seemed to be what most of these so-called bear hunters' stock in trade consisted of. About the only thing that they have proved to the readers so far is how little they do really know about the grizzly bear. Now if these two gentlemen, or any others that have jumped into this argument, will come forward and tell us what they really know about this animal, we may all, perhaps, learn something. I do not believe that any one person can tell us all about any one animal, for the reason that the habits of the same species of animal differ vastly in different localities.

In speaking of the grizzly bear there seems to be vast differences of opinion as to how the animal came to have the name of "grizzly." I shall quote from several people and publications, and shall only quote from Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway just so far as is necessary to show them where they are at fault regarding some things that they have stated. I do not wish this reply to be taken as a personal matter but only wish to find out what these old time hunters of California can tell us about the grizzly as found in that state.

As before stated I have always been vastly interested in the grizzly, and have read everything that could be obtained on the subject, and I also wish to state that my knowledge of the grizzly has not been obtained from books alone, as it is more than thirty-five years since I saw my first grizzly—and this was one of the old California grizzlies—and for more than twenty-three years I hunted the grizzly, killing many and have seen hundreds of them.

About the word "true:" I used this because Mr. Payne stated that the TRUE grizzly was never found outside the state of California. If this word is to be used at all it can only be applied to the bear discovered by Lewis and Clark, for the reason that this animal was the first to receive this name. If there was no difference between the Rocky Mountain grizzly and that of California, Mr. Payne's bear would be a true grizzly.

Mr. Payne says that "it is the general impression that the name 'grizzly' originated with the California pioneer, and is generally accepted as originally applied to the big brownish bear of California." If Mr. Payne will go back to the journals of Lewis and Clark he will find that, while they did not drop all other names and call it the grizzly, they did give it this name among others. Some of the names were "grizzly," "gray," "white" and "brown bear." This probably on account of the great variation in the color of this bear in the localities through which they passed. So here we find the word "grizzly" used in connection with this bear, more than one hundred years ago. But we will not depend on this alone. We will turn to Guthrie's geography, published in 1815, and here we find that the name "grizzly bear" was named among the Mammals of North America. And this name "grizzly" was applied to the bear of Lewis and Clark, and is so stated on page 299 of this old book. There is no evidence of any pioneers in California at this date, nor have we any history of the bear found there this early.

Again on page 300 of this old book we find this: "The grizzly bear has been long known to naturalists; but the above mentioned travelers were the first to give us a particular account of this monarch of the American forests. One killed by them near the Porcupine river measured as follows:

	Ft.	In.
Length from the nose to the extremity of the hind feet	8	7½
Circumference near the fore legs	5	10½
Circumference of the neck	3	11
Circumference of the middle of the fore leg	1	11
Length of the talons		4⅜

His weight, on conjecture, was between five and six hundred pounds. But this was not the largest bear killed by the party. They give an account of one which measured nine feet from the nose to the extremity of the tail; and the talons of another were six and a quarter inches long.

So we see that all the large grizzlies were not always found in California. And we also find that the name "grizzly" as applied to this bear did not originate in California, as

is shown by these old books, where the word had been in use for more than fifty years before we are introduced to the California grizzly. That this bear was a grand and noble type of the grizzly family, no one has questioned, but Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway must not claim that they are the only ones that have seen the grizzly bear, as Mr. Conway has stated that the pioneer's of California discovered the grizzly, named it and exterminated it.

Again, when they state that "Monarch," now in the Golden Gate park is not a grizzly, they only show that they have never had much experience with the grizzly type of bear. For that this bear is a grizzly is beyond question. It may not be the bear that they had known as the old bear that was found there fifty years ago, but when they state that it is no kind of a grizzly they are making statements that they can in no wise back up. This bear is not a black bear, nor is it an Alaskan brown bear, and I have never heard any one claim that it is of the Polar type. We would be pleased to have these two gentlemen classify this bear, as it would be quite interesting to learn what it is.

We will now take up the color of the grizzly, in which Mr. Payne has stated "that no grizzly ever had one black, and one white cub, outside bear stories." First let me state again that I have seen hundreds of grizzlies, and many, many times have seen a grizzly with these cubs. But I do not ask Mr. Payne and Mr. Conway to take my word for it.

As already shown, Lewis and Clark gave it a variety of names, among them the "brown bear." And again in this old book, where the Mammals of North America are named, in speaking of the color of the grizzly bear, we find this statement. "The color is usually such as the name indicates, though there are varieties, from black to silvery whiteness."

Again we find in looking over some of Dr. W. S. Rainsford's writings on the grizzly, this statement: "I have, indeed, seen a female grizzly with three cubs, of which one was almost yellow, a second nearly black, and a third grey."

Sometime since, while writing about the grizzly, I wished to learn all that was possible about the color of this animal, as had been seen by other people. And I therefore wrote to Mr. W. T. Hornaday, with whom I have had a long and very pleasant acquaintance. Wishing to see what he had to say about the color of the grizzly, I asked him what he personally knew regarding it. I had seen such a vast variety in color that I did not wish to make statements that would be at variances with other people's observations.

Mr. Hornaday says: "Regarding the color of the grizzly, it remains today just as Lewis and Clark found it a century ago. I have never taken pains to acquire from other authors any special information regarding the colors of grizzly bears, chiefly for the reason that I have myself seen a sufficient number of skins, and also living bears, ranging all the way from Chihuahua, Mexico, to White Horse, Yukon Territory. I have seen, all told, at least two hundred skins of grizzlies, and not far from forty living bears. Having seen these variations for myself, I have never taken pains to collect data from books but have learned much from practical, bona fide hunters like yourself.

"So far as I can judge, the color of the grizzly conforms with no known law of coloration. I do not know of any other bear species in which the coloration of the pelage is so erratic as it is in the Rocky Mountain grizzly. At this moment, we have here a female grizzly from Colorado which is very dark, and so nearly destitute of the usual light color on her hair tips that she is at times not easily distinguishable from the Alaskan brown bears, the latter being wholly without grizzled hair-tips. With this bear is exhibited a medium light colored grizzly from Wyoming, which, to judge by color alone, might well be called another species. It is of the kind frequently spoken of as the "bald-faced grizzly," the hair of its entire head being of a light buff color.

"Unfortunately, there is no "type specimen" to which naturalists can refer. The animal was described by Lewis and Clark in varying terms, according to the different colored specimens that they saw, but they brought back no skins for permanent preservation as representing the species. It is very unfortunate that this important species should have been described without a type specimen. Inasmuch, however, as it was so described, it remains for you, or any other author to decide, according to your own observations, what should be regarded as the standard and most typical color. For myself, were I to choose a skin to offer to the world as the type, I would pick one which is dark colored, but having the terminal third of its longest hairs colored gray. In other words, the grizzly-gray wash on the coat should not be ignored. The very light, and the very dark phases, I should regard as extremes, and in no sense typical."

Now about the word "true" as applied to the grizzly bear. As before stated, if this word is to be used in connection with the grizzly bear it would have to be applied to the first grizzly that was put on record.

Of course any one can call any of the different type of grizzlies the true grizzly, and he would be as near right as any other person who applied it to his type of grizzly. About this word "true" I asked Mr. Hornaday what he thought about its use, as I find in Dr. C. Hart Merriam's writings that he always speaks of the Rocky Mountain grizzly as the "true grizzly" and goes on and shows the difference as is found in the shape of the teeth, and skulls. Mr. Hornaday says that while he thinks there is a distinction between the grizzlies of the Rocky Mountains and those of California, he thinks that the "true" is very mischievous, and misleading to people who know nothing about the classification

of bears. He says: "The word to use instead of 'true' is 'typical.' A Mexican grizzly is just as much a 'true' grizzly as is that of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming or British Columbia. A light colored grizzly is a 'true' grizzly just as much as the darkest, or one of medium color. It is my opinion, judging from the skins and also living specimens that I have seen, that the grizzlies of British Columbia are more constant in color than those of any other locality with which I am acquainted. I believe, also, that the dark ones of that country may fairly and truly be regarded as representing the "typical" animal."

I do not claim to know all about the grizzly bear, and do not set up as such, but when a person has hunted over all the known territory where the grizzly has ever been found, and followed it up for more than twenty-five consecutive years, he is apt to learn something about the animal he is after, if he is not so stupid as to think he is the only hunter that is in the field. Had Mr. Payne stated that his friend would give $500 to get a shot at the old California grizzly, it would not have looked so aggressive in cold print. And had Mr. Conway not been quite so conceited, and modified his statements a little, and had not said that there was not now a grizzly bear in the state of California, probably no one would ever have known that he had never had much to do with grizzly bears in general.

These two gentlemen can treat this with sarcasm and ridicule, or they can follow out Mr. Conway's suggestion, and ignore it altogether, but the fact still remains that the California grizzly was not the first discovered, nor did he first receive the name of "grizzly," and there are real grizzlies outside the state of California, and there are some still left in that state. But I will not say that the big brown grizzly of Southern California can still be found, for unfortunately I think he is among the animals that were.

The characteristics that Mr. Payne speaks of as belonging to the California grizzly alone, (the long hind-foot) is no more a characteristic of this bear, than it is of the Rocky Mountain grizzly, and in fact the Rocky Mountain grizzly has a foot that is longer and thinner for the size of the bear, than has the California bear. But there is a vast difference in the shape of the heads of these two bear. The Rocky Mountain grizzly has a much narrower and slimmer head than has the other bear. The nose from the eyes to the point is long and slim.

That the California grizzly does not vary in color like the Rocky Mountain grizzly, I am well aware. But that there are black grizzlies there is no question, and any hunter that has followed the grizzly over his whole range will see many of them. They are not yet extinct, and it remains for any one who wishes to verify my statements to go and see for himself.

Neither of these gentlemen have brought forward one single proof of their statements. That Mr. so and so killed a grizzly with a knife does not prove that there are no grizzlies any place else, or that there are no more in California, nor that the "cuss with the high hat" did not know what he was talking about —for he evidently did when he stated that "Monarch" was a grizzly. Because these gentlemen had not seen such a bear, only goes to prove that they had not moved about to any great extent, or they would not be thus conceited, and claim that no naturalists ever saw a real grizzly. If they are going to claim that they had the only grizzly they should have found a name for it, and not have to go back as they have been shown they did, for a hundred years and take a name that had been carried about for fifty-four years before the California grizzly was named. This fact there is no getting around, for they can go to these old books and see for themselves. And should they desire to see a real grizzly before their "mortal coil" is "all shuffled off" they can find one most any time, in the Selkirk Mountains, British Columbia.

If the readers of WESTERN FIELD wish to take these two gentlemen's word for it that there are no more grizzlies, and do not care to take the words of such men and naturalists as I mentioned, that is their privilege. Surely these people who have hunted the grizzly, and seen many hundred hides and the animals in the flesh, ought to have a word to say, as much as people who only claim to have seen the one grizzly.

W. H. WRIGHT.

Spokane, Wash.

A DESERVING CAUSE.

William Henry Harrison Murray ("Adirondack" Murray), was born in a plain New England farmhouse at Guilford, Conn., on April 26, 1840. He died at the old homestead on March 3, 1904, in the same room in which he was born, and his grave, according to his wish, is but a short distance from the house, beneath a large buttonwood tree whose history is closely connected with the settlement of his ancestors at Guilford 260 years ago.

It is 44 years since Mr. Murray was graduated from Yale; 43 since he entered the ministry; 42 since he lighted his first camp fire in the Adirondacks; 38 since he ascended the pulpit of Park Street Church, Boston; 37 since his first book, "Adventures in the Wilderness, or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks," appeared, and the same length of time since he commenced to lecture publicly. In reality, it is about 40 years since he entered the field of authorship, as most of the sketches comprising "Adventures in the Wilderness" first appeared in the "Meriden Literary Recorder" in 1867. Including the various collections of his sermons, lectures and addresses, he has left nearly twenty books, which in some respects are unsurpassed by the literary productions of any American author. His writ-

ings have passed into a permanent place in the affections of the people, have become nationalized, and some of his compositions, as "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car," "The Story the Keg Told Me," "The Man Who Didn't Know Much," "How John Norton, the Trapper, Kept His Christmas," "Death a Gain" and "The Old Apple Tree's Easter," are undoubtedly classics. His John Norton is the sole rival in American literature of Cooper's Leather Stocking, while his "Holiday Tales" have been ranked in this country with Dickens' "Christmas Carol." In the literature of sport and wild nature he has no superior, and his name belongs naturally to the class of Thoreau, Cooper, Audobon and Frank Forester.

It is proposed to form a national society of men and women interested in keeping green the memory of the "Great Evangelist of the Outdoor Life," to whose influence so many thousands of Americans owe their appreciation of nature and the health and happiness which have come to them from vacations spent in the woods. The name, "Adirondack Murray Memorial Association" has been suggested. The purposes would include the erection of a suitable monument above Mr. Murray's grave, the preservation of the homestead at Guilford and the republication of all his books, so that his widow and four daughters (nine to eighteen years of age), may be assured a helpful income, which would assist the daughters to continue their education and that his great gospel of outdoor living, and the humor, pathos, simplicity, beauty and reverential character of his writing may go on doing good in the world.

The exact form of organization has not yet been determined, but it is expected that a plan will be arranged whereby a single subscription of a few dollars will entitle to permanent membership, without payment of annual dues. All who are interested in the man or his work are invited to correspond with any of the undersigned friends and admirers of Mr. Murray, who have felt it to be both a duty and a pleasure to serve as a provisional committee on organization, when further particulars will be made known. Suggestions are invited and the literary, religious, sporting and lay press of this country and Canada is asked to lend support, especially by reprinting this letter.

James H. Cutler, care American Forestry Association, 510 Twelfth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

M. J. Hapgood, Peru, Vt.

John S. Huyler, 64 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

W. H. Merrill, Editorial Dept Boston Herald, Boston, Mass. (former associate editor of the Golden Rule.)

Fletcher Proctor, Proctor, Vt.

Col. A. A. Pope, Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Harry V. Radford, 212 East 105th Street, New York, N. Y.

Paul Smith, Paul Smith's, N. Y.

W. J. Van Patten, 386 Pearl Street, Burlington, Vt.

M. F. Westover, General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Charles Goodrich Whiting, Editorial Dept. Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.

By Recapper.

IN looking over an old copy of the "American Field," I came across a note from a field-trail trainer of that day, in which he stated that on taking the string of dogs he was handling into Ohio to work, he found the farmers of that state so opposed to even the semblance of shooting over their grounds that he was compelled to go elsewhere in order to prepare his dogs for the Tennessee trials. No doubt, many who read that note jumped to the conclusion "what a mean lot of men those Ohio farmers and landowners must be." But, there are usually two sides to a question.

I know nothing—personally—of the farmers of the South and West, yet I believe they have much the same feelings in this matter as those of the older Middle States. Born as I was on a farm, and associating with farmers for the first thirty years of my life, I know their sentiments pretty well in regard to these matters; and I believe they agree with those of other parts of the Union. What gave rise to this antagonistic feeling? I must confess that, unlike many others, I do not think the farmers are (in all cases) to blame. That there were, (before laws were passed forbidding it) some who allowed no shooting on their lands, because they intended to trap, net, snare, or shoot the game themselves, not for sport but for profit, is not denied by me. That you may occasionally meet with a farmer who cares nothing for the game, and yet will allow no one to shoot on his land, denying that privilege because of what I cannot refrain from calling a pure spirit of selfish devilishness, I also admit, yet I think the number of such men as the last-named, is very small in proportion to the whole number of agriculturists.

Where then is the trouble? It has been written by some one that, "there are women and women." At the risk of giving offense to some —for which let me say I care nothing—I believe that more than half of the trouble comes from the fact that there are "sportsmen and sportsmen." I mean by this that we not only have true sportsmen, but, also, many counterfeits. The true sportsman—he who is really worthy of the name—always sets a proper vale on the permission to shoot over the farmer's land, and will always act up to the saying that, "a privilege worth having is always worthing asking for." The real sportsman shoots not for the market, not to bag more game than he can use, but for the exercise, the pleasure, the healthful rest and relaxation from business cares, that field-sports always bring.

But, do all men who announce themselves as sportsmen, ask permission of the farmer to shoot over his ground? Not a

bit of it, Mr. Editor. Who are the men who habitually disregard this show of common courtesy? Are they always of the poor class of men who shoot, going out for an occasional hour or two in the open season, for a little relaxation from their labors, not only for the sport, but, that they may with the help of their guns make some slight addition to the home larder, never, perhaps, too plentifully supplied? We know that in nearly every town and village there are to be found one or more lazy loafers who are always on the lookout to poach for game, in or out of season; not that they may make use of to feed a starving wife or children, but to trade it for whisky. Where game protecting clubs are in existence and do their duty, these fellows can be, and are, choked off, and the farmers, as a rule, are glad to help in this work. But, there are times when they evade detection, and they cause the landowners to look upon everyone carrying a gun, with whom he is not acquainted, with suspicion.

I am not one of those who believe that the real sportsman is always a rich man. I believe that there are many true sportsmen who cannot afford expensive guns and outfits, just as I know there are many wealthy men who pose as sportsmen, and who are a disgrace to the brotherhood. These men are mean, close, and grasping; thinking they are not bound to show any respect for the rights of others. They do more to bring the name of "sportsman" into bad repute with the farmers than all other causes combined. This class of shooters, (they are not sportsmen) walk onto a farm without leave or license, and if they possess the ability to do so, do not leave the place till they have swept it clean of all the game thereon. If the landowner remonstrates, he is either unheeded, or else he is talked to in a way showing that these sportsmen (!) look upon him as one who has no right to say who shall or shall not come upon his land. These are the sort of curs who, if they can do so undetected, will slip out some days before the beginning of the open season and work havoc with game which the true sportsman is waiting for.

Is it any wonder that farmers seeing and knowing this and who suppose that every man who carries a gun is a sportsman, should look upon every man who shoots with suspicion? Is it strange that they should object to the presence of such characters on their land? I think not. and as farmers cannot be expected to inform themselves as to the difference between the real and the counterfeit sportsman they are not to be blamed for feeling as they do, and appealing to the law for assistance and protection of their rights.

I can feel a certain sort of respect for a bold rogue who does a rascally thing in an open manner, meanwhile making no pretense of being other than what he is; but, for your mean, sneaking, selfish hypocrite, with his pharisaical talk and airs, (no matter if he were as wealthy as Rockefeller) I have no feeling but contempt. Are there no game clubs which have as members any of these choice (!) sports? If there are let the honest members expel them at once, and thereafter refuse all fellowship or acquaintance with them. Better will it be by far, that none but men of moderate means should be in the club, than to have a club of rich hypocrites who think that they, because of their wealth, have what might be called the right of eminent domain" over everything and everyone.

Then, too, if we would have our game still further protected, let us have still shorter open seasons; a limit to the bag, not for the day, but for the season; a non-resident license law; and, if possible, absolute prohibition of the sale of game. But, is this latter possible? I have my doubts, and will say why.

Game has always been considered the property not of the individuals on whose lands it has been bred and reared, but of the state. This means that every resident of the state has a joint ownership in it. It belongs to the individual only when, in legal phrase, it has been "reduced to possession," and this can only be done in ways and seasons named by the law. It then becomes personal property and there is no clause in any game law within my knowledge which makes it personal property subject to conditions. If a man can make any disposition of his other personal holdings as he sees fit, (and this is his legal right) why should it not be the same with game?

Glad as I would be to see the marketing of game forbidden by law, I very much fear that such a law if passed would, if tested in a trial case before the United States highest court, be declared unconstitutional, and, therefore, null and void. It would give me great pleasure if some eminent lawyer would in these pages make this point clear to all. He might not get a fee in money, but, most certainly he would get one of gratitude from all true sportsmen, and from myself.

President Roosevelt Breakfasting at Wray, Colo., on His Recent Hunting Trip.

San Francisco, up-to-date

You probably know very little about the New San Francisco, which in a few years will be the Greater San Francisco.

It would surprise you to see how much has been done already toward rebuilding the business section. The residence district is practically intact, very little damage having been done there.

While great losses were suffered, ready cash and credit are being liberally supplied and business men are going ahead with indomitable grit. New life is evident in every quarter. The work of cleaning up the debris in the burnt-over district is well under way.

Hundreds of contracts have been let for fine new buildings, which will be both fire-proof and quake-proof, and will present the latest triumphs of the architect's skill.

To particularize:

The scaffolding is up for repairs on the Monadnock building. The new Examiner building, which will be ten stories high and cover an entire block, is under contract. The Call building is already partly occupied and is being rapidly restored. A portion of the Chronicle building is also occupied. A bank has opened on the ground floor of the Crocker building and the upper floors will soon be ready for tenants. Across the street the Union Trust company is established in the basement and the first floor, while hurry-up repairs are being made on the Flood building.

Funds are rapidly pouring in for the reconstruction of the public schools.

Along Market street many temporary structures have been erected.

The larger retail business interests are centering on Van Ness avenue and Fillmore street. The street car system is operating on Market and Mission streets, from the Ferry to Fillmore and Sixteenth streets, respectively; also on Fillmore, Ellis and Sutter streets.

Freight and passenger traffic in and out of San Francisco is quite heavy. Thousands of refugees who left in haste are now returning, and with them are coming hundreds of strangers who are quick to realize the big reconstruction opportunities.

There is a great need for workmen. The United Railways alone will employ 2,000 men at $2.00 per day and lodging, while carpenters, plumbers and other building tradesmen are badly needed at high wages.

The traveling public will be most interested in the question of hotel accommodations.

Several hotels have already resumed business, as follows:

Hotel Jefferson, cor. Turk and Gough Sts.; 250 rooms; reached by Eddy St. cars.
Hotel Dorchester, N. E. cor. Gough and Sutter Sts.; 125 rooms; American and European, $4 and $2; Sutter Street cars.
Hotel Majestic, N. W. corner Gough and Sutter Sts.; 125 rooms; European, $1.50 up; Sutter Street cars.
Hotel Imperial, 951 Eddy Street; 110 rooms; Eddy Street cars.
Hotel Savoy, S. W. cor. Ellis St. and Van Ness Ave.; 100 rooms; European, $2 up; Ellis Street cars.
Hotel Baltimore, Van Ness Ave., near Geary St.; 100 rooms; European, $2 up; Ellis Street cars.
Hotel Bristol, 1528 Sutter St., near Gough; 100 rooms; American, $3.50 up; Sutter Street cars.
Atherton Hotel, 1661 Octavia St.; 40 rooms; American, $2.50 up.

The hotels named will comfortably accommodate about 2,000 persons. All have been newly furnished, have good rooms with baths, and are able to take excellent care of patrons. The Baltimore and Imperial run omnibuses to all incoming trains and steamers.

The hotels operated on European plan have first-class restaurants or grill-rooms.

Numerous one-story bungalows are being temporarily erected in Union Square by the St. Francis Hotel management to accommodate their guests until the main edifice is restored. It is expected that these temporary quarters will be ready by the end of July. The hotel proper will not be open until late in the fall.

The Palace Hotel is to be rebuilt on the old site as a steel-frame structure of between 600 and 700 rooms; work has been started on a temporary building, corner Post and Leavenworth streets.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 1, 1906—Lake fishing around Spokane never was so fine as it is this summer. All the fishermen have been trying it, and many visitors from the East who came especially for that purpose are delighted with the sport. The bass in particular are plentiful, and there is scarcely a lake in this "Land of a Thousand Lakes" where the fish are not biting well. Among those which are close to Spokane are Haydon, Fish, Sucker, Coeur d'Alene, Silver, Clear, Colville, Pend d'Oreillo and Newman lakes.

Newman and Sucker lakes are reported to be veritable paradises for fishermen. Bass are biting early and often, and during the past week parties of two and three in a single day's fishing have caught as high as 100 pounds. Game Warden J. H. Uhlig, who was near Newman lake on business, spent a short time fishing, and caught one bass weighing six pounds and another weighing five and one-half.

The Spokane Rod and Gun club, the Spokane Fish Protective association and other organizations are at least partially responsible for this condition of affairs, for they provide for restocking the lakes whenever there is a tendency to exhaust them and they see to it that fishermen do not fish out of season. The Spokane Chamber of Commerce has just issued one of the finest publications ever gotten out in the West, entitled "Big Scenes, Big Fish, Big Game."

T. B. Ware, secretary of the Spokane Fish Protective association, has received a letter from George M. Bowers, United States fish commissioner, saying that within 30 days a car will arrive in Spokane with brook trout fry to be placed in the Spokane river. Fishing already is considered good in this stream, even in the city limits of Spokane, but will be greatly improved by this addition. Mr. Ware also has received a letter from State Fish Commissioner T. R. Kershaw, saying it is the intention this year to send a million trout eggs from the Lake Chelan state hatchery to the Little Spokane hatchery, 12 miles from this city, where they will be hatched and later distributed in the various lakes and streams in this vicinity.

Clear and Silver lakes, 15 miles west of Spokane, within 45 minutes run on the electric line, have been known for years for their fishing, but the Washington Water Power company, which owns the electric road, proposes to add many thousands of small fish to each of these lakes each spring in order to make this, if possible, the best fishing ground in this part of the West. Bass and other varieties known to thrive in these waters will be placed there in unstinted numbers. It has been demonstrated that there are immense "feeding grounds" in both these lakes, and the action of the railway officials will bring great sport for the anglers. The company is trying to secure both bream and small mouthed bass to try in these lakes.

The first consignment of Eastern brook trout, to the number of 8,000, already has been received from the government by the Spokane Fish Protective association, and was planted in the Spokane river recently a short distance above the city water works. The fish are said to be of the finest variety, and the consignment reached Spokane in the best of condition.

Joseph Borden of Spokane, within the next 30 days, will put in a large number of rainbow trout in Spirit lake, 40 miles from Spokane.

Fly fishing commenced unusually early in the streams around Spokane this year. The open season for trout begins April 1, and by April 15 fine catches of rainbow trout and lake trout were reported from a number of streams and lakes. The standard varieties of trout flies, brown and gray hackles, professors, coachmen, black gnat, white miller and the Queen of the Water are used with better success than specially made fancy flies. All Western sporting goods houses carry complete lines.

Isaac V. Alexander, a rancher on Canyon creek, in the Orofino country, 120 miles southeast of Spokane, owes his life, in a fight with a wounded bear, to his horse, which a few days ago kicked bruin into insensibility and then trampled its life out. Alexander was severely clawed by the bear, but will recover.

"I went into Long meadow to pick berries," Alexander said in speaking of his experience, "and on entering the thicket I lead the horse by its bridle. I had not gone more than three rods when I came upon a bear, which had been wounded by hunters.

"The bear was not fatally wounded and in this way managed to escape the hunters. When

I came along the bear was apparently hungry and thirsty and that made him wicked, because he made straight for me without a moment's warning.

"Being unarmed, I started to run, only to stumble over a fallen tree. Before I could get on my feet the bear was upon me, clawing at my arms and breast. I fought him for a while, punching him repeatedly on the jaw, but it did not seem to have the least effect, other than to make the animal more furious.

"I confess that I believed the end had come, as I was fast becoming exhausted, when 'Bill,' that's my horse, came to the rescue and kicked the bear several times.

"When I saw what the horse was doing I got out of the way and 'Bill' and bruin had it out. The horse knocked the bear down half a dozen times, finally jumping upon him with all fours and killed him. As the bear did not stir the horse came over to where I was behind a tree and we packed the carcass to my ranch. It's the closest call I ever had or want to have, and there isn't anything too good for 'Bill' the rest of his days."

THERE are dogs and dogs, but "Old Cap," Tom Hopper's famous bear dog, which died in Spokane a few days ago, was the most famous canine hunter ever known in the Pacific Northwest. Hopper mourns his loss as keenly as were it his dearest friend. He says the dog has taken part in the killing of at least 200 bears and half as many cougars and lynx. The dog was an animal of remarkable intelligence and strength and had no fear of anything on earth, except his master's displeasure. He was a "kangaroo shepherd," weighed about 60 pounds, was clean limbed and active. About two months ago the old dog met with a mysterious street car accident, from which he never recovered. He was twelve years old when he died. Mr. Hopper said:

"From the very first this dog showed the instincts of a natural hunter, and before he was two years old there was little left for him to know about hunting bear. He tracked a bear by sight through the snow for two or three days, and when the unfortunate bruin was finally overtaken the fight between the big, strong beast and its small, but active assailant would often last twenty-four hours, always ending in the bear taking to a tree if he was not too large to climb."

"Many, indeed, were the wounds from the teeth of enraged bears or the claws of fierce cougars that Old Cap received, but he was never known to give up a fight. At one time he was left for dead at Hayden Lake, thirty miles east of Spokane, it being supposed that his back was broken. Two days later he returned to camp, and though his injuries were severe he recovered and took part in many killings afterward.

"Perhaps the most notable accomplishment of Old Cap was his part in the capture of the big grizzly at Lewiston, in the Clear Water Valley, 100 miles south of Spokane. A reward of $1,500 had been offered for the hide of this famous marauder, which had devastated ranches above Lewiston, Idaho, for several years, killing hundreds of horses and cattle. The old grizzly was too wise to be trapped and too fierce to be attacked by any of the local dogs.

"Finally, Cap and I went to the rescue, and in eight days the old grizzly's hide hung outside of my tent.

"No dog was more game than Cap, and the thousand bites and scratches he received never weakened his courage. Once he attacked a bear alone and was seized by the fore-leg and one foot was split wide open. Every dog fancier knows that the tenderest canine spot is the foot, yet Old Cap, walking on three feet, followed and fought the bear for six hours.

"Old Cap's last fight was at Waite's peak last fall, when he lead a pack that killed a 600-pound bear, which fought the dogs for three hours. Cap always attacked from behind, and was usually out of harm's way before the less active bear could turn around. In attacking cougars he used 'catch-as-catch-can' tactics, and though he often was badly worsted, he usually succeeded in chasing the enemy into a tree.

"Old Cap was buried with honors by his master. The carcass was placed in a box and taken to the foot of the mountains near Spokane, the scene of many of his killings, and there buried."

Outdoor sports are becoming more popular each succeeding year throughout the Pacific Northwest, and Spokane is no exception. The Spokane Country Club has several interesting events scheduled for the coming months, and its golf and tennis players have invitations to participate in a number of the important turnaments in coast and inland cities.

The golf team, headed by George O. Nettleton, formerly a Dartmouth oarsman and all-around athlete, left for Butte, Mont., July 22. Players from Salt Lake City are also in the mining city and a three-cornered match is being played.

Golf has taken hold in earnest around Spokane, this being evidenced by the fact that fifty-four players were recently entered in a handicap contest for the Anderson trophy, which was won by Edgar E. Strong of Spokane, formerly of Wisconsin.

Much interest is centered in the annual tournament for the president's cup, which carries with it the championship of the Country Club, to be played August 11 to 18. Frank W. Guilbert, formerly of Minneapolis, is the defender. The cup has to be played for three times for permanent ownership. It was won by George O. Nettleton in 1904.

The trophy is of sterling silver and was designed by Tiffany, and presented by F. Lewis Clark, president of the club, owner of the ocean yachts Spokane and Emerald, now sailing in Eastern waters, and vice commodore of

the Larchmont Yacht Club. Besides being an ardent yachtsman, Mr. Clark is an enthusiastic golfer and on his summer cruises he visits all the prominent links on the North Atlantic coast.

Eastern and Middle Western visitors say that the Spokane Country Club's home is one of the handsomest and most convenient in the Northwest. The club owns fifty-two acres of land, fifteen minutes by electric line from the heart of the city. The property when bought three years ago was covered with a heavy growth of scrub pine, which has been cleared to make a fair green, and gives opportunity for adding to the natural beauty of the surroundings, and is as much in the country as though 30 miles from the city.

Women members of the club are known as excellent golfers. They have contests scheduled for every month during the rest of the season. Mrs. I. W. Anderson, former holder of the Pacific coast championship, is the club's warmest enthusiast and probably the best player in Spokane, but is not conceded this honor by any great margin.

Tennis is not overlooked in the sporting calendar. There are five fine clay courts and one of grass is now in excellent condition. It is now purposed to turn three of the clay courts into asphalt and put the remaining two in grass.

Wallace A. McBurney, formerly of Montclair, N. J., is the champion of the Spokane Country Club, and last season won the open Lewis & Clark single championship at Portland, Ore., and the International championship at the same place. With C. C. Walker, also of Spokane, he won the doubles at the Lewis & Clark tournament.

Mr. McBurney will defend his title to the International championship at Tacoma in August, and will play in the doubles with Shunzo Takaki, a Japanese graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, now a resident of Spokane. Takaki represented Pennsy in the intercollegiate tournaments in 1904 and 1905, and is a quick and heady player. Spokane will have six entries in the singles and three in the doubles at the Tacoma tourney.

Another feature at the club grounds is the trap shooting and bowling on the green and quoits have also been added to the list of outdoor sports.

Realizing the disadvantage of not having rooms for visitors in the club building, Lewis P. Hornberger, formerly of Philadelphia, erected a commodious building on land adjoining the club grounds, where a number of members reside. This has proved so popular that Mr. Hornberger purposes adding a large wing the coming fall, giving a number of rooms on the upper floors, with billiard and reading rooms down stairs.

The Spokane Country Club has a membership of 220 and a score or more on its waiting list. It has entertained many of the prominent golfers and tennis players from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and as its home is of easy access by reason of good transportation facilities, it is one of the foremost all-year places in the Northwest.

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PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 2

THE FUTURE SAN FRANCISCO

THY pow'r of Purpose and thy heart of Hope
Lie quiv'ring in the ashes. 'Neath thy ruin
I see the struggling forces of Success,
Regenerate, indomitable and grand,
Pulsing with latent triumph. There, below
The lethargy and silence of the waste,
Thy mighty being labors with its woe—
A Soul of Strife, invincible, which knows
No conqueror, no failure or despair,
Or foe, or fate formidable, but lives
Immune to Doom, undimmed by Destiny.
That spirit of thy future, tho' submerged,
Surmounts its wreck, and in Tomorrow's light
Shall rise effulgent from the bursted grave
Of futile death, fair as the Morning God
In all the roseate splendor of the dawn;
Nor man, nor fate, nor that seismic wrath
Of subterranean wantonness can still
Or stay the upward progress of thy pride.

Impregnable to failure, from the dust
And ashes of thy darkness, born anew,
That soul ascends eternal to its throne
Beside these western waters; and that throne
Shall be a fitting tribute to thy reign.
The wealth of all the Occident, more vast
Than Orient's nameless treasures, and the sheen
Of glories yet unmeasured; grandeur, gold,
And beauties without number; all that Love
And Pride and Fame and Fortune can bestow
Shall deck thy regal dais, and the crown
Shall lie unchallenged, matchless, on thy brow—
Ineffable, immortal. Thou shalt be
What we have dreamed, and what thy soul so oft
Didst contemplate, when in those days now gone
Thy heart first felt the burgeon of its hope,
But knew not yet the fierce alchemic fire—
The crucible of Kismet. Thou didst sit
Imperial in thy majesty, alone,
Unrivaled; but thy soul couldst not
Attain the glittering vision of its goal,
Nor know success, nor realize its dream
Till thou hadst drunk of sorrow.

It is done.
The crucial hour is past, and soon, my Queen,
The darkness and the sorrow shall have gone.
The light descends; the dream returns, and from
The fervor of its force shall be fulfilled.
Fresh-panoplied with iron will inspired,
Bright, beautiful, unvanquished, thou shalt pass
Determined to thy triumph, and the world
Shall bow its head, and kneeling at thy throne
Shall lay its wealth and homage at thy feet,
Trembling, amazed to contemplate thy scope,
Thy prestige, peace, magnificence and fame.
Thou shalt be monarch of the West, the Queen
Of all the wondrous Occident. And men
Shall call thee fair, and marvel at thy strength,
And love thee for thy courage—and thy past!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

GOIN' FISHIN'

By Harry H. Dunn

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

SPRING don't seem to come to California just as she comes to other states, leastwise not as she comes to the land "down East," along the shore line of the Mississippi and the old Wisconsin. In this, our Italy, she sort of slips in unbeknown to any save those of us who have been watching her most closely, and we never know she is fully here until we meet a Man in the Street.

And in the hand of the Man in the Street there is a rod; it may be split bamboo of the finest grade, or it may be a single stick affair that his wife uses for a curtain pole through the winter, but all the same it is a fishing rod. In his other hand he bears a basket, or, in lieu of the basket there is strapped around his middle a creel, of divers fine or coarse workmanship and value, neither of which has anything to do with the fact that the Man in the Street is one of the greatest guild on earth—the Brotherhood of the Fishermen.

"Whether the Wine of Life with sweet or bitter run;
Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,"

wherever we meet him we know that he is one of us, and, beyond and over and above all the rest, we know that spring is well on her way—nay, more, that summer will soon be with us, warming even the depths of the great blue sea as she does the cool dells of the gorges riven in the mountain side.

The other day I met the Man in the Street, and immediately something inside of me argued "Man, where are thy fishes?" I could not get rid of it; it bothered me all day, and finally I took it home at night to tell it to the Little Princess in the big Morris chair. The Little Princess is too small yet to go fishing—at least we think she is—but the Big Princess goes where I go. Presently she broke in upon us from the depths of the house with "Isn't it about time we went fishing?"

That settled it. Out came basket of reels and leaders and lines and hooks, on which latter the Little Princess looked in sore distrust, for she had been smitten by the barbed things on one or two occasions and memory was not so short with her that she could not recall the sting of their points

"I think we'll go fishin' tomorrow," I said, by way of explanation to her small highness. "Mama go, too?" she gravely inquired. "Yes, Mama go, too"—and about that time there was trouble, but unlimited promises of a visit to her dearly beloved grandmother's soon put her right and there was the back porch for both of us while the Princess got dinner.

It must be fine fun to unwind line from a reel as fast as someone else can wind it on. Indeed, I know it is from the manifest enjoyment with which the Little Princess goes about it. Finally, however, we—me doing the work and she undoing it—got all three reels, two of Meisselbach's famous Good-luck Ball-bearing affairs and one simple steel wheels, loaded with the fine linen line, some two hundred feet to each one, with a bit more on the largest of the reels.

Then we made four leaders, so as always to have one in case another broke. Each of these was about four feet long and on each was put three big bass hooks, triple-gutted and strongly-eyed, so that the danger of breaking or tearing out the snell was minimized. Then each of the hooks went deep into a cork, there, secure from rust and unwary feet, to rest until sea level was reached.

All the reels were oiled, though that on the ball-bearing wheels was still as good and fresh as when put on at the close of the last summer. All the rod joints were

thoroughly wiped out so that not a trace of the vaseline with which they had been coated could be seen, and just a drop of oil of the thinnest grade allowed to trickle down inside the ferrule. Then the wooden plugs were put in and all went back into their cases, lest the slightest bit of sand or dust get in the joints and start a bend in the metal section.

Be it known we were going after surf fish and yellowfin—not mackerel, or pompano, or smelt, or any of those doubtful delicacies of the deeper waters, but after the four and five and six pounders that lurk where the foamy sea is but a few inches deep. And here, of all places, tackle must be perfect, without a flaw in hooks or leaders or lines or rods.

With due hilarity, and with due regard for the lunch securely packed in one end of the basket, we—the full-grown Princess and the writer—boarded one of those trolley cars which Mr. Huntington had so kindly placed at our disposal—at 75c per—and were whisked away through the hills and the valleys and the sand hills until we came to a long level stretch of beach with three houses, a wharf and a large sign located in its midst. The sign warned us that this was Huntington Beach. By the time we reached the stopping place for the car we could read the signs on the three other buildings besides the sign. They were all real estate offices.

But the agents were asleep or off duty that day and we made our way in safety to the wharf, where we procured a few sand crabs by way of bait, as well as a few clams whose age was uncertain, but which were certainly, judging from the smell, old enough not to have gotten themselves caught by any clammer on the South Coast

And right here a word ought to be said about the inedible but vitally necessary sand crab. This creature is of the size of a man's thumb when fully grown and resembles more closely than anything else I can think of a huge "sow bug" from under a piece of rotten timber. Crab is a misnomer, for the little beast has no claws as have all well-mannered crabs; he cannot pinch if he chooses; indeed he seems more like a shrimp than one of the family for which he is named. But the sand crab can travel through the sand at a surprising rate of

Getting Ready to go Fishin'

speed. Moreover, at most beaches along the Southern California seawall, soft-shelled sand crabs—the only kind suitable for bait—are mighty scarce. Hence there has grown up a regular business of supplying inshore fishermen with these dwellers on the border of the sea. By the price the relative plentitude of the crabs can be judged, and by the numbers of the bait the quantity of yellowfins and surf fish in the white water can be pretty accurately approximated, for the fish follow the crabs up and down the coast.

To gather this sort of bait the crabber has a box, one side and the bottom of which have been knocked out. For the bottom he substitutes a piece of coarse screen; the side is left open. Wading out into the surf where the water is two or three feet deep he lets down his box open side inshore, and, as the wave goes out, scoops up the crabs, loosening them from the soft sand with his feet.

By far the greater number he gets are what is known as "hard-shells"; their backs are covered with a thick armor, and no self-respecting fish will bite at any such bait. With the "soft-shells," however, all is different. They are unprotected and doubtless appear very soft and luscious to the wandering corbina or yellowfin.

"Seaweed is the Bane of the South Coast Angler"

The Final Motion in Surf Casting

Well—to return to the fish and the fisherman—we went down on the beach, down where the shallow surf rolled slowly in as the tide filled, down where bits of seaweed and driftwood floated in on the gently sloping beach. Here three struggling sand crabs went on the leader, after the rod had been jointed and the line run through the guides.

The greatest art of all in this surf fishing is to put the crabs on your hooks so that they will walk about on the bottom of the sea, provided the water is quiet, or, in any event, lie quiet in lifelike shape on the sand, while the breakers toss above them.

And when I had the crabs well set on my hooks, I stepped out into the surf, first having discarded my trousers and appearing in a pair of knickerbockers, and made my cast. There is some art in this casting of two ounces of lead and your baited leader out over the throbbing surf of a full tide. I once thought that unless I got out at least 150 feet of line I couldn't catch a fish, but I have long since changed my mind and now I know that the biggest of the corbina and the yellowfins feed where the water often is less than a foot deep. Indeed, I have repeatedly taken three-pounders from six inches of shallow surf, where it would seem they must almost creep on their bellies to move about.

I can put out 200 feet of line when I am feeling right, but I don't do it often, and then only for exhibition purposes, not to catch fish. And so, on this afternoon I merely tossed the lead out into what seemed to be a level bit of surf, not over fifty feet from the shore. There the sinker took hold on the sand, I reeled in my slack—for one of the cardinal points in surf fishing is always to keep a tight line—and, with the very rim of the Pacific beating against my bare feet, waited for a strike.

Five minutes passed in silence, the Princess curled up in the sand with a magazine, myself with ready finger on the reel. Nothing seemed to be doing out in the sea; so full was the tide that the breakers barely roared as they beat upon the sand. I drove the butt of the rod deep in the sand and filled my pipe—no cigars for me when I go fishing—lighted it, and glanced up at the rod tip. Slowly, very slowly, it was drawing down toward the sea. Undertow must

be strong, I thought; surely it will straighten up in a minute. But it did not straighten, even a strong incoming wave failed to move it.

Then I plucked the rod out of the sand, threw the line loose from the reel, and let it run. Instantly I felt the heavy quiver of a fish. It was not a yellowfin, of a certainty, nor yet a surf fish, even a more dainty biter, if that be possible; halibut never came into the surf, yet the strike was strangely like that of a halibut.

I raised the tip of the rod, braking the reel meantime. Slowly the dead weight came in. I ran back up the beach, throwing my weight against the fish and the grip of the water. Still there was no fight, merely a long, steady tug. Gradually, very slowly, giving here, taking there, I got my line away from the stranger, drawing him the closer the while. Then, all at once, carried in on the crest of a strong, high comber, I got him in on the wet sand—a huge stingray, flapping his wings, as his great fins are called, and beating the sand with his armed tail.

Most dreaded of all the creatures that inhabit inshore waters, the stingray is the bane of bathers and fishermen along the southwest coast. Powerfully muscled for its size, which, in this case was about eighteen inches each way, lying perfectly flat on the gray bottom of the sea, its tail provided with a barbed and poisonous bone sting, this ray can inflict a painful wound in the foot or leg of any bather so unwary as to step on it in the surf.

But the catching of the thing was not the worst part of the game. The Princess laughed at me, and when I brought her the stinger from its tail she only laughed the more, and said I could catch nothing but stingrays. Now what do you think of that, you trout fishermen from Whitney and Eldorado and Plumas and all the rest of that beautiful northern belt where lurk the gamy spotted sides?

Well, I killed the ray and threw him well up on the beach, good food for the gulls that circled round about overhead, and fit for nothing else. Then I baited my hooks again, for the ray had robbed me of every crab before he got hooked himself, and made another cast. This time I went out with my lead a trifle farther, even into the ditch, which follows with fairly regular delineation the coast line south.

At least, I suppose it must have gotten into the ditch, for I immediately felt another drag on my line, had another five minutes' hard work, and pulled in a big bunch of seaweed. Seaweed is the bane of the south coast angler's life. It not only steals his bait and ruffles his temper by tangling his line in a thousand knots, but it runs many a fish off his hooks as well. Finally I got free from this mess, baited up again, and sent the two ounces of lead out after another fish, if I could be so fortunate as to find one.

Surely never was afternoon more beautiful; the brush of a Titian could not have done justice to the hues that incarnadined the heavens. The sun was yet high, for the days are long at this time of year, but the afternoon was, nevertheless, on the wane. I had wasted much time in two fruitless casts. Now I was due to catch fish—I **must** catch fish, I came to the seaside for that purpose, and I would not go away empty handed.

Thus I mused, thinking of other days I had spent fishing at the beach—and about that time something happened. As in a dream I felt a gentle nibble at the line; it was repeated. Then came the strike, the strong, well-meant bite of a hungry yellowfin. I knew it the moment the tremor reached my hand, even though a good hundred feet of line and water lay between.

Gently raising the tip of the rod and walking back up the beach I struck him, and the fight was on. Backward and forward, now down into the surf where the water almost reached my knees I followed a retreating wave, only to come back with the next one well up on the shore. With these fish there is none of the spectacular work of the bass or the trout, or even the pickerel and the pike; it is a steady, under-water fight from beginning to end. But it is a hard fight, just the same, and one which requires a deal more skill to win than any fresh water battles in the fishing line I have yet seen.

Everything aids the fish. Backward moving waves seek to draw him out to the sea, the slope of the sand holds him from you, and the undertow he can always depend on as an ever present friend in time of need when he is about to be drawn out on the beach. But if the angler works his game right, watches the waves and knows his

fish, he can pretty generally get him out, though the mouths of the smaller surf and yellowfin are very tender, and hooks tear out easily.

So it was with this one; in he came, slowly, yet perceptibly, the skill of the man who had fished for this kind of fish before triumphing over the simple strength of the finned one, and his friend the waters of the home he had known all his life. At last he came out on the beach, and, though he had fought and tugged and pulled like a six-pounder, he weighed but four on the scales down at the bait house—and you know fishermen's scales never lie.

After this fellow was safely in and admired by the Princess we got three more, slightly smaller, but all above three pounds, good fish for so early in the season, and much better than nine out of ten of the yellowfin taken along this part of the Coast. From the wharf a few fine surf fish were hooked, but none came in on the beach, at least we saw none.

And then, when it was all over and the evening shadows were beginning to settle down, we went home, home through the gathering night to where the Little Princess, her golden head nodding sleepily, waited for just one look at the fish. Don't you know it is a big satisfaction to get on a car with your basket so full of nice fish that they kind of overflow, or you let them overflow, so that they show their heads or their tails, and passengers say, "What a nice mess of fish!" Oh, it's a great game, this fishing, whether you catch anything or not, but it's always just a little greater when you get something to show for the day's work.

A WOLF CRY

A MUTE wolf creeps where a lone ox sleeps
  In the shade of the cactus pale,
But fierce and high is the desert cry
  When the wolf pack takes the trail.

Now gray things slip o'er the parched lip
  Of that gorge where the darkness lies,
A grisly line they bristle and whine
  On the track where their quarry flies.

In moonlight dim o'er the desert's rim
  Flows the stream of this phantom band,
Through lights and shades it gleams and fades
  Or drifts like the blowing sand.

At the desert's heart where the rocks up start
  And their shadows are long and black,
Hot blood and bone and the dying moan
  Are the meed of the snarling pack.

—*Harley R. Wiley.*

SONNETS

BY

CLARENCE H. URNER

CHASTENED

THE plowshare turns the stubble underneath
To mix with clods and mouldering pass away;
The fallow widening greets the noontide ray
And onward stretches like an herbless heath.
The Sun-God's arrows and the Frost King's teeth
Shall pulverize rough furrows, soil and clay,
And punctual Spring shall wake with olden sway,
Glad of the ease the wintry months bequeath.
But Sorrow's iron sinks that hearts may break,
And buries scant remains of transport past;
Left bare to cold neglect the wounds must ache
And throb, but Time grows kind to grief at last;
Hope learns to thank the pain for Patience' sake,
And Faith strikes deeper for Misfortune's blast.

A MOUNTAIN TEMPLE

THE valley's amplitudes of billowy green
Stretch onward to the mountain's rocky base,
Whereby a streamlet winds with placid grace
And lends a freshness to the dreamy scene;
There many a mossy nook with sylvan screen,
Where vines with falling branches interlace,
Afford for toil-worn man a resting place,
Where hermit Care may spend an hour serene.
What need of chiseled shaft or shrine of gold,
Of massive chancel wrought of bronze or stone,
Of chamber hung with works of zealous Art,
When here a viewless Hand of mighty mould
Has reared a fane, where man may go alone
And find a solace for the burdened heart?

UNATTAINED

YON bold colossal Peak, sun-bleached and lone,
Lifts high his crest among the clouds, and braves
The lightning bolt. And when the Storm King raves
And strives to make that kingdom all his own,
The Sovereign Chief smiles coldly from his throne,
Nor yields the realm that raging Tyrant craves;
But grieves when at his feet man vainly slaves,
While far-off heights are yet unscaled, unknown.
So, Art, thine image towering white withstands
The boisterous malice vandal hearts may bear,
Nor heeds the stress of Mammon's rude demands;
But votaries gaze on thee in crushed despair
And grasp thy skirts with nerveless, palsied hands,
Nor hope to reach thine eyes so heavenly fair.

CHANGED

THIS is the spot. But are the clouds as gold
And dreamlike—skies as blue, the air as sweet?
And does the sentient stream, in truth, repeat
The same dear song it blithely sang of old?
Is that the mountain, this the plain outrolled,
All rich with waving corn and ripening wheat?
Is that the pathway, this the glad retreat
Where once a tale of deathless love was told?
Now Love half-feigns it sees her blushes rise
And, of a sudden, fade from brow and cheek,
Still feels the wonder of her questioning eyes,
Half-sees her slow lips move and sweetly speak
The words that made this world a Paradise;
But she is gone, and earth is dark and bleak.

A MONTH'S OUTING IN LAKE AND MENDOCINO

By J. M. T.

ON THE 15th of August we started for an outing in Lake and Mendocino counties, our first destination to the Gravelly Valley. George Waite, a well-known stockman of that section, was to act as our guide. We arrived there on the 19th, after a delightful trip over rough mountain roads, which were very dusty.

Our supply of bacon was getting low, so it was a case of camp meat or hardtack and coffee. The next morning George, Lou and myself, after the hardtack and coffee, started for the summit of Hull mountain. We took our entire pack of dogs, as we had some rough country to hunt out. We had not gone far before our two foxhounds, Fox and Cap, ran down the canyon and jumped two small deer. It was not long before they started up through an opening, the smaller one in the lead. Lou shot and killed the first one, and George and I both fired twice at the bigger one. It turned and ran down the canyon about two hundred yards before the dogs bayed him. Well, I was elected to bring him up to the horses. It was not more than half a mile, but it seemed ten before I reached the top of the canyon, where George and Lou were to meet me. It did not take us long to reach camp, where we were surprised to find that Bob had caught a fine basket full of trout, which we had for dinner. The rest of the afternoon was spent in cleaning guns, dressing the two deer, and a swim in the river near the camp.

On Monday we decided to move our camp over to Skeleton Glade on Snow mountain. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the junction of Skeleton Glade and Eel river, so we left Bob and Lou to fix camp, while Dad, George and I went down the river to see if we could see any deer. We hunted out a small canyon, and then stationed ourselves on the high points to watch for the deer when they came out to feed. Just as I reached the top of the canyon and glanced down the other side, to my surprise I saw, but a few yards away, a fine Pacific buck eating acorns. I knew I must shoot quick, for he would soon scent me and be off. I took a good aim for his head, as he was so close I knew I could not miss. and he dropped in his tracks. As it was too late to bring him in that night. I hung him up in a tree until the next morning, when I rode out before breakfast for him. He tipped the scales at a hundred and thirty-two, and it took us all forenoon to cut him up and fix a place for drying him.

That afternoon George and I went up the river fishing, but as George was an expert fisherman, and caught about a dozen fish to my one, I gave it up as a bad job and went back to camp.

The next two days I stayed in camp. About noon of the second day, Dad and George came in with a good-sized forked-horn, which both had shot. They had been in camp but a short time when Bob and Lou came in. They had had better luck for Bob had killed a fine three-pointer. The next two days we put in at drying the venison and fishing, several fine basketfuls of the finny tribe being caught.

Friday George, Lou, Dad and I started out for a hunt on St. John mountain, which was about eight miles from camp. We expected to get some big bucks, but had just crossed the river when our dogs struck a bear track, which they followed over the summit of Snow mountain, but lost as soon as they came to the thick brush and rocky ground. As the best part of the day was gone, we decided to return, and started

Packing in Dad's Spike

down the ridge toward camp. A small spike jumped across the trail and started down the canyon toward the river, but did not go far before Dad shot and broke his back.

Saturday morning we returned to George's place, where we intended to rest up a few days before going over to Lierly's. On Wednesday, the day before starting for Lierly's, George, Lou and I hunted through Pack-Saddle Rough. We hoped to kill a big buck that had been seen in the Rough several times, though no one had ever got a shot at him. We reached the top of the Rough and had started the dogs through the brush, when we saw the old buck sneaking out down the canyon. All three of us began to send bullets down after him, but he seemed to have a charmed life, as we fired six or eight shots apiece without even scaring him, as he took his own time down. The dogs did not jump any more deer out of the brush, so we started back to camp, but had not gone far before George shot at a spike and broke his front leg. It ran about a mile up the Rice Fork before it bayed. Leaving George to get the deer, Lou and I started for Bear mountain, thinking we might get a shot before we reached camp but all we could get was a couple of foxes and two rattlesnakes. One of the foxes was up in an oak, and the other in a pine. We shot the paw off of one; it fell from the tree and the dogs killed it. It did not take Dewey and Rod E. long to settle his hash, for they broke every bone in his body before they let go of him.

Thursday we started for Jerry Lierly's ranch, which is on the west side of the Sanhedrien Range, but were delayed several hours at the dam being constructed by the E. R. P. C., by rock on the road caused by one of their blasts, and did not arrive until sundown. For a few days we stayed around the house, shooting mountain quail, which were plentiful, the limit being reached several times. An old blackberry patch, too, received several visits.

Monday Harry Lierly and I packed a couple of horses for a week's stay on the range. Our first camp was an old cabin on the ridge south of Signal Point. We reached it about noon, but did not do any hunting, as we had to clean the camp and build a bed up off the ground, as the rattlesnakes were very plentiful. The next morning we were up at 4:30, to take a hunt on the other side of the mountain, but, to our dismay, found that our horses had strayed away.

We hunted for them until noon, then, despairing of any hunting that day, had dinner and, taking our shotguns with us, started out on another search. But it must have been our unlucky day, for, though we had seen numbers of quail in the morning, we bagged but a dozen between us, and found no trace of the horses. We lay awake until midnight, planning where next to look, and had been asleep but a little while when my horse, returning to camp, walked over our cooking outfit and woke us up. To make sure of at least one horse I tied him to a tree, but in the morning all the other horses were feeding just above the cabin. It did not take us long to eat our breakfast and saddle for a trip over to Cow Flat, on

Our Dogs

A 132-lb. Pacific Buck

the east side of the range. I had killed some fine deer in there the year before, and expected to get a good buck, but after all our trouble a small spike, hardly worth bringing into camp, was all we got. Later he came in good for camp meat, as we were getting tired of quail.

The next day we rode over to Frazer's Mills, but did not see anything but a couple of grouse, which were fine targets for our twenty-two automatic, as they were in open timber, and did not fly after they had been shot at a time or two. Back in camp we cooked our supper, thankful to know that it was the last of our own preparing as we expected Bob and Dad up in the morning, and went to bed early, planning an early morning hunt through Devil's Hole. a steep canyon on the west side of Signal Point.

We were up at four the next morning, breakfasted, saddled our horses, and were at the top of the canyon before the deer had stopped feeding. We had gone down the canyon but a short distance when we saw two deer on the opposite side, but their heads were in the shade of a manzanita, and it was impossible to tell whether they were does or bucks. We sat down by a big oak and watched. Soon the larger one started across the opening, quickly followed by the second, which was a fine forked-horn. We both shot together, and he fell in a heap, but was soon on his feet and heading straight down the ridge. He did not run far, for we both shot again, and this time he did not move from his tracks. As he needed no more of our attention we began to shoot at the three-pointer. Harry knocked him down once, but he ran over the ridge out of sight, and we saw no more of him. I went for the horses to bring out the deer we had shot, but could not get within a hundred yards of him, so had to pack him up. He was a fine deer. All four of our shots had hit him, three went through his body a few inches above the flanks, and the other broke his neck.

It was late in the afternoon when we returned to the cabin, but Bob had come up and had supper ready for us. We certainly did it justice, for we had had nothing to eat that day excepting a light breakfast. They wanted quail, so we went to a sink below the cabin where, every evening, we had seen a lot feeding. We sat down behind a log to watch until they should bunch, for we wanted to make a pot shot. Soon I thought I could get four in a shot, so took the chance. Well! I killed the whole bunch, as both barrels of my gun went off. It was not until I had picked up the dead birds of which there were eleven, that I discovered that the recoil had cut my lip and broken the mainspring of the gun. As my gun was out of commission, we started back to camp, where I put in a new mainspring in order to be able to take the gun with me

Packing Up the Canyon

the next morning. We were going to Impassable Rock, where there were lots of grouse. We were going to play cards that night, and built a big bonfire to see by. But the wind came up, and our fire caught the grass, so as it was after midnight when we got it out, there was no card-playing.

Saturday morning Harry and I started for Impassable Rock. We had reached the ridge when our dogs broke and ran down into a wild cherry patch, where they commenced to bark at fresh tracks. It was not long before a big Pacific buck darted over the ridge about two hundred yards away. Harry had gone over to another point to get a better view down into the canyon, when a second big Pacific started over the ridge. This time I was ready, and he got a hot reception while crossing the ridge. I fired four times, but did not seem to hit him, so, concluding I had missed, we started on up the ridge. Suddenly Bolger, one of our dogs, came back with a gash over his eye. He was soon followed by Rod E., covered with blood. I knew something was up, as Rod E. never gives up until he has killed what he is after, so we decided to go back to where I had shot the last time, and see if there was any blood. Sure enough, I had wounded him badly; there was blood on the rocks every few yards. Rod E. started down the trail the deer had taken, and did not go far before he began to howl. That was his sign that he had come upon a dead deer, so we went down and found our deer. He was caught in a scrub oak bush which he had tried to go through in his flight down the mountain, and the dogs killed him before he could get clear. On examining him we discovered that two bullets had hit him in the hams and gone the entire length of his body. One had lodged in his lungs, while the other stopped in his shoulder. With this prize we started back to camp reaching there in time for dinner, and being much surprised to find that Dad had killed a small forked-horn just below the cabin.

Sunday Bob and Harry went out for deer, and Dad and I for quail. Luck was with all that day, for Dad and I each bagged the limit, and Harry and Bob returned with a forked-horn and a spike. We had lunch and started back to the house with a buck apiece and a fine bunch of mountain quail.

We packed our wagon that night. Next morning we were up at four o'clock and had stage breakfast, which was served at five. We started on our home road, going by way of Blue Lakes.

OUT DOORS

IN the world of Out Doors, I fain would dwell there,
In that world overhung with skies blue and fair,
Where the young heart of bloom its sweet incense pours
Through the sun and the shade of the world of Out Doors.

In the world of Out Doors, where the scent of the hills
Floats over the valleys and all the air fills,
Where the murmur of streams by fern-covered shores
Make music alway in the world of Out Doors.

In the world of Out Doors there's no lesson of strife.
All its verdant domain breathing strength, breathing life;
Drawing benisons sweet from nature's full stores,
Ah! I fain would be part of the world of Out Doors.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

A SOLILOQUY

By "Elk"

WHETHER it is best to have loved and lost, or never to have loved at all is the question uppermost in the writer's mind. We all know the pleasure of anticipation, especially when it is a hunting trip that is in view. The realization is some times pretty good, at others it far exceeds our highest hopes, and then, again, it is just "hunter's luck"; but yet, be the bag large or small, or even empty, a hunting trip to the true sportsman, to the lover of nature, to the searcher for health, rest and recreation, is never a failure.

In most events of life the anticipation and realization are all right, still the retrospection is, as a rule, a failure, but not so with hunting. With what pleasure do we meet old chums who have camped with us (and where does a man make firmer or truer friends than in camp), and men who have never camped with us but can tell a straight story—or at least a probable one—of some hunting experience. We can sit far into the night hunting 'em over again, and when we part, perhaps never to meet again, we grasp hands and say with an earnestness characteristic of a sportsman, that we have enjoyed every minute of the time spent together.

Old hunters and young, rich and poor—and there are few rich ones who have ever stayed with it long—meet as congenial companions on common ground, with no social distinction to mar their enjoyment. And this brings us back to our opening question.

As an old Scotchwoman once said: "Let's consider the matter noo, is our John a fool or no?"

That's the question that probably has occurred to many a sportsman, who has spent his life on the frontier, away from the madding throng, where he has had the very best of life in the heyday of his youth, at a time when he could follow the game without feeling fatigue, or telling how his old limbs and back ached at night. One hears people continually planning how when they have "made some money and have time to spare," they will take a hunt.

What do such men know of the mountains, the forest or the stream! When do they get time? When they are too old to enjoy life, and when their sordid souls have become so warped by everlastingly chasing Uncle Sam's big cartwheels that they spoil their own and every one's pleasure in camp by dragging their business affairs out around the campfire, where the born-and-bred-in-the-bone sportsman wants to forget there ever was a business except the one in hand.

Where would ye Editor and the writer have been had we waited till today to take our hunting? We have a few more years probably, before we cross the range, but we are both hunting more comfort now than the average campfire furnishes, yet twenty years ago—aye, and a good deal later—we asked no greater enjoyment, and knew no truer happiness than could be found in the mountains.

Talking about retrospection, it is a sure sign of advancing years when one talks of the past, so in going back nearly thirty-five years I must own up to not being as young as I used to was.

I started out to tell of a few months I spent in the backwoods at a time when a man strung out a line of traps and claimed the field as his own. He took in about a circle of 50 to 60 miles, and woe betide the fellow who dared set a trap near that "line"! The country was large and trappers few, and the first in the field had his rights respected—or there was trouble—a hole in the ground and the trapping went on. Steel traps in those days cost money, and when one traveled 200 to 300 miles by canoe and portaging, many of them were a serious burden.

Poor old Hale and I went nearly 300 miles in the fall of '72, and from the day

we left till we got back never had a cross word passed between us. If ever a human being had heaven with him on earth, that man was old Hale—and he made no pretension whatever to religion, either. He could swear a streak if occasion demanded. A coon in his trap and a fine mink track beside it (mink were worth $4.50, coons 75c) would turn him loose, but his fury knew no bounds when a wolverine turned trap after trap and sprung them, or tore down deadfalls that would have held an ordinary bear. He would vow vengeance on the thief and never rested till he got it—it was a clear case of get the villain or quit trapping, for he would spring nearly every trap in a night. One of them made 10 to 12 miles with a large clog hung on a No. 4 trap and was full of fight when the old man got to him.

We had a little cabin between two lakes and our traps were in the shape of a four-leafed clover, so that each circle was 12 to 15 miles, and we took two circles each day. I don't suppose either of us ever thought for an instant when we used to part in the morning, just at daybreak, that we might never meet again, but since then I've often wondered how either would have felt if the other had died. Hundreds of miles from help, and nothing but a hand-sled to get out with—just a toboggan we had hewed from a pine to sled our deer in easily. It certainly was risking one's life for a very small stake. If there was much fur, and it got heavy, we would skin out some, but it usually kept us hustling to make the round, so we preferred to wait till evening and skin by a fat pine fire or some deer tallow with a rag in it.

We never hunted deer, they came to us. One morning we were roused by a fearful racket outside the cabin and jumped for our guns. It was just breaking day and there was bright moonlight, too, so we easily saw what the row was on opening our door. A pair of magnificent bucks had met on the same trail and each ordered the other off. How they fought! Backing off and charging, and then sparring for an opening, it was the grandest sight I ever witnessed. Old Hale was for ending it at once, as he hated going after meat far from camp when we killed it on our rounds, but I wanted to see them lock horns if they would. In this I was doomed to disappointment, as one of them stumbled over a snag and the other got a side hook at him and drove his horn into the intestines—it was all off at once! He never let the other get away again. He had him "on the hip"—and we threw the pair not 30 feet from our door. It was not fair—but we needed the meat and it was so handy.

One might suppose it was a monotonous life, but not a minute was so to me. Pitting oneself against the natural instinct that warns all wild animals, though they have never encountered a man, is exciting. The eagerness with which one visits trap after trap, and the delight of finding a fine otter or fisher occasionally; of killing a nice buck or a bunch of grouse; and, as spring warms up, coming on a bear track and trailing him to his den, leaves no time to get lonesome. It is the lazy man who gets lonesome, and no lazy man should ever try trapping. It requires hard work from start to finish to be successful.

We waited till the winter began to break up before even thinking of returning; in fact so late that our sugar supply gave out and we had to tap some maples and boil the sap in our pail and stew kettle to get something sweet. By this time it was neither sleighing nor canoeing; but we had to get out, and of all the tough trips that ever fell to my lot that was the worst!

We hauled our canoe on a jumper and then put the jumper on the canoe, so between wading and paddling we finally reached the settlement and parted, never to meet again. Poor old Jim soon crossed the range and ye scribe has been taking the best out of life ever since, being determined to die without any regrets of having slaved for a future that never came.

WHERE WILDLINGS CALL

DEAR land of sleeping lakes and winding streams,
Of forests wild, deep girding broken shores,
Broad land where nature lovers roam and dream,
'Mong odorous glades, far from the city's roar.

Here liiting breezes charm, and lull to rest
The jaded dwellers of the noisome town,
New thought is born where glorious Nature's drest
In nascent gold, in scarlet, green and brown.

Floating adown the gurgling sinuous line
Of moving waters to the widened bay,
Trailing the glistening troll as we entwine
Our hearts among the glories of each day.

Ah! life is sweet; and rapturous are the hours
While drinking joy from valley, mount, and hill,
Absorbing fragrance from each fern and flower,
And deeper music from each trickling rill.

The skies ne'er seem so blue as 'mid the wilds,
For here they form true part of nature's whole,
We mingle with her charms and aré beguiled.
Heart linked to Nature's heart, to Nature's soul.

—*Edward Havens Goodnough.*

View on the Gunnison River
A famous Colorado trout stream where the Rainbows grow to an abnormal size and weight

A NIGHT OF TERRORS

By Dr. B. F. Coleman

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of life is bound in shallows and in miseries." And so it is with the sportsman. A second lost, a false move, a slow comprehension, means defeat.

How many days have we traveled ever with a keen eye in quest of a glimpse of some particular game; then when that glimpse is at last obtained—to take advantage of it.

I cannot help but to again recall that horrible scene, much as I would like to forget it. Jim and I were out on our annual hunt. As usual our permanent camp was on the west side of Priest Valley. Bucks were ranging high in the rough, rugged peaks on the east side. One day, while riding on the highest ridge, I came to a jumping-off place, and had either to come down a very steep backbone or retrace my steps. I decided on the former. and cautiously led my horse down the small ridge. As I came further down I noticed a number of very green trees in a swale to my right, indicating water. As this is a scarce article in that country I investigated, and found a fine spring with a great many deer tracks about.

By this time it was hot, and too late for still hunting, so I followed a dim trail, which led me around to Mud Spring, where I found Jim awaiting me. We immediately planned to return to the unknown spring the following evening, remain all night, and sure bring a big one in next morning.

By 8 o'clock the next morning we were in the saddles headed for the new spring. About noon we reached the "Devil's Gate," where there is a small seep. Here we found fresh tracks.

"Those deer are up on that low hill there, Doc, and as it is on the road, we'll see if we can't jump one," said Jim. So up we went, and before we reached the top out jumped a "spike," and the music began. By 1 o'clock we had him dressed and hung up in a tree, ready for our return trip.

The August sun was blistering hot, and our canteens were beginning to feel the effects of it. So we pressed on to the new spring for fresh water, and to locate camp before dark. Over one ridge, across a canyon, down and around the point of another ridge and we were in a deep canyon, at whose head we were to camp. The brush was so thick we had to dismount and work our way along as best we could, leading the horses. Several times a halt was called for fear of exhaustion from the heat. Our canteens were both empty, but a half-hour's travel would bring us to the spring.

At last the welcome sight of those lonely willow trees burst upon us. Our nostrils drank in the fresh, fragrant odor, and our ears caught the gurgling murmur of running water.

Tying the horses in the dense shade, we stepped quickly up to the head of the spring, already feeling rested and relieved.

The source proper was under a heap of brush, from which the stream ran down over a bank several feet long and about three feet high, in many trickling streams. Below the bank was an immense mudhole. As we stepped to the edge of the mudhole I noticed that the pools were roiled, and there on the bank was a fresh deer track, still very wet from being in the mud.

"Look, Jim, we have just scared this fellow away. Let's hurry; we may sight him up the ridge."

"All right, Doc, you run some of these little streams together with your finger while I cut a little trough out of willow bark. That's the only way we can fill our canteens."

With this I stepped up alongside the mudhole, and leaning forward, ran my finger along the mud bank to make a little trench.

A curved portion in the bank on my right side was, as I stooped over, about level with my back.

"Jump! Jump! Doc! Quick!" I needed no second command. There was just one way open to jump, and that was to my left, into the mudhole.

I jumped without raising, and while yet in the air felt something hit my hatbrim. I thought nothing of it at the time, but as that familiar buzz of a rattler sounded in the mud beside me, I moved really faster than thought. I floundered and wallowed, but after the second step saw that the snake was greatly handicapped in the mud. Just then a well-directed blow with a stick Jim had grabbed buried the reptile's head in the mire. His tail was free, however, and again and again that awful warning sounded, but to no avail. We soon had him quieted forever.

"My God, Doc, that was close!" Just then a whitish liquid dropped from my hatbrim. I took off my hat, and as I sank to a rock gazed with half-blinded sight at two streaks of milky liquid, about an inch apart, on that hatbrim.

"How was it, Jim?" I whispered feebly.

"Well, Doc, I just happened to glance in your direction, as I was whittling this piece of bark, and my attention was drawn by a movement there on that bank to your right, not more than ten inches from your bare neck. As I hollered to you I saw his coils tighten and his head draw back. You know they are blind in August, and strike first, then rattle. Then, as you leaped, he struck, and hitting your hatbrim, which gave way with the force of the stroke, he was overbalanced, and down he went in the mud with you. How lucky you comprehended and didn't raise from your stooping position!"

The trees were turning round and round bright spots were fading—wife and baby were there—a dash of cold water in my face—then, "Here, Doc, drink this," and as the invigorating liquor crept down my throat I was conscious of an awful racket in the brush above us a short distance. The horses began to snort and sniff the air.

Invigorated by the over-excitement, we jumped to our feet and grabbed our rifles, not knowing what next to expect.

The seeming struggle continued, with now and then a hoarse cough. In a few seconds all was quiet, and cautiously we went in that direction.

"Come on, Doc, I see what it is. What a shame!"

There, lying stiff, in the last agonies of that awful death, was a magnificent buck. A swollen lump in front of his right shoulder gave us the clue. Parting the hair gently, we found two needle holes, about an inch apart, telling the tale plainer than words.

Silently we retraced our steps to the horses, took them and worked out on to an open spot on a nearby ridge. Darkness was coming on rapidly, so this was camp. Unsaddling, we spread the saddle blankets out for our bed.

We tried to eat, we tried to talk, we tried to sleep—all to no avail. The night wore on, the quarter moon had long since disappeared beyond the western peaks; the little fire had died out, and the last zephyr had wasted its strength. The atmosphere was oppressive, but our nerves were giving in and we dozed. The vicious pawing of a horse woke me with a start. My dog seemed to have gone mad and was running round and round, snapping, snarling and chewing his paws. Something was crawling over my neck; now it was crawling across my hands. With a wild yell I sprang to my feet. "Snakes, Jim, snakes!" Jim bounded to his feet and tore frantically at his hair. The crawling continued, and we beat our bodies furiously. At last the old familiar odor manifested itself. "Why, it's ants, Doc," said Jim, as he struck a match. "You are literally covered with them."

By this time the horses were frantic, and we went to their aid. With pieces of brush we swept them off, and then led them up the hill away from the little army. Upon returning we found the saddles and blankets one mass of ants. For a full half-hour we fought for possession, whipping and beating, shaking and kicking, until the last ant was dead or had had enough.

Gathering our traps we moved up the hill to near the horses, and after inspecting the ground with our light we again spread our saddle blankets, to sit upon. Sleep was beyond us, at this stage of the game at any rate.

"Doc, let's have a cup of coffee," and suiting his actions to his words, Jim built

a little fire a few feet away, and soon had the pot a-boiling. The stimulant helped us, and we conversed freely. The little fire died out with but a few glowing embers to mark the spot.

"What's that noise, Jim?" I said, as I sprang to my feet.

"Oh, I guess you've got 'em, Doc, but I don't blame you much. Yes, by George, Doc, I do hear something buzzing; sounds like it was over where the fire was."

Jim rose to his feet. As he did so he gave an unearthly shriek of pain. "Oh, Doc, Doc, I'm bit!"

"Where, Jim, quick!"

"On the leg, just above the ankle,' groaned Jim.

Pulling out my little pocket incandescent, I rolled up Jim's trouser leg. and as I did so, out dropped a yellow jacket with wings scorched short. "Here's the biter, Jim,' said I.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned"—and Jim's agony disappeared.

Upon investigation among the live embers, we found a number of yellow jackets emerging from a hole, and as fast as they did so, their wings were singed off.

"Jim, let's clear out of this. Luck is with us all right, but this trip is sure hoodooed."

The first streaks of dawn found us headed for the distant tree where the spike buck hung.

WHEN SUMMER COMES

WHEN summer comes, on a pleasant day
In nature's realm I love to wander.
Through field and forest I wend my way
To the babbling brook, where I stop and ponder.
The sky above me and all around,
In splendid scenery does abound.

The laughing brook hurries gayly on,
As in answer to a friend that is calling.
Leaving sweet echoes when itself is gone,
Echoes of music, now rising now falling,
Cheerily singing, "I have no care,
I go, but dear one, I tell not where."

Through fern-clad woods, through meadows sweet,
Where clover and daisies are growing,
Where the song of birds and treading feet
Of flocks that range, and herds a'lowing.
The brook babbles on in childish glee
It seems to whisper, "Come, follow me!"

I leave my journey and homeward plod,
My life enriched by nature's teaching,
For I have been heart to heart with God,
His voice to me through all is speaking:
Telling me of His wonderful care
Of His omnipotence everywhere.

—*Mrs. J. C. Hexom.*

IN PARLEYS CANYON

By John B. Haas

FOR CERTAIN reasons, which could be of no moment to the reader, we had concluded to winter in Salt Lake City on our trip to California in 1853. Our party consisted of five: Charles Armand, his wife and sister, a younger brother and myself. We had camped three weeks in a convenient nook in Emigration Canyon before moving into the Fourteenth ward of the city, which then consisted mostly of one-story adobe huts. The Council house, Brigham Young's Beehive, that unique building, the Tabernacle, Hooper's and Kinkaid's stores and theater being the only buildings of pretension. Our dwelling consisted of one large room, with a roomy fireplace in one corner and a wooden partition, six feet high, extending half way across the room, providing a bedchamber. As there wasn't room enough for all, Gus (the younger brother) and myself rigged up a bedroom in our covered wagonbed in the dooryard, and with buffalo robes and blankets were very comfortable throughout a very cold winter, during which the snow never melted for over three months.

We had kept up our biggest yoke of oxen and a milch cow, turning out the balance of our cattle and my pony across Jordan river, where they did extremely well and fattened on the plentiful dry bunchgrass. For feed we cut and hauled in a large stack of young cane and grass from the river bottoms south of the city. It proved to be a very wise precaution, as it became impossible to get feed later.

We didn't want to be idle while there. There was no timber near the city for miles, and firewood was quite an item. We concluded to haul in wood and stack it up in the yard, calculating to sell it during the winter.

While camping in Emigration Canyon we had roamed considerable through the mountains, sometimes getting some game, a very welcome addition to our somewhat meager cuisine. Amongst this I remember that we brought into camp some very fine mountain grouse. They were mighty easy game, as we could get very close to them, Charley even killing some with his revolver. Well, he was a very good shot with it. On our tramps we had gotten as far southeast as Parley's creek, a beautiful mountain stream, bordered by thick brush and some fine balsam fir timber. We cut one load of wood there, but it was very hard to get it to the wagon; we had to drag it through the creek and heavy brush. The next time we concluded to find a more accessible place, and by going half a mile farther, found a way to reach a high plateau above the creek, where chances for wood were better.

The Mormons at that time had a sawmill running, "Snyder's Mill," about twenty-five miles southeast of the city. We had struck that road, and a rough one it was! There we found a large patch of young oak trees, which had been killed by fire. We congratulated ourselves. There was no need of chopping. We could break them over by pushing against them and could put on a big load, as they were dry and light. We soon had our load on. We had turned out our oxen without unyoking them; the feed was fine and they quickly filled themselves and lay down, contentedly chewing their cud. By that time the sun was getting low. We had lit a fire and cooked and eaten our very frugal supper.

We knew very little about the country. There were persistent rumors that the San Pitch tribe of Utah Indians, incited by old Colonel Bridges, who had a fort on Black's Fork, 120 miles east of Salt Lake, were becoming hostile to the Mormons, and in fact we had repeatedly been warned by the latter not to venture into Parley's Canyon. But, then, our experience heretofore had not been bad with the redskins, and the chance for wood was too good to give it up. Yet,

after supper we gathered our blankets and moved away from the fire and wagon to a place on the hillside, sheltered by a cliff, from where we could look over quite a large space down to where thick brush and timber hid Parley's creek from our view. Before we lay down we took a walk to where we had left our cattle and found them all right. So we went back, rolled up in our blankets and slept like kings until I recollect that I dreamed, singular as it may appear, that I was before Brigham Young, who insisted that I was the only young German in the Territory, and that I must start at once to Germany as a Mormon missionary. Getting angry at my refusing to go, he took hold of and shook me.

"Let me alone! I'm no Mormon and I am bound for California," I said.

"Hush, hush, John!" Charley whispered in my ear. "There are Indians about. Look down there! There's one of their horses," and he pointed to a black-looking object down the hill. By that time I was fully awake and straining my eyes—it was just break of day—I saw what he took for an Indian pony.

"That's no horse," I said, after looking sharply at it. "It stands too low for a horse; its a bear, Charley!"

"You are right this time," he agreed.

We were but poorly armed for a bear fight. I had my old muzzle-loader shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and Charley had his Colt's five-shooter. I knew he was a dead shot with it and I may confess we were both reckless enough.

"It's a black bear," Charley said, as we started down the hill. "You take to the right and I will take to the left, so as to get between him and the brush."

Then there was an unforeseen complication to our bear hunt. As I made my way down hill, all the time keeping the bear in view, I saw our yoke of oxen emerge from the brush, busy grazing in the lush green grass at the foot of the hill.

"Durn the fool oxen!" I said to myself. "Can't they see the bear?"

They didn't see him, and as for smelling him, the wind was in favor of the bear.

I saw him raise his head, give a growl and rush at them. Then the oxen became aware of him also and turned to run. Well! Old Bruin beat them at running and got close enough to get a hold of old Dime's tail. It was a tail hold, but not a very good one. Old Dime was a heavy-built, powerful ox. It isn't to be supposed that he liked Bruin's tail hold, for he gave a great bawl and kicked. At the same time I thought I had a chance, and fired both barrels at the bear. Whether my shots took effect or not, I do not know, but I certainly did not hit a vital spot. Charley came up just as we beheld the bear take to the brush nearest to him and fired a shot at him just as he disappeared. Our cattle in the meantime had stampeded in another direction. There was quite a spurt of blood on the grass, and some three yards from there we found the bushy end of Dime's tail. But the bear was gone and so were our cattle.

"If you will follow the cattle, I will go for that bear. I have four shots left and your gun is empty," Charley said, as he sadly contemplated the end of Dime's tail.

After a long tramp and hot struggle through the brush, I found the oxen, and then my troubles were worse. The poor brutes were evidently almost scared to death and would not return the way they had come. Driving them hither and thither —they had run back down the mountain several times and I had become badly exhausted, losing my temper and breaking the shaft of my gun across old Darb's back, I succeeded in getting them back to camp.

That bear hadn't waited for Charley. He returned, hot and flushed, damning all bears, and assisted me to bandage Dime's stump with the floursack in which we had carried our grub. We got the wood home finally and it went a long way towards eking out expenses during our winter stay in the city of the Latter Day Saints.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "Stillhunter"

Part IX.—Where the Jewfish Wanders

SEVERAL months ago, long before the fearful disaster, which so lately scarred fair California had fallen on San Francisco, the writer, seated at his desk in Los Angeles, wrote that his story of the Jewfish, the great black sea bass of the South Coast, must come second hand—in short that he had never dallied with the huge, dark-skinned fellows which "the deep, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Since that time all this has changed. The author of these sparse lines has done the Caesar act—i. e., he has "came and saw and conquered" the Jewfish and, by the same token, his respect for the huge finned fellow is in no whit increased. The Jewfish is as game as a sculpin, as much of a fighter as a stingaree, and but little more use than a horned toad.

But, and here lies the rub, it is something, when you are sojourning at Catalina, to come into the pretty little harbor with the flag flying from the mast head of your launch, and in the bottom a 300-pound mass of flesh and bone which you have conquered with a light rod and line. Behind it all there is ever the chance that you will break a record—that you will set a new mark for enthusiasts in things piscatorial to shoot at, and that your name will go down in history as one of the masters of the gentle art, sadly de-Waltonized on the high seas by many who seek only the fish they may get.

I have described Catalina, the Magic Isle, dreamland of the West, but no one can ever do justice to her boatmen—some of them, that is, for there are others that are the worst that ever guided boat over green sea. But than these few topnotchers there are none better, and on that day when we headed for the black bass grounds I was so fortunate as to secure one of these, that same fellow I have mentioned before, in whose veins seems to flow the blood of the Montezumas.

None can handle a rowboat as can he; few there are who can best him in running before the storm or into the teeth of it in a power boat. Indeed he is almost as good as old George of San Pedro. Notice, I said almost, for the brown man never can equal the white man in any game that has been invented since time began.

Now, the Jewfish is a dweller in deep water, a lover of the rocks that lie many fathoms down in the clear, green ocean—in short, a wanderer among the dark places of the sea's depths, and for him and his kind we knew we should have to go well out from the sheltering shore of the little island.

A strong, fresh inshore breeze was blowing as we left Avalon, and with the launch's nose pointed up the channel we were compelled to beat directly into the teeth of the wind. Straight ahead we ploughed, once clear of Sugar Loaf, the white foam curling away from the little boat's bows, as, with increased speed, we made for the broad streak of deep water wherein we hoped to find our lordly quarry.

One mile, two miles, three miles, mayhap four, went by. Then the engine slowed down, out went the drag, and from the bait pit in the bottom of the boat came a two-pound mackerel. A whitefish would have been better, according to the boatman, but whitefish we did not have and mackerel were plentiful, so lacking what we wanted we took what we had.

My outfit was a light yellowtail rod of fourteen ounces without the reel, and a No. 21 Cuttyhunk line. On the end was a 20-inch wire leader, and on the end of that one large hook, fastened directly to the leader

The Most Densely Inhabited Shark Grounds in the World

by its strong eye. No snell was ever yet invented fit for use on these big fellows, and the small chains affected by some fishermen as leaders for deep-sea work are at best makeshifts which are continually kinking and occasionally sawing the line in two.

The best leader for this work, to my mind, is the one long thread of piano wire—and such a one I had. Midway down it was a swivel, and it was bent into the main line with another swivel, so that I had little to fear from fouling, so long as I kept my line reasonably tight.

The hook was the regular black bass hook, which any reputable tackle dealer will sell to you without the naming of number or other identification. I go thus specifically into detail because there may be those of my readers who, as summer wanes, may care to go after this game themselves, and a word in time may save them trouble and loss of fish as well.

The mackerel bait, being dead, was stuck on the hook carelessly; indeed, there seems to be little need for skill in baiting a hook for a Jewfish, at least none such as is necessary when fishing for yellowtail or for white sea bass. A sinker, which ran off some four or five feet from the place where the leader joined the line, and which weighed not less than six ounces, was one of the things I failed to mention when describing the outfit. This arrangement permitted the bait to swing clear of all interference, while the lump of lead held the line true in the water.

No need for the far-reaching cast of the surf fisherman here. Gently I tossed the lure over the stern of the launch, now rising and falling with each gentle swell that rolled in round the northern end of the Magic Isle. Slowly it sank—down, down, down, until the blue of the fish merged with the shadows of the sea's depths, and only the few feet of running line remained in sight.

Below us, so the boatman said, was a rocky ledge. To this from the boat's keel was not less than 150 feet. How deep the abyss sheered off from the edge of the submarine cliff he did not know; he had never attempted to fathom it. On my reel was 1000 feet of line, or possibly half a hundred feet less, as some had been cut from the fresh spool for testing purposes. At every hundred feet it is my habit to wrap the line with a very fine red silk thread, tying the marker securely. This does not interfere with the running of the line, and it is of very great aid at times when a big fish of uncertain strength and running power is hooked.

Accordingly I let the line run beyond the first 200-foot marks, and was sur-

An Afternoon's Catch of Yellowtail in the Channel

prised that it did not stop there, where the ledge should have caught it, according to my boatman's measurements. On down it went, and I paid out another hundred feet. Still it did not stop, so I threw on the leather brake and held the bait, rather heavy at this depth, as nearly stationary as I could.

Nothing happened. Half an hour passed. Still no message from the other end of the line. Then I reeled in and put my lure over on the other side of the boat, where I felt that the water was less deep. Another half hour was spent here with no results. Then the boatman suggested that we pull up and work out into still deeper water, there to try our luck afresh. By this time the breeze had died down and the sea was quite smooth.

Out almost around the end of the island we moved, the screw slowly beating the water into a milky foam, my line trailing behind principally for the very good reason that I was too lazy to reel it in. Fact is I was a bit sore on all the Jewfishes because one of their number had not taken the bait I offered so freely, and I didn't really believe that there was another black sea bass this side of Japan anyway.

And then, along about the time when I began to long for the Budweiser hydrant over at Avalon, my pipe went out, and I was rudely waked up. This is the way it all happened:

Seated carelessly across the stern of the launch, one leg half way around the rudder post, the other trailing over the stern, I was paying as little attention as possible to the line, when, slowly and deliberately, I felt the tip of my pole go down. With it there came a steady tug. "Bunch of seaweed," says I to myself. "There goes my bait."

But it wasn't. I lifted the tip of my rod ever so little, let the line run from the reel a moment, and then laid on the brake with none too gentle a hand. Instantly over that fine thread of Cuttyhunk came the peculiar throb of the hooked fish. In an instant I was on my feet and over into the pit of the launch. "I've got him!" I cried to the boatman. With the words the engine stopped, the little craft swung round, and the fight was on.

Peculiar fight it was, too, for neither the boatman nor I knew what I had hooked. I thought it must be a shark, for no one ever heard of a Jewfish seizing a moving lure. What the swarthy man at the wheel thought I cannot say—he kept his thoughts and his advice to himself, one of the attributes which makes of him a good boatman and a good companion on a fishing cruise.

I gave my unknown quarry a gentle lift

with the hook, he came up a bit; I gave him another dig with the barb, and he sounded. Down, down, and yet further down he went. Might as well try to stop an express train. I threw in the brake, gently; the rod tip bent to the water, and I had to give him his head. Five of the red threads ran off the spool ere he slowed up in his downward course. And he went straight to the bottom of the sea, too, no sidewise trips for him.

There he stayed while I tried all the tricks I knew to dislodge him. Up and down and around I spun that rod, trying to get a grip on him that would start something doing down there in the depths. At last I settled upon steady snagging. Five minutes of this gained me a few feet of line. I was getting him up, that was a certainty, but the process was very slow.

I got into a sort of habit of doing the jerking act until it grew tiresome, and I laid back on the rod for one good lift, which should start him, if such a feat were possible. I threw all my weight into the blow, trusting the rod and the line and the leader to distribute it, and—keeled over, almost into the bottom of the boat. He had beaten

C. Irongmonger, Photo

Mrs. E. N. Dickerson's Bass

(Woman's Record—363 lbs. Time 55 minutes)

C. Irongmonger, Photo

L. G. Murphy's World's Record Bass

(436 lbs. Time 43 minutes)

me at my own game and was coming up to meet me.

With a rush a dark body rose almost to the surface, some thirty or forty feet from the launch, then turned away in a straight line and began to run. I gave him the line I had gained until we got in motion; then we followed him, out clear around the point of the island into the open sea and the deep water where his kind love to dwell—for the brief glimpse vouchsafed me in that upward rush and dizzying turn was of a Jewfish.

From that time on it was a slow fight, merely a question of endurance and skill. And, as usual, the man in the boat held the winning hand. Gradually he gave up. Shorter and shorter became his rushes. He began those time-honored bass tactics of lying still and moving his great head from side to side rapidly, like a man striking sidewise with a sledge. On a man's arms this is the most wearing game that was ever invented. Twice I was tempted to cut the line and let him go; then I would get new courage from the thought that he

must be a monster—300 pounds at least—and I went at him again.

Slowly I brought him alongside, a black mass of fish flesh, with none of the sheen of the yellowtail or the bonita or even the white sea bass about his dingy hide. Indeed, he looked the creature that he was, a dweller in the depths where the light of day seldom penetrated, and where great bulk rather than activity was the essential of long life.

In his mouth the hook was firmly set; he was well nigh worn out with the long strain of keeping his mouth open beneath the water, and yet it was all I could do to hold him level while the boatman set the gaff into his side. Then we lifted him into the boat. Three-hundred-pounder, nothing! If he weighed 150 pounds he was overweight. And here, all the time, I thought I was fighting a record fish. When we got to Avalon he weighed just 127 pounds, if I remember correctly—at any rate, I know he was a long way under 150 pounds.

Then and there I said to myself: "How do these fishermen catch their 300-pounders on light line and with a rod?" I had fought that fish for almost two hours, and I was thoroughly tired out, but there had been no sport in it, nothing but hard work, and I have been sorry many a time since that I did not let the black fellow go when I had once won the victory by bringing him alongside. I am sure I should do it were the opportunity ever to present itself again.

That night we ate some of him, but he was as poor meat as I ever ate anywhere, and he was cooked by a man who knows the preparation of fish from A to Izzard, too. Don't ever be persuaded to buy black sea bass in the market, and don't lug your catch home from the pier; my word for it, the best Jewfish ever caught is not fit food for anything but a shark or a seagull.

The black sea bass is one of the most regular of fishes in its visits to the South Coast. It may be said to be fairly dependable, for on the same month of this year and last year and the year before, it has made its first appearance, and, in all probability, will do so on the same month of next year. As has been said, it is a frequenter of deep waters, of the banks off the west coast of Santa Catalina and Santa Barbara Islands, particularly. Here it is found in great numbers at the proper season of the year, and, I am told, that some few remain there the year round. These deep waters off the open seashore of the island chain are most wonderfully filled with all manner of game fishes, and among the long list no one is more often brought into Avalon than the black sea bass, of varying size. For the most part those that are taken in the channel do not range above 200 pounds—by far the greater number are less—and almost all are taken on hand lines.

Outside, in the open sea, however, there are to be found the big three and four-hundred-pounders. Indeed, I have seen one or two of these fish, when the mackerel or the whitefish were running well, which could not have weighed less than six or seven hundred pounds. I have no knowledge, however, of any of these big fellows being taken, even on a handline, and, as nets are never drawn on that side of the island, the handline is about the only way the monsters could be brought in.

By no means am I ready to believe that the man lives who can take a fish of 400 pounds' weight on rod and reel and bring it in. Those of 250 and 300 pounds have been so caught, or at least the claim has been made for their lucky captors, that they were taken in this manner, but, for my part, much as I have fished at Avalon, I have never seen one of more than 180 pounds even hooked, let alone fought to the death.

The food of the Jewfish is, as has been said, made up of fish of from one to four or five pounds in weight, or larger. Rarely do these great hogs of the sea disturb the small swimmers. I have seen one of the great bass moving through a school of anchovies and the little fish barely moved out of his way. A yellowtail or a bonita, or a barracuda would have created the direst alarm in their ranks; there would have been wild flight in every direction, with the usual result of a lane of anchovy heads and tails floating on the sea to show where the predatory fish had passed.

The Jewfish is said, also, to be very fond of young squids, but young squids are mighty uncertain in their appearance, and there are so many other fish that are fond of young squid that it is doubtful if many are offered by coast anglers to tempt the

worthless Jewfish from his cave in the depths.

But, all in all, the black sea bass is an interesting fellow, even though he does not offer unusual attractions to the man who fishes for sport alone, especially after the angler has taken one of the big creatures on rod and line. He gets (or at least I did) his fill of work without the modicum of sport which is the crowning reward of every real fisherman, whether he cast his lure for the speckled trout or the king of the sea fishes, the lithe-bodied tuna of the Southern California ocean.

POEMS

BY

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

THE MEADOW ROAD

SO like our lives—with its ups and downs,
Is the roadway, furrowed and old;
With blossoms fringing the ragged seams
Like woven threads of gold.
And broidered upon the yellow woof
A daisy, pale and lone,
Lies where the hand of passing time
Her pearls of thought has sewn.
And where the crickets stir the leaves
Of blossoms, brimming over,
Spilling their scents 'midst perfumed blooms
Of fragrant, dewy clover—
There gleams a blushing brier rose
That Summer's sun has kissed,
Shining from out a golden fleece
In a sea of amethyst.
But where, O road, is the time-worn cart
That wrinkled your dusky cheek?
And what of the butterflies broke on the wheel—
Do their sighs through your furrows speak?
Ah! no; in your ruts there are blossoms fair,
And the golden woof of your seams
Is spun from the gorgeous butterfly wings
That angels wove in their dreams.

ON THE HEIGHTS

WE strolled together where the apple boughs,
Bright with their ruddy fruit, bent 'neath the weight,
And down the aisle, where four-leaved clovers hid,
Until we reached the time-worn garden gate.

Behind us, like a sea of molten gold,
There flashed a field of waving, tasselled wheat;
And scarlet poppies bowed their stately heads
To kiss the blue-eyed flowers at their feet.

The birds were trilling forth sweet notes of glee;
The dial marked the speed of fleeting hours;
The red rose bared her fragrant golden heart
And lured the Sun-god from the lily's bowers.

So stood we thus—my love and I together,
For here our paths divided at the gate;
Her's leading through the sweet old-fashioned garden;
Mine o'er the hills where grim the shadows wait.

She would not climb the darkening hillside with me;
And I, in anger, would not go her way.
So, each one scorning to recall the other,
We parted then—forever and a day.

Now through the mist of memory's silver twilight,
So like a star my loved one's face I see.
Ah! would that I had crossed the garden with her—
Or she had climbed the dizzy heights with me!

WHEN EVERYTHING WENT SOUTH

By Guy H. Rice

THE SUMMER season at Koronis had closed and I packed my tackle with a sigh of regret. Such sport as the lake had afforded, and such fellowship as we had enjoyed, had made the time fly all too quickly, and we begrudged the days as they slipped away. But the northern nights were growing chilly and Old Man Sherman's rheumatism had driven him south two weeks ahead of the others in the party. We had put him aboard the south-bound train and bidden him Godspeed until next season. Uncle John Carson had also started homeward and I had just bade Dad Richards goodbye as he went out on his trip. I had stayed longer only because I could not yet make up my mind to go back to the prairies of Nebraska. It was with a feeling akin to sadness that I finally bade goodbye to the lake, with my eye following each outline of beach and island where we had wandered in search of the bass. The autumn was doing its work along the shores, and trees and shrubs were turning from the green of summer to brown and gold and scarlet that would have made an artist wild with delight. Koronis, under the hand of autumn, was one of God's choicest beauty spots.

As I boarded the train and went cityward I debated in my mind whether to take a run up into the woods and have a trial at the big fish or go home and put my rod aside until next season. As I dropped onto the platform at the Union Depot in St. Paul I had about made up my mind to leave the muskallonge alone in peace when a slap on the shoulder brought me about to face Con Cormack.

"Well, old man, this is lucky," he exclaimed as he wrung my hand. "I've just loaded Uncle John onto the St. Louis flyer and started him home for the winter, and I'm looking for some one who wants to try the muskies in Lake Hinckley with me. You're just the man I'm looking for."

If I was undecided whether to start for home or go muskallonge fishing this proposition settled it for me. Two weeks in camp among the Lake Hinckley pines, with the big fish becoming more voracious as the weather grew colder, and a royal fellow like Con Cormack for a camp mate, was sport that any lover of angling would jump at. Within two hours from the time of our meeting we had arranged our plans and were up town picking up the necessary outfit of tent, tackle, guns and other things for our stay in the north woods.

"You see," said Con, as we gathered up our purchases, gave orders for the shipping of our boat, and returned to the depot, "we'll need some heavy lines for the muskies for we'll probably have the fight of our lives with some of them. When we were up there last year one of them towed Uncle John's skiff clear across the lake and we had to work him up alongside and shoot him before we could land him. And then, if we get tired of the fishing we can take a turn at the game. The reports from all parts of the wood country promise fine deer hunting when the season opens next week."

Two days later we were settled in camp at Lake Hinckley with fishing tackle unpacked and ready for any sport we could find. In a short time we had engaged in several tugs of war with muskallonge of a size and gaminess surpassing anything I had ever struck before. We captured some big ones and lost more, and dined on fish until we were almost surfeited. During this time we had not seen any wood game, although signs were plenty and we

A. Seufert, Photo. Fish Traps on the Columbia River

A. Seufert, Photo. The Columbia, Just Below a Great Cannery

found them whenever we went back into the timber, until one morning about a week after our arrival Con came up from the camp-fire, where he was cooking breakfast, and touching me on the shoulder, pointed up the beach. There, in full view, were two magnificent deer—a big antlered buck and a doe—drinking from the lake. The morning sun brought out every outline in clear perspective and as the rich brown of their coats stood out against the green of the pines I was thrilled with their beauty. We watched them until they finished drinking, when suddenly the buck caught our scent on the wind, stiffened quickly with a snort of alarm, and before we could move he had bounded into the woods, closely followed by his mate. We heard the underbrush crash before them for some moments after they had disappeared.

That day we fished diligently and added several fine trophies to our list, but for some reason the sport did not appeal to us. Although not aware of it, the blood of several generations of hunters was stirring in our veins, and the sight of the morning had quickened this instinct into life. I was not at all surprised when after supper Con fished his gun case out of the pile of plunder in the tent and began to prepare for a day in the woods on the morrow. I found mine and we laid our plans for an early start in the morning. By daybreak we were astir and after a hasty breakfast were ready for whatever of sport we could find in the timber.

During the night the wind had changed and was now blowing up hard from the north. This made hunting in the timber a dangerous pastime because of the dead branches that were always blown down during gales. But it made it much easier to approach game and we were willing to take the chances of a rap on the head if we could secure some venison. There was also an increasing haziness in the air which neither of us could quite understand, but we attributed it to the Indian summer weather we had been having during the past week and did not think much about it. The sun came up through it blood red and we noticed it did not regain its wonted clearness as it rose higher. Had we known that Indian summer haze disappeared before such high winds, and had we seen the accounts of forest fires in the daily papers, we would have put the lake between us and the peril into which we were ignorantly plunging. But we had been too busy to do more than watch the trains as they made their daily trips along the east side of the lake, and newspapers would have robbed us of that sense of separateness that is the chief charm of a camp in the woods.

We kicked out our fire and started into the timber. In a short time we found deer signs, more or less fresh, and followed them about a mile to where the numerous tracks indicated a runway. Here we settled down in hiding to wait for whatever might happen. I had watched the path but a little while when I was surprised by a band of four deer that came down at a swinging run —going south. I took a shot at them as they went by and missed, but for some reason Con did not try his luck, although they passed him first. They had hardly disappeared when a big brown bear came trotting by—going south. I stood up in full view to attract his attention, but he paid no more heed to me than if I had been a stump in his path. A porcupine came scudding along behind him, and as I watched the ungainly thing hurry by my attention was attracted by the crashing of the brush behind me. Some big animal was hurrying along over all obstructions—going south. A covey of "pheasants" (ruffled grouse) came whirling past above the tree tops and as I looked up I noticed the trees were alive with squirrels hastening in the same direction. A crash on the opposite side of the runway told me of another big animal joining in the southward migration. I was puzzling my brain over the matter when I heard Con's voice and saw him coming down the path.

"Everything is going south today." His face was troubled as he spoke. "I don't like the looks of it. Something is wrong back there."

As he spoke another bunch of deer sprang into the runway and rushed past us so near that I could almost have touched them with my gun. They paid no attention to us in passing, but as I looked into their eyes I saw that a deadly fear was upon them. Their ears lay close upon their heads and their nostrils quivered with the scent of something on the wind that had not yet

A. Seufert, Photo Looking Down the Columbia at a Noted Salmon Grounds

reached our duller senses. As we watched them race down the path they seemed to disappear in a gloom as of twilight. I turned from staring at them to find Con with his head thrown back, eyeing a cloud that was slowly palling the sunlight. He turned to me quickly and I read his discovery on his face.

"Don't you see it, man? Don't you smell it? Hell's broke loose now, sure."

I sniffed at the breeze and the smell of burning timber was plain upon it. Like a flash the awful truth burst upon my mind. We were more than a mile from the lake and that forest fire was bearing down on us, driven by a wind which was increasing rapidly and steadily. I turned to Con. His face was pale as he grasped the truth.

"Run!" he shouted, as he started in the path of the deer at a swinging trot. I swung in close behind him.

We had not covered a hundred yards before our running became a mad race for life. I would not have thought much of a mile in the open if I was dressed down for it, but to be plunging through the brush, with a branch slapping me in the face or tearing at my clothing at almost every step, was a little more than I was able to stand. As we plunged along, Con about twenty yards ahead, another band of deer raced by us, barely turning their heads as they dashed past. A little later I dimly realized that I was running neck and neck with a big brown bear, who was crashing along toward safety without heeding me in the least. Common danger had driven from us all terror of each other.

As we ran the heat began to grow oppressive. My lungs were beginning to inflame by contact with the smoke-charged atmosphere and my eyes were blurring with the heat so that I could hardly see. I could feel my tongue swelling in my mouth and my lips were dry and parched by the gas in the air. My heart was thumping against my breast in heavy labor. A growing feeling of blind terror was taking possession of me. My feet seemed to weigh like stone and my legs seemed to refuse to respond to my efforts. The hot, blinding smoke was blowing close over us as we rushed on with lowered

heads. I remembered a time when a boy that I ran for a physician during a railroad accident and my feet and legs had served me the same trick. The fire fear was upon me with all of its hell of hopeless horror. I ran on and on, mechanically, not even wondering if I would reach the water before the flames overtook me. My only feeling was one of overwhelming terror. I was dimly conscious of a shout from Con, a glimpse of the lake—that blessed lake—and my foot caught under a root and I went down in darkness.

I was roused to consciousness by the shock of cold water and struggled to my feet, waist deep in the lake. I owed my life to Con, who had looked back as he gave that shout, just in time to see me go down, and had run back into the smoke and carried me the last fifty yards to the water, unceremoniously plunging me into it. Almost before I could realize what had happened he had rushed ashore and was racing down the sand to where our boat lay, a short distance below. I doused my head into the water to get the smoke out of my eyes, waded out and tore along after him as best I could. Already the loud crackling roar of the flames was borne to our ears, accompanied by the noise of falling trees as they crashed down before the awful demon of destruction. There was no time to think of our camp. The fire was doing its work quickly. The air was filled with gaseous fumes of pitch and turpentine, and the heat was almost overpowering. Crash after crash greeted our ears as we hurried on. Although it was yet early in the day the smoke had turned the atmosphere to semi-darkness. We tugged at the boat and pushed it into the water. The oars had fortunately been left in it and Con made them bend as he rowed away from the shore. As we pulled out into the lake we looked back and saw the first rush of fire burst through the underbrush and leap to the treetops that hung over the water. It was a scene in the presence of whose awful grandeur words are beggared. Great sheets of flame-lit smoke swooped out across the water from the roaring mass, striving to lick us up as we struggled away from their greedy clutches. Our camp was hidden behind the pall of smoke, but we knew that it had gone down before the onrush of the fire. Occasionally we could see large balls of flame, carried high before the wind, drop into the water, and one of these fell dangerously near to the boat, burning out with a splutter. To our great surprise none of the refuse wood we had expected to see rose to the surface. I looked blankly at Con.

"Gas," he answered my look sententiously. It was a fact. The heat, creating these gases out of the substances in the timber, furnished the destroyer with a weapon in the flaming balls with which it was bombarding us in its final efforts. Back of it all we could see great columns of smoke and flame reach skyward with a rushing spiral motion as if impelled by a cyclone. I had raced out of the path of one of these twisters in Nebraska some years before, but its noise was but a travesty upon the awful crashing and roaring that was now dinning in our ears. The bombardment of the balls of flaming gas became alarmingly frequent.

"We'll have to take to the water if they get much thicker." Con was shielding his face from the heat as he spoke. He lowered his head against the rush of the fire-laden wind and pulled with a hard and steady stroke. My back and neck were blistering and I thought I could smell my clothing scorching. The fire was now out upon the lake shore and we looked back into an awful hell of writhing, twisting flame. Far out over the water it reached and roared, hungry for more to devour, and I began to conjure with the possibility of its leaping the half-mile of water we were crossing. The force of the wind was beating the lake into foam-topped billows, each crest lit up into vivid hues by the firelight, and as we sped on before them it seemed as if each wave was the opening of a fiery chasm into which we were plunging. The spectacle thrilled me with wonder and admiration in spite of the awful danger we were getting away from.

I turned from the scene to find Con removing his wet shoes from his feet. Without a word I did likewise and we took off our water-soaked clothing and dropped over the side of the boat into the lake. We could not tell how far we were from shore, but as the waves carried us along we felt that the water was perceptibly warmer because

of the heat blowing over it. We sank into it until only our heads were exposed, gratefully receiving the relief it gave to our tired and scorched bodies, and as we did so I could feel that the side of the boat to which I was clinging was blistering under the fierce heat of the fire. We clung to it with one hand, using the other arm to shield our faces as we looked back into the seething fiery whirlwind behind us.

As we drifted toward safety the cyclonic character of the storm appeared to give way and pass upward, and the force of the wind ceased. Gradually the smoke rose, the flames were carried further up into the air and the heat became less intense, and in a few minutes we were able to pull ourselves back into the boat and get into our clothes. As I did so I looked ahead where the smoke had risen and could see like black dots on the surface of the waves the heads of the animals who had made that run for life with us in the woods. A short distance ahead I could see the brown muzzle of a bear just above the water, as he slowly swam away to safety. He was so little exposed that he could afford to be leisurely in his effort. A little way beyond him were a band of deer, swimming well together, with only head and antlers in sight. Here and there others of the wood folk were working their way through the half-mile expanse of water toward the safety of the green woods that were beginning to be visible on the farther shore. They had run their race with death and won, but back in the path of the fire there would not even be a charred skeleton to mark the last struggle of those who had not run so well. Through the now clearing atmosphere we could see them as they reached the shore, stand a moment to gaze on the awful scene across the lake, and then plunge into the woods. Who could say how soon they would again be called to face death in some of its many forms?

Impelled by the waves we soon reached the shore, utterly exhausted by our efforts. Behind us the destroying flames were still doing their work, and the sight we beheld as the atmosphere grew clearer was one to fill the mind with awe. Blackened stretches were beginning to show where the fire had done its worst, only lit up occasionally as the flames struggled upward and died away, vomiting up vast volumes of black, pitchy smoke as they sank back to the ground. Between these stretches the fire still burned fiercely and we could hear large trees crashing down before it as if they had been struck a deadly blow by some gigantic power. The flames were spreading toward the railroad track with the speed of a race horse. High into the air they leaped and roared, racing on to spread ruin to all they touched, and black death laid in their wake. As we watched them they leaped the right-of-way at a bound. I looked at my watch. It was not yet 11 o'clock. In less than two hours this hell of destruction had turned miles of green and living woodland into a deadened, blackened waste. We could look across the lake and follow the course of the fire where it had swept to the water's edge and as far as we could see not a thing was left standing in its path.

Stiff, sore and exhausted, we worked the boat back across the lake to the place where our tent had been pitched. There was nothing to guide us in finding the spot and we might have missed it had not Con stumbled onto our camp skillet while kicking about among the layer of hot ashes that covered the ground. After further search we found our reels, bent, blackened and useless, where they had been burned away from the rods, and we secured them as trophies of the narrowest escape from death we had ever experienced. Every other vestige of the camp had been destroyed by the fire. We gathered up these few trophies and returned to the boat. There was nothing left for us but to get to the nearest station outside of the fire zone and leave Lake Hinckley to its new desolation. We had utterly lost our desire for any further muskallonge fishing that season, and the blood of the hunter had run so cold in our veins that all the game in the north woods could not thrill it with a desire to stay longer where death lurked in such awful form. Somewhere on that runway the remains of two Marlin rifles yet lie, telling their silent story of that day we will never forget, when everything went south.

THE SANTA CRUZ FISH HATCHERY

By H. T. Payne

AT BROOKDALE, a station on the railroad running from Santa Cruz to Boulder Creek, there has recently been established a fish hatchery whose importance, to central California at least, deserves more than passing notice. This hatchery, is a private enterprise run jointly by the Southern Pacific railroad and Santa Cruz county, and while it has been in operation for only a year and a half its phenomenal success and the marked adaptability of the stream on which it is located, has so attracted the attention of the United States Fish Commissioner as to cause him to join forces with it in certain experiments of the most vital importance to the salmon industry of the State.

The subject of establishing a fish hatchery on one of the tributaries of the San Lorenzo river had often been discussed by the people of Santa Cruz county. Over ten years ago Mr. Henry Middleton, one of the leading citizens of Boulder Creek, conceived the idea of locating a hatchery in the Santa Cruz mountains for the better stocking of the numerous streams emptying into Monterey bay. Mr. Middleton's plan was to have the proposed hatchery erected jointly by the Southern Pacific railroad and the county of Santa Cruz. In accordance with these ideas he laid his plans before Mr. J. C. Stubbs, then the head of the passenger department of the Coast. Mr. Stubbs was at once taken with the proposition, and selected Dr. C. W. Hibbard, a well known angler and careful observer of the habits of trout and the conditions under which they best thrive, to make an investigation and report on the probability of the success of the scheme. Mr. Hibbard strongly recommended the establishment of the hatchery; pronouncing the location an ideal

one for the purpose. The company, however, thought it wise to consult with the State Board of Fish Commissioners before the commencement of operations. Mr. Gould, then a member of the board, favored another location, and in support of his views referred the company to Mr. J. P. Babcock, then the chief deputy of the board, who at once denounced the plan as visionary, giving as his reasons that the waters of the coast streams were too warm for artificial propagation, and further, that fish hatched from spawn taken in these streams could not be successfully reared. Therefore, as Mr. Babcock was supposed to have some practical knowledge of the subject, the matter was dropped so far as the Southern Pacific Company was concerned.

A year and a half ago the subject of a hatchery was again brought to the attention of the Southern Pacific Company by Judge J. H. Logan of Brookdale, and Mr. C. S. Fee, the head of the passenger department, again consulted Dr. Hibbard on the feasibility of the proposition. The Doctor still believed there could be no doubt that the location possessed all the conditions necessary to ensure success. He was therefore authorized by Mr. Fee to represent the company in the matter, confer with the board of supervisors of Santa Cruz county and take such other steps as in his judgment were necessary to bring the proposition to a successful issue. Mr. Shebly, an expert pisciculturist, then in the employ of the State Fish Commission, was sent for, and with Dr. Hibbard visited the section. After making a careful examination of all the streams in the proposed locality, Clear Creek, an ideal stream emptying into the San Lorenzo at Brookdale, was selected upon which to locate the new hatchery. Upon these gentlemen notifying the board of supervisors that they were ready to report, the board called an extra session for its consideration. At this meeting many of the leading citizens of Santa Cruz were present and such public-spirited gentlemen as F. A. Hihn, ex-Supervisor Baldwin, J. J. C. Leonard, Fred Swanton and others addressed the meeting, strongly urging the board to co-operate in the project. Judge J. H. Logan made a formal offer of the necessary land and water rights and pledged his active assistance in all measures to insure the success of the undertaking. That the citizens of Santa Cruz were quick to recognize the splendid benefits that were sure to follow the establishment of a local hatchery was fully demonstrated in the enthusiasm shown by all present, and the supervisors, backed by this unanimous sentiment, decided to do all the present law would allow to assist in the project.

But money had to be raised for the erection and equipment of the buildings, piping the water and fencing the grounds. This being accomplished, the board promised to join with the Southern Pacific Company in all future expenses of maintaining the hatchery. The spirit of progress of the citizens of Santa Cruz county was equal to the occasion and subscriptions to the building fund were at once started and the necessary amount soon raised, the little town of Boulder Creek, through its game and fish protective association, contributing nearly $1000 of the amount.

The building and equipment of the plant was placed in the hands of Supervisors Miller and Hartman to represent the county and Doctor Hibbard as the representative of the Southern Pacific Company. These gentlemen, together with Mr. Frank Shebly, who was engaged as superintendent, still constitute the board of management.

No time was lost in erecting a commodious hatchery and dwelling for the superintendent, piping the water supply and fencing the large tract donated by Judge Logan. As soon as the building was ready Mr. Shebly, the superintendent, took hold of his work with the same enthusiasm that had characterized the action of all concerned in the venture, and on the 28th of February, 1905, began taking spawn, and hatched and planted during the summer following 800,000 steelhead and 8000 rainbow trout. Besides these he hatched and planted 1,000,000 salmon from eggs received from the United States spawning station at Baird—an excellent showing for the first season of the young hatchery.

The hatchery contains at present twenty-eight hatching troughs, with plenty of room for the addition of sixteen more whenever they may be needed. Four rearing tanks, with board sides and bottoms

Hatching and Rearing Troughs
Interior Santa Cruz Hatchery

are planted in the grounds, and so arranged that all foul matter accumulating can be readily removed and the utmost cleanliness at all times maintained. The grounds are abundantly large for the building of twenty or thirty more of these tanks whenever the work of the hatchery or the demands of the county make further additions necessary The water service, already piped to the grounds, is sufficient for these additions.

In the propagation of trout, water is an important consideration. The supply must not only be abundant, but it must be the purest of the pure, and in this very necessary desideratum Clear Creek stands preeminent. First, it is of the right temperature, and remains at very nearly the same thermal point both summer and winter, thus giving the young fish 365 growing days in the year. Then it is free from log rifts and foul dams and has no marshy banks or sloughs to contaminate it with decayed vegetable matter; and lastly it comes with a rush, leaping over rocks and falls and cataracts, making its aeration perfect; a sine qua non in the rearing of young fish. The perfect adaptability of the waters of this stream is fully demonstrated by the success Mr. Shebly has had, not alone in the hatching of the eggs and the rearing of the young fish with an unusually small percentage of loss, but as well in the remarkable growth of the fish in the rearing tanks The average of a number measured by the writer when they were less than eleven months old was nine inches in length, nearly if not quite twice the size attained by fish of the same age reared at the State hatcheries.

This season Mr. Shebly has taken and hatched 1,300,000 eggs and he is now busy planting the young trout in the various streams of the county. When his facilities for taking spawn have been perfected he expects to hatch annually from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 young trout, all of which will be planted in the streams of Santa Cruz county.

The success of the new venture has already attracted the attention of the United

States fish commission and it is anxious to have Mr. Shebly conduct certain experiments for the next three or four years, which if successful will repay the county a hundredfold for all the money expended. This is the hatching and planting of silver salmon in the streams which empty into the bay of Monterey. The new hatchery has hatched this season 50,000 silver salmon from eggs furnished it by the government, and these will soon be planted. The silver salmon is one of the smallest of the Pacific varieties, and, unlike its larger cousins spawns in the smaller coast streams. As the waters of Monterey bay are abundantly supplied with salmon food it is expected that the young silver salmon planted in the streams emptying into it will find, when they descend to the sea, the bay so well supplied with food that they will remain there until they have reached the spawning age and then ascend the streams to spawn thus becoming thoroughly acclimatized and adding a new species to the resident food supply of the State. As salmon spawn in the fall when the hatchery will not be employed with the trout, this experiment can be conducted without interfering in any way with the output of trout. It is the intention to hatch annually from three to four million of the quinnat—the common salmon which frequents the bay of Monterey each year for feeding purposes. These are expected to remain in the bay until spawning age—about four years—before seeking their spawning grounds. If these expectations (based upon the opinions of the best experts on ichthyology) are realized, it will not be long until Monterey bay will become famous, not alone for the grand sport it furnishes the angler, but as well for the magnificent canning industry that must surely follow.

The splendid success already achieved by the young hatchery, and the prospects of filling Monterey bay with two fine varieties of salmon and all the streams of the Santa Cruz mountains with an abundance of trout, has caused the two adjoining counties

Ponds where the Breeders are Kept

Santa Clara and Monterey, to seriously consider the question of joining with Santa Cruz in the enlargement of the hatchery and the material increase of the output Already the supervisors of these counties have considered the matter, and realizing that fish hatched from spawn taken in the waters of these mountains grow faster and are more healthy than fish brought from the higher altitudes and by long transportation, there is every reason that they will soon join with Santa Cruz in the praiseworthy undertaking. The Monterey Packing Company, which has been doing a considerable business in packing salmon for some years past, are so firm in their belief of the future of this new venture that they are considering the advisability of contributing also to its support.

But little is known of the habits of the salmon between the time they descend the streams wherein they are hatched and their return again in about four years to spawn That they are somewhat migratory is evident, but whether they go far out to sea and seek deep water or remain near the shores is a problem which the ichthyologists have not fully solved. This much, however, is certain: the quinnat salmon run into Monterey bay in great numbers every season, supposedly to feed upon the vast quantities of sardines which abound there, proving the bay a favorite resort at least once a year. Is it not reasonable to suppose that fish, planted in the streams emptying into the bay, finding it when they descend from these streams to the salt water so well supplied with a favorite food, will be prone to remain the larger portion of the year if not the whole of it?

But leaving out of the reckoning the probability of a great salmon industry being developed on the shores of Monterey bay, this new enterprise is surely destined to become a very important asset in the wealth of the county. For with its magnificent bay, its picturesque mountains, its giant redwoods, its inviting camping grounds, its numerous and splendidly equipped resorts, and its thirty-six trout streams constantly replenished and teeming with the gamest fish, Santa Cruz county must become the Mecca toward which the ever-lengthening caravan of sportsmen will wend their way; a grand army of money-spending pleasure-seekers, ever advertising the attractions of a section of the State whose greatest wealth is found in those endowments of a bountiful Creator that makes for health and the serene enjoyment of life.

To those who have never seen a fish hatchery in operation a visit to Brookdale will prove both absorbingly interesting and instructive. To see the manner in which the cold water constantly passing over the eggs develops the embryo fish is a biological study of more than common interest. To watch the myriads of little fellows in the trays, all headed to the current to breathe through their gills the greater amount of the life-sustaining air ever-present in the water, is another lesson in the various instincts nature has given to the several forms of life. To be present at feeding time and note the care with which these tiny atoms of life are tended, and the avidity with which they rush at the minute particles of food on which they are reared, furnishes a half hour of real pleasure to the beholder. Then to sit beneath the shade of a grand old redwood by the side of one of the rearing tanks and watch the larger fish sporting in their native element, is a treat that all will enjoy and none grow tired of. Brookdale is of easy reach from Santa Cruz, either by rail or by an interesting and picturesque drive up the valley of the San Lorenzo. Close by the hatchery, and hid in a grove of sylvan beauty, is the Brookdale Hotel, where the visitor to the hatchery can dine on the choicest of the market. Then, after the wants of the inner man has been supplied, the ideal, the poetical, the spiritual can be regaled by a seat on the shade-bathed porches where the murmuring waters of Clear Creek fill the air with the harmony of its ceaseless song, for be his life ever so strenuous he will feel that here he has found indeed the real elysium where life is all tranquility and peace.

MY FRIEND, MR. JAY

By A. V. Hoffman

YEARS may come and years may go, and all that was once familiar may have passed away, but there is one thing which we never entirely forget—the voices of our olden friends. And so, when I heard a sharp and imperative voice calling from the fig tree in the back yard, I dropped my work, hastened to the window and threw up the sash. I saw him at once. He was sitting upon the topmost branch, his feathers fluffed to keep out the cold, and his head turning from side to side with the same old nervous twitch which I had known so well in the past. He greeted me cheerily, in spite of the fog, which had come up in the night and was drenching the length and breadth of the San Joaquin valley. No ordinary inclemency of weather was ever known to dampen his spirits or destroy his optimism. He is a rarely wise philosopher, inured to that vacillating fortune which maketh it to freeze one day, scorch the next, and rain the day after. He looked at me with a merry twinkle in his beady black eyes and saluted:

"Quike?" he said.

"Bless your little soul, Mr. Jay!" I exclaimed. "Where did you come from, and what are you doing here, a hundred miles from home?"

"Quike! quike!" he answered, and I understood him quite well. He had grown tired of the foothills of the Sierras, and had wandered into the valley for a tour of inspection. He had not found it an agreeable locality, and he was going back. However he could not return and report his experience without having called upon me. Every member of his great family knows I am a friend of the Jays. It is true that when I was a boy I hunted for their nests along the banks of the Yuba, and when I had found them I destroyed them, and strung their eggs upon long threads, which I stored away for no reason or purpose whatever. It is also true that I set snares for them, and messed and mussed every tree in the orchard with bird lime. I was not Mr. Jay's friend at that time, but, years afterward, when I found myself within strange surroundings, far from any familiar face, and my heart ached with its longing for something that spoke of home, I began to sit up and take notice of the Jays. Could anything be more sweetly familiar and homelike than the sharp, insistent challenge of the birds?

"Quike, quike!" they called, and again I was back in the heart of the old Sierras, with rod and gun, pick and pan, dreaming my idle dreams and wasting my days; back in the little rough cabin on the Yuba, where the steady, muffled roaring of the water soothed me to slumber at night while the beans boiled merrily in the pot; back in the forest of oaks and pines, with a vast multitude of the Jay family hustling and bustling, quarreling and courting, everywhere. It was while I was living in this careless, hermitish fashion on the banks of the Yuba that Mr. Jay and I arrived at an understanding and established a lasting friendship.

There was a patriarch, a "head man," the Great High Chief of the Jays, and he ruled his flock as royalty should rule, with dignity and pride. He was very old, and there were silvery feathers among the blue, but he was still most active and vigilant. For many days after I had built my cabin he would perch upon the top of a blasted pine, and calling his subjects about him would lecture them, giving them a decidedly unfavorable account of the strange monster who lived in the big box-like affair, and who spent his time wandering through the woods with rod and gun, or in digging holes in the earth, filling a shallow pan with dirt, which he carried to a stream or spring and washed with infinite pains, gazing long at the tiny specks of yellow metal which he

found. Why, he asked, did this strange creature sometimes sit or lie for hours beneath the trees, and why did he hold in his mouth a queer thing from which he blew great puffs of smoke? Surely, said the Great High Chief of the Jays, the erratic creature was a dragon, and it were best to be always on their guard.

Gradually they learned that I was not a dragon, and that I did not care to harm them. One day a dare-devil young Jay flew down and lit upon the ground near the cabin door, where he discovered some dainty morsels of food. Seizing a fragment he hastened back to his family.

"Quike, quike!" he cried, excitedly, and they understood him to say there was a great number of just such delicious fragments lying upon the ground, and any Jay who was brave enough might secure a share of them. There were soon many of them brave enough; within the week they were coming and going in numbers, and the warnings of the Great High Chief were unheeded. In vain he scolded from the top of the blasted pine. When he found that his harangues were being wasted he relapsed into a sullen silence, and for many days he kept an anxious watch over his unruly kindred, nursing his royal wrath to keep it warm. However, there came a cold and drizzly day wherein he was a-hungered, and the temptation was very great. A little way at a time he fluttered down, and thereafter it was he who came first in the mornings and bore away the choicest bits.

Day by day they became more confident and friendly, and at the last they would not fly away when I opened my cabin door They hopped or flitted to one side, and gave me room to pass, peering up at me with their beady little black eyes, and giving me a cheery chirp of greeting.

Of all the birds in the Keystone forest the Jays were the most active and intelligent. The hawks pursued, but never caught them. They turned upon their ancient enemy and sent him scurrying for higher altitudes, and he was a foolish hawk if he ever came back to repeat his attempt. The crafty red fox stole upon them and would have received the same vigorous treatment but he found it easy to escape by crawling into the tangled undergrowth of the thickets. They hated the woodpeckers, and deliberately robbed them. The woodpeckers toiled long and with consummate pains drilling holes in the bark of trees, which they filled with acorns. When the little white grubs which were developed in the acorns had reached a fat and juicy stage the Jay family made merry and ate the grubs. Many were the battles royal between the Jays and the owners of the acorns, but it was always the woodpeckers who were defeated. At such times the sharp, strident voices of the combatants were mingled together in an uproar which sent all the smaller and more timid birds fleeing to the inner depths of the forest for safety. When victory had again been won the Jays assembled upon the branches of the trees and boasted loudly of their prowess. They are wonderful boasters, the Jays.

During the winter months they were scattered and their happy colonies were broken up. Then they were to a degree silent and meditative. They sought the most impenetrable thickets, or hopped irresolutely about upon the ground, searching for food in the dead and sodden grass, or sitting upon the tops of the oaks and pines when the sun shone, to warm themselves. There was no time of feasting when the crust of the earth stood upon stilts of ice that grew higher and higher with each successive night of frost. There were no orchards to raid; no grubs in the now mouldy acorns the woodpeckers had stored the preceding fall. Many of them migrated to a warmer climate, but as many others remained and braved the winter through. They were all together again with the first sunny days of April, when the Johnny-jump-ups were poking their heads through the ground and the buds were beginning to swell upon the trees. A little later on they began to primp and preen themselves, and there was a plaintive soft little note of endearment in the utterance of the only word they knew.

"Quike?" called young Mr. Jay from the side of the hill, and his voice was filled with pleading.

"Quike!" answered coy and modest young Miss Jay from the chaparral thicket, as she gave him a shy little glance which said quite plainly:

"You are very nice and I think I could love you very much, but I—I—I do not know you very well yet."

However, love will find a way, even among the birds, and it was not long before their bans were published, and they were married after the custom of Jays the world over. When the month of May had come, and the Johnny-jump-ups and Drooping Brides were in full bloom, they began the building of their home. In this work young Mrs. Jay was the designer, architect, carpenter and upholsterer, and a sorry job she made of it! Hastily she gathered together a few twigs and wove them into a rough, almost flat, platform with just the least bit of a concavity in the center. Then she found a few fibers of the soap root, and a few feathers, with perhaps a small number of stray horse hairs, and the nest was complete. In due time there appeared two—always just two—pale greenish-blue eggs, with little brown specks upon them, and the task of incubation began. In this Mr. Jay assisted, and when one was on the nest the other was never very far away. If an enemy approached, and Mr. Jay was on guard, he uttered loud cries of warning, and fluttered noisily and ostentatiously away in a direction opposite to the location of the nest. Mrs. Jay made no reply, but snuggled down in her little mass of twigs until only the tip of her tail and the point of her beak were visible. If the intruder came nearer, brushing against the bush in which she sat, there was a scarcely noticeable rustling among the leaves, as she flitted away from the other side to perch upon a near-by branch and join her husband in his efforts to divert the attention of the enemy. If an investigation of the nest was made the angry couple threw prudence and discretion to the winds and remonstrated with all the strength of their tiny lungs, becoming quite bold in their desperation. If the nest was robbed of its eggs or destroyed they mourned sadly and disconsolately, but if the danger passed they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and Mrs. Jay resumed her sitting with thankful promptness.

When the two litle Jays were born Mr. Jay and his wife were ready to burst with pride. Such ugly, squabby things they were! Their heads were so large, their mouths were so immense, and their eyes were so tightly closed! The greatness of their heads and mouths was exceeded only by the superior greatness of their transparent bellies. At the least sound or movement they opened their beaks and thrust them high, swaying with the effort, and waited impatiently for the food which they were ever craving. They demanded incessant feeding, but in return they grew amazingly. Within a fortnight they were covered with a dark blue coat, and they were too fat and indolent to return thanks when they were fed. A little later on their fond parents took them out for the first lesson in the art of aerial navigation, and they were launched upon the great sea of personal experience. The forest was filled with enemies, and henceforth they must carry their lives upon their wings.

In the warm summer days, when the young Jays had fully developed, they made the most of their lives by raiding whatever there was to raid, by battling with the woodpeckers as their forefathers had done and by pecking at such fruit as was sufficiently ripened to be eaten. But it was in the autumn when they reached the greatest height of their enjoyment. After the cherries and peaches of the early summer came a long list of fruits which God designed for birds as well as men, and they sampled them all. There were other birds more destructive than the Jays, but the bright blue livery was attractive, so whang went the guns, and sundry and divers shot-bedraggled corpses were soon set swaying in the breeze, pathetic and terrible warnings to all other hungry Jays who might be daring enough to venture into the orchards for a feast. Scarecrows were rigged and set up with widely flaunting arms and rakish, dissipated hats, but the Jays were not long deceived by these. They sat contemptuously upon them, and pulled out their brains of straw, and scattered their ragged vestments to the four winds of heaven. When the owners of the orchards sat beneath the trees, with their shotguns across their knees and murder in their hearts, the Jays perched afar off and quiked their opinion in no uncertain terms. When the owners had betaken themselves away they swooped down swiftly and silently, and gorged themselves to repletion.

Mr. Jay and all his great family are dear to me, and I would not injure a feather upon their backs. Once upon a time I was prowling among the peaks and crags that

overhang a deep and gloomy canyon in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Grown tired, I stopped at a little spring trickling from a cleft in the rocks, and which was shaded by a dense growth of ferns. Laying my rifle aside I leaned back in a recumbent position and stared idly at the multitude of gnats darting through the sunlight like minute fragments of glistening silver. It was a drowsy sort of day, and the musical murmur of the water as it tumbled among the rocks lulled me to sleep. Suddenly I was aroused by the shrill scolding of a pair of Jays. With feathers ruffled they were hopping about among the branches of a near-by tree, screaming in a frenzy of excitement. For several minutes I watched them, thinking I was the object of their wrath. Presently I was convinced that the cause of their excitement was somewhere above me, and I arose leisurely to investigate. Even as I did so I heard a faint, whimpering sound; a sound which I had heard twice before: once in Mexico and once in Idaho, and I knew just what it meant. I turned instantly and caught up my rifle. Almost within the same moment, from over the rocky wall above me, was thrust the tawny front and blazing eyes of a huge mother puma! With a snarl she crouched, and as she did so I fired. My bullet caught her in the neck and she fell dead among the ferns.

The Jays? With a startled cry they flitted away into the deep shadows of the pines, and I saw them no more.

Salmon Fleet at Mouth of Fraser River

THE FRASER RIVER SALMON CANNING INDUSTRY

By L. F. Brown

NOT a tenth of one per cent of the tinned salmon used on dining-tables in the United States is Atlantic salmon. Even the fresh salmon come from our own Pacific coast, and are nearly all from the Columbia river. As fish in tins are subject to an import duty of 30 per cent ad valorem, the entire output of British Columbia salmon canneries goes to markets other than those in the States.

Eight millions of dollars are invested in the Fraser river salmon canning business. During the season of 1905 it produced 1,200,000 50-pound cases of tinned salmon, which were sold at an average rate of $5 per case, or $6,000,000. Probably an additional 2,000,000 pounds of these fish were consumed in the markets on or near the river, besides frozen fish shipped in refrigerator cars. This industry stands fourth among those of southwest British Columbia. The varieties of salmon taken in the Fraser are:

1. Sockeyes, or Alaska red salmon. The name is from the old Chinook term for this fish—"suklegh," and later, "sawkui." Single specimens average seven pounds each at four years old. The flesh is deep red, and firmer and less palatable than that of the three other varieties, and is boiled longer before canning. When ranging the ocean the fish has a sky-blue back and silvery under sides, without spots. After it enters the river to spawn its color becomes crimson, changing to blotches of dark red, while the head becomes bright olive-green. The jaws of the male fish grow extravagantly hooked while it is in fresh water.

2. Red and White Springs, also known as the "king," Chinook and quinnat salmon. They have large black spots on the sides and tails. The flesh of the red springs is dull crimson, and that of the white springs pearly gray. Single specimens have been taken that weighed 100 pounds; but the average weight is about 20 pounds. They often ascend rivers 1500 miles, and are the only salmon having commercial value that are taken south of Puget Sound. While they are the first to arrive, they often remain near the mouth of a river a week or ten days before they ascend it, at the rate of about three miles every twenty-four hours. They take no food in fresh water, yet live in it for months—one of the puzzles of the naturalists. The actual spawn-

Unloading Salmon at a Fraser River Cannery

ing takes from three to fourteen days, after which they rush down the river, attempting to return to salt water and food. Probably 40 per cent of these parent fish die after spawning, and 90 per cent of the hatched spawn never reach maturity; yet young fish may be kept and made to thrive in fresh water. Efforts are being made to stock our great lakes with them.

3. Humpbacks, weighing from three to six pounds each, having small scales, and black, oblong spots on the tails. The flesh is soft and pale, and of inferior flavor. During the spawning season these fish become hook-jawed, hump-shouldered and lop-sided to a remarkable degree.

4. The silver salmon or "Coho" looks like the sockeye, but has twenty-three gill-rakes, while the sockeye has thirty-seven. The dorsal fin of the Coho is dark at the tip. Its flesh is soft, the scales falling off as the fish is handled.

The Fraser river salmon pack arrives about July 1, and the fishing season closes about September 1. The fish are taken in traps and nets, each net being handled by two men in a small sailboat. Three hundred of these boats are often visible at one time near New Westminster village, a few miles above the river's mouth. When a boat is filled with fish, they are tossed aboard a waiting scow, which is towed by tugs to the dock of a canning factory, and unloaded with large forks. The relative numbers of the different varieties of salmon may be estimated by the reported output of the Fraser River Canners' Association during the season of 1905, viz.:

Sockeyes	1,100,000
Red and White Springs	35,000
Humpbacks	15,000
Cohoes	50,000
	1,200,000

While the processes of scaling, dressing and cleansing the fish are not appetizing, when they reach the inspectors after the first drenching the inexpert simply could not make them so entirely wholesome and

Emptying a Filled Trap

fit for the boiling vats. Almost every fish is examined by a lynx-eyed official, and goes to the cans in absolutely prime condition. Special clothing and methods of sanitation are rigidly enforced after the first rough stages of cleaning. Experts will tell the visitor while standing thirty feet from a boiling vat, what temperature the water in it has reached, and whether the fish they place in it are "done," and ready to be surrendered to the fillers of the cans. A soldering machine, attended by three men, will solder 50,000 one-pound tins of fish in a working day of eight hours. The tins used are called "talls," "flats," "squats" or "ovals," according to their shape.

At New Westminster solid freight trains, some loaded with a half million and even a million tins, carry the fish to the docks at Vancouver, where steamers are loaded for Australia, Japan and China, but especially to Liverpool and London, by way of the Suez Canal or Cape of Good Hope. No British Columbia salmon are shipped around Cape Horn.

Interior of a Salmon Cannery

Pacific salmon seldom leap above the surface of the water. The arrival of the pack is reported by men who fish all the year. During the "run" the bottoms of many small streams are hidden by the fish. Some brooks are fairly choked by them until those

Siwash Squaw Cutting Salmon Steaks

at the shores are crowded out of the water and die.

As Pacific salmon eat nothing in fresh water, they are not considered game fish by sportsmen. Kipling's account of a fight with a Pacific salmon that rose to a fly is regarded as strictly imaginative by nearly all salmon anglers. In salt water these fish will often strike at a spoon hook; but they are in a far inferior class as compared with the Atlantic salmon, that takes the Jock Scott and silver doctor flies in Quebec and Newfoundland streams.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

WHY WE ARE LATE

THE delay in getting out this issue of our magazine is due to the lamentable labor complications which are now cursing our sorely afflicted city, conditions which are the more to be deplored for that there is not the slightest justification for them. Never in the history of this state has labor of all kinds been afforded such a great opportunity for remunerative employment and yet, just at its most opportune moment, organized labor has elected to take its advantage by the throat and strangle its best friend.

San Francisco today offers immediate and long-extended employment at abnormally high wage to a hundred thousand artisans of all kinds, and yet these offers are going begging and the wheels of industry are clogged. Every other day we hear of strikes occurring in new departments of labor, many of them based on illogical, unjust, even puerile grounds, and in every case characterized by an arbitrariness and imperiousness which sets but poorly upon men whose interests are wholly interdependent with those whom they are seeking to coerce. We are stanch believers in the dignity of labor, and recognize its supremacy in all human undertakings. We are firm advocates of a reasonably lengthed day of labor and of wages commensurate with the work done. But we are unalterably opposed to a thousand and one of the short-sighted fallacies which the unions all too generally have embodied in their policies, and to the senseless and ill-advised enforcement of which the present lamentable conditions are altogether attributable.

It is a grand thing to have the strength of a giant, but it is a grander thing to use that strength with justice, decency and a manly and honorable consideration of other men's comparative weakness. If the local unions of San Francisco could only be brought to a generous realization of the piteous extremities of this afflicted city, and be persuaded to release their merciless grip upon her fast-closing throat for a little space, allowing her a much-needed breathing interval, it would reflect far more creditably upon them than does their present selfish and suicidal practice of choking to death the goose that has lain them so many golden eggs. It is not a noble thing to contemplate, this taking a sordid and cruel advantage of a stricken community just because they have the power to do so, and there will come a reaction as fatal to their own interests—a reaction so swift, sure, terrible and overwhelming that humanity will stand aghast. There is always a last one straw that will accomplish the breaking of the camel's back—and the unions are doing yeoman labor in piling them on, these bitter days of criminal foolishness.

The anomalies of present labor conditions in this city would be ludicrous were they not so irritatingly exaggerated. Today the commonest kind of unskilled labor is paid a vastly larger wage than professional specialists receive; the hodcarrier, for instance, demands more money than the expensively-educated physician with his costly paraphernalia and unending exactions upon his time and brain and nerve force can ever hope to

receive. For it is a significant fact, and one that reflects so shamefully in a certain direction as to require no comment, that the average physician does not collect half the moneys due him for his conscientious labors, while the union-protected, "walking delegate"-bolstered laborer gets all that's coming to him—and sometimes more—or he promptly goes on a strike and brings disaster and ruin upon thousands of wholly innocent people who are in nowise responsible for his trouble, and yet whose interests he selfishly sacrifices without a moment's reflection.

We do not wish this article to be misconstrued into an attack on unionism. We believe in organized labor and appreciate the great good which has accrued through that organization to the worthy and deserving labor element of this country. We, too, are laborers, and our task is one of the most arduous and exhausting performed by men. Our grievance is that we are presently suffering undeservedly by the strikes and other unjustifiable labor conditions forced upon us just at the time when all differences should be put temporarily aside and all concerted effort be towards the end of the general relief. Offering, as we do, the highest wage ever paid to workmen in our line of business, making every concession demanded, just or otherwise, we cannot, under present local union manipulations, get our work done promptly and on time. There is no strike or other grievance in our establishment. We simply cannot get enough men to do our work—because, so we are informed, local unions are falsely advising men to keep away from San Francisco, saying that there is an over-supply of labor here already, in all kinds of avocations. Which, while it is manifestly a misstatement, is entirely and solely the cause of our lateness in issue,

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

ANGLERS, and particularly those whose predilections incline towards the salt water species of fishes, will follow with lively interest the experiments of the State Fish Commission, who, in conjunction with Capt. G. H. Lambson, in charge of the United States hatchery stations in California, will attempt, on a large scale, the artificial propagation of striped bass in Pacific waters. This particular fish, while in numbers sufficient to constitute it a very important food supply of excellent quality, is also one of the gamest fishes which swims in the sea, and its taking with rod and line affords no end of sport to thousands of anglers whose enthusiasm and devotion in its pursuit has resulted in the formation of many striped bass clubs on this coast.

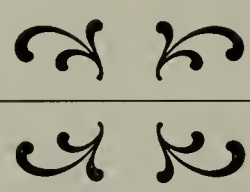
The increase and maintenance of our supply of striped bass is therefore a thing much to be desired, and we will gladly endorse any measures that may be taken to that end. At the same time we confess to a certain skepticism in its immediate success, for the simple reason that all previous attempts in this direction were, practically speaking, failures of a discouraging kind. There is, however, an engaging possibility that in course of time all the difficulties will be overcome, and that striped bass propagation will be a matter of common accomplishment.

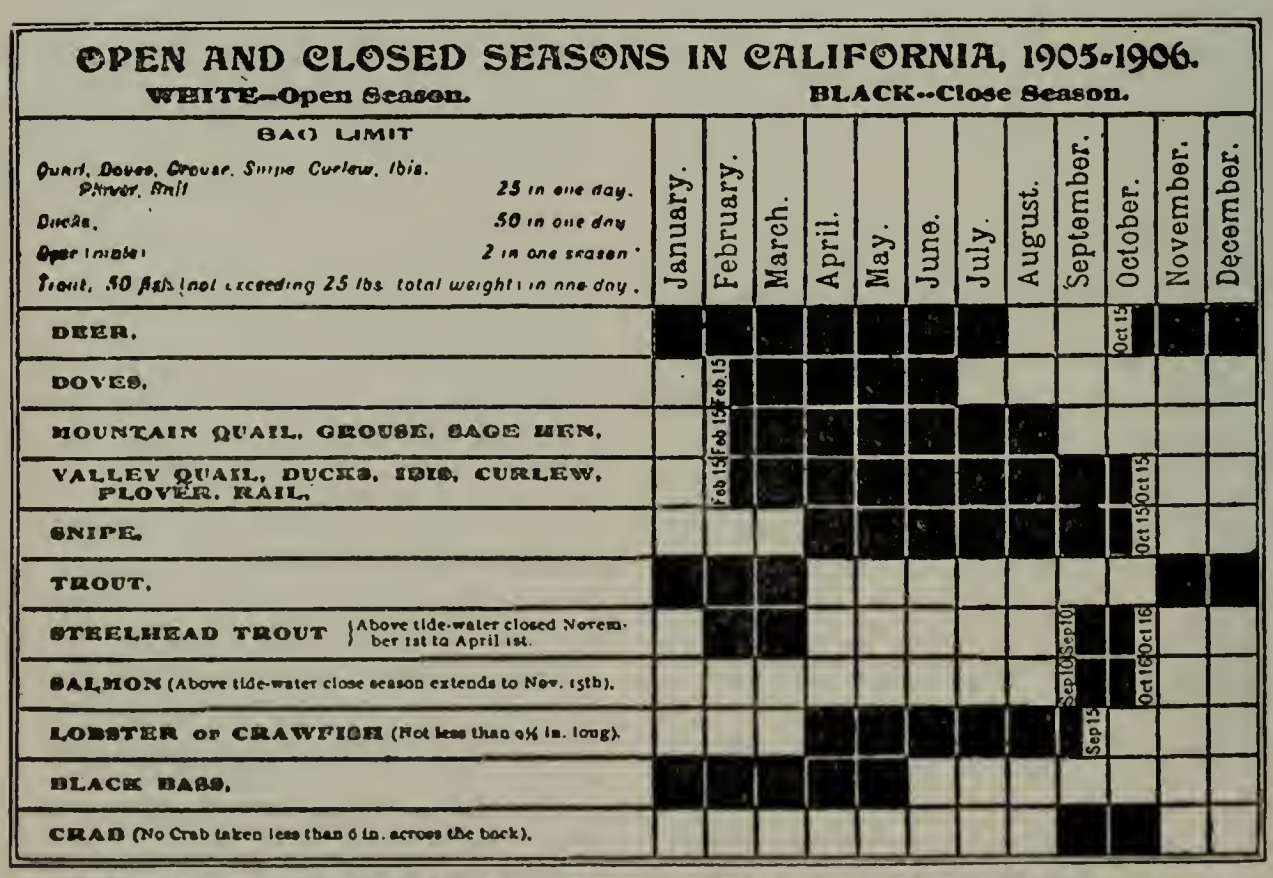
In the meantime it behooves the commission to take steps towards the preservation of the supply of striped bass already at hand. This can be done only by a stricter enforcement of the law already enacted to protect this species. There are entirely too many small-sized striped bass illegally sold in this market under various names; as "kingfish," for example, the writer has repeatedly seen them served at the tables of certain French restaurants—and so informed the commission's deputies, but to no appreciable effect. And in the illegally small-meshed nets, which for some inscrutable reason the commission's underlings allow to be used by certain fishermen, contrary to law, in the waters of this bay, there are many thousands of pounds of undersized bass caught which are either thrown back into the water to rot or else are illegally sold—in either case a violation of law and a menace to the supply.

We can hardly agree with the commission in its view that a close season on striped bass is impracticable. If this be so, then the entirely closed season on sturgeon, for instance, is likewise impracticable and a farce—and yet the commission is responsible for this very legislation. We do heartily concur, however, in their ideas about increasing the merchantable weight limit to a minimum of six, or even seven, pounds,

and will do all we can to aid in bringing about this end—and to help, incidentally, to drastically suppress all traffic in baby bass as well!

So, by all means, let us have the striped bass hatchery. It may be that the sportsmen of the state would much rather see the money it will cost put to a more immediate and certain use in the propagation of trout—which we know can be successfully done, trout being also a very important food product—or to the propagation and purchase of game birds and animals to stock our depleted forests. But then sportsmen are an unreasoning class, selfish and exacting by nature to an unreasonable degree, and the prime function of the fish commission is logically the propagation and conservation of fish proper—including shrimps—rather than terrestrial game, and, besides, they have the handling and disposition of the funds.





N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Compiled by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[2]	Snipe.[3]	Woodcock.[4]	Rail.[5]	Duck.[6]	Goose, Swan.[7]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[8]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1,9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan 1-Sept. 1[10]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[1,9]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar 1-Sept. 1[1,10]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[1]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[10]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[1,9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1,2]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1,2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[1,9]	May. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1,2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15			All the year				Feb. 3-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[11]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[12]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[1]	Jan. 1-July 20[1]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 20[1]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[12]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[12]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[12]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1906			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[1,2]	To 1910	To 1910		All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2		Jan. 8-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 8-Sept. 1[1]	18
	19	Indiana[13]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 18, 1906	To May 18, 1906	To Apr. 28, 1906	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[12]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[12]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[12]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[1]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 16-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[12]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year		Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 15-Sept. 1[1]			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1910[1]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 15-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[1]			Apr. 15-Sept. 10[1]	Apr. 15-Sept. 10[1]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	13 local laws		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	13 local laws	13 local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[2]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws				Local laws			36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			May 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 1-Aug 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar 1-Oct. 15	Mar 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[1]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[14]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[14]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Sept. 15, 1909[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[12]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 15-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 10				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 10[1]	May 1-Sept. 10			Feb. 1-Sept. 10[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 10	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	All the year[14]	53
	54	Yukon[9]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	Alberta[9]		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[1,9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 3-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 3-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 3-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 3-Sept. 1[12]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1-Oct. 1[1]					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.		To Oct. 1, 1909				Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1	May 10-Sept. 15[14]	63
	64	Newfoundland[9]		Jan. 13-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[14]	64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[1]	Moose.[1]	Caribou.[1]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[1]	Squirrel.[1,5]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[1]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1913	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Exc'pt Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 10[1]	Local laws	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov 8						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[11]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[1]	All the year	16
	17	Ohio							Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[12]	To Nov. 10, 1908	17
	18	Michigan	Dec 1-Nov 10[1]	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 16		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana[13]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	To Feb. 24, 1911[1]	19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 29, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24
	25	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1908			All the year[1]		To Feb. 28, 1907	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov 16-Aug. 15	All the year		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			All the year		All the year	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1		To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec 1-Nov. 1[1]					27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year[1]				Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[1]				30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[11]			All the year	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32
	33	South Carolina	Jan 1-Sept. 1[1]									33
	34	Georgia[9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1									34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov 1									35
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws	36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15									37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[1]						Mar. 1-June 1[1]		To Nov. 1, 1907[1]	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[11]			To July 1, 1908	41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Nov 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar 15, 1910	All the year[11]			To Mar. 13, 1910	43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[11]	All the year		All the year	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1908	46
	47	Utah	To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar 17, 1909			To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[11]			All the year	47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 6, 1909	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[11]				51
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 10	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53
	54	Yukon[9]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				54
	55	Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				55
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				56
	57	Unorganized Ter	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]	Apr 1-Dec. 1[1]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[1]				57
	58	Manitoba[9]	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 16, 1909	58
	59	Ontario	Nov. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[1]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1910	59
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Dec. 1[1]		60
	61	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year	61
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov 1	All the year	62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		63
	64	Newfoundland[9]		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[1]						64

Birds Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan

Nebraska	All the year.
Colorado	All the year.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[9]
New Mexico	All the year.
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Yukon[9]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]
Nova Scotia	All the year.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.

Sage Hen.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Oregon	Jan. 1-Aug. 15.

Bobwhite

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 3-Sept. 1.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[11]

Curlew.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.
Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	All the year.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 15-Sept. 10.[9]
Tennessee	Jan. 1-Oct. 1.
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16.
Alberta[9]	May 5-Aug. 23.
Saskatchewan	May 5-Aug. 23.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Newfoundland	Jan 12-Aug. 21.

Crane.

Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	All the year.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
Alberta[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Yukon[9]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 9. Certain species. 9. Additional open seasons, included in following list: **Dove:** Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. **Plover, Rail:** Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. **Snipe:** New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr 20. **Woodcock:** New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. **Duck, Goose, Swan:** Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. **Big Game:** Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. **Caribou:** Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. **Squirrel:** Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1908. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9 Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1909; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 16; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, in 1906, Sept. 8-16. 22. Sec. 908, ch. 189, Laws of 1903, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 9, 14, 16. 24. Except brant, Long Island. May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 16-Oct. 1. 26. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

(Revised to August 1st. 1906)

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville; H. A. Greene, Monterey, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; William S. Tevis, Bakersfield; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; W. W. Richards, San Francisco, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, Redding, and C. L. Powell, Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly, Los Angeles; C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n —A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ——————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Burns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Bancroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n —B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbra, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Marie, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzey, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River F. and G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By Storey Buck

PRELIMINARY arrangements have been completed by the Spokane Amateur Athletic Club for a sculling race to decide the championship of the Pacific Northwest. The participants will be M. Des Brisay of Nelson, B. C., one time champion oarsman of America, Ed O. Gloss of Portland, Oregon, the Northwest champion, and Alex Pape of San Francisco, champion of the Pacific Coast. The race will be over the regulation course at Lake Coeur d'Alene, Ida., thirty-four miles east of Spokane, and will take place early in September.

Gloss has taken part in thirty-eight races, winning thirty-four of them, while Pape has never been defeated in his entire career as an oarsman. Des Brisay also has a number of victories to his credit.

* * *

E. S. Blair, general agent for the Great Northern Railway in Spokane, is at the head of a movement to organize an association, which will have regattas at Loon lake, the competitors being crews from the Pacific Coast, British Columbia and the Inland Empire. It is purposed to survey the lake and stake out a regulation course, the racing program including singles, doubles, fours and eights. Mr. Blair was at one time a member of the Salt Lake City Rowing Club and the White Bear Yachting Club.

* * *

Dr. H. A. Klussman of Spokane, has placed an order for a $2500 gasoline launch to be run between Coeur d'Alene and Decordo bay, Idaho. The boat will be 27 feet in length, and fitted with a 34 horse-power engine, the estimated speed being twenty miles an hour. It will be finished in mahogany and carry twelve persons.

* * *

Dan L. Weaver, a member of the Executive Committee of the Coeur d'Alene Boat Club, while in Spokane a day ago, announced that the organization is planning an active campaign for next season's work, and it is purposed to have at least four regattas, in which crews from the Middle West will be invited to compete.

* * *

John Draper of Spokane, has launched at Coeur d'Alene lake, the Tilacum, a rakish-looking craft, carrying a fifty-eight horse-power gasoline engine, which shows remarkable speed.

* * *

If the aims of the Spokane Fish Protective Association are realized the Spokane river will be the greatest trout stream in the country, and the lakes in the district will afford the finest bass and salmon fishing in the Pacific Northwest. W. E. Richardson, president, and members of the Executive Committee of the organization have taken up the matter of securing additional appropriations for the State Fish Hatchery at Dartford, Wash., to enable it to operate the year round, and it is purposed to place from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 trout a year in the river.

"Considering that the Dartford Hatchery has only $2000 a year," said President Richardson, "we feel that it has done excellent work, and it is now our purpose to secure at least $10,000 a year to enlarge the plant and carry on the work on a larger scale. Application will also be made to the government for fish, and in this we will have the endorsement of Washington's congressional delegation.

"Cut-throat trout are raised at our hatchery and as they are a gamy fish excellent sport is furnished. We are considering the advisability of placing land-locked salmon in some of the lakes near Spokane and it may be that eastern brook trout will be imported next spring."

* * *

Fishermen in the Spokane district have called upon Attorney General J. D. Atkinson to prosecute alleged violators of the Washington fishing laws and it is likely that wholesale arrests will follow. The men complained of are residents of Oregon, and they are charged with the violation of a statute prohibiting holding or owning more than three licenses for operating pound nets and other fixed apparatus for catching salmon in the waters of the Columbia river. In one complaint it is set out that two corporations in Oregon operate no less than fifty nets.

* * *

Sportsmen returning from Lake Chelan and the haunts in the district west of Spokane say that trout fishing has never been better in that part of Washington. The fish are of good size and weight and they are firm. The fish are probably better protected in Chelan county than in any other in the State, for the reason that the season does not open until July 1st, while in other parts of Washington it is from fifteen to thirty days earlier.

* * *

Arrangements have been completed by the Spokane Fishing Club to place 200,000 trout fry in the Spokane river, two miles east of Spokane. They were hatched in the plant on the Little Spokane river and are in excellent condition.

A Pacific Coast Celebrity. 'Jay M —" Owned by Mr. L. Ducato, San Francisco

David Davies, sportsman, globe-trotter and shipbuilder of Llanidloes, Wales, has cabled to W. H. Wright, Spokane's famous guide and naturalist, that he will be in Spokane September 3d to go on a big game hunt in the Spokane country. Mr. Davies, who owns extensive shooting preserves in Great Britain, will be joined by a party of London, England, and Dublin, Ireland, friends and they will make a stay of a month. Mr. Davies was in this part of the country three years ago on a trip around the world, when he bagged the largest bear ever seen in the Northwest.

* * *

Spokane tourists returning from Yellowstone Park say that the battle of a big cinnamon bear in trying to swim the stream after plunging over the Big Falls was one of the impressive spectacles of their trip. The bear got into the stream above the falls and being unable to make the shore it was plunged over the great cataract, 400 feet into the swirling pool. It tried to swim, but was caught in the swift current and disappeared in the midst of a cloud of spray.

* * *

To save the life of a blooded foxhound, wedged in a cliff twenty feet below the brink in the mountains above the Stehekin river, west of Spokane, R. N. Pershall, risked his life at the end of a rope a few days ago. He reached the shelf in safety, fastened the rope around the dog's body and the two were drawn to the cliff. The dog is owned by T. B. Hopper of Spokane, and is one of a noted pack. It is learned that the dog was on the ledge fifteen days.

* * *

Nicholas McCoy, one of the old timers at North Yakima, southwest of Spokane, accommodated a visitor in that city a few days ago by holding a coyote in leash a few minutes. The obliging McCoy held to the chain three hours, during which time he was bitten in the hands and legs, and then, deciding that he had an elephant on his hands, he surrendered the coyote to the police. The visitor has not yet claimed his property.

* * *

Reports from Northern Idaho brought to Spokane by mining prospectors and loggers say that deer are plentiful. They also saw a number of bears. Partridges and prairie chicken are numerous and the duck season gives promise of being the best in years.

* * *

Mrs. J. M. Walsh of Spokane, takes the honors of the week by the catch of a six-pound bass at Sucker lake, east of Spokane. The fish put up a stiff fight, but was landed after a battle of ten minutes.

* * *

Bleeding from cuts on the face, arms and legs, and bruised from head to foot, Roger G. Wearne, a prominent attorney at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, thirty-four miles east of Spokane, returned to his home the other day after being lost more than fifty hours in the mountains, where he went hunting a week ago. He was thirty miles in the interior when night fell. His provisions were exhausted, and, fearing he was lost, he began to wander around. In the darkness he fell over a cliff. After two days' wandering he found a calf, which led him to a cabin, where he was given succor and sent home. Wearne says he was followed by bears more than twenty hours, but was able to keep out of their way in the underbrush.

* * *

Turf events promise to be the big features at the Spokane Interstate Fair September 24th to October 6th, more than 300 entries having already been received by Secretary R. H. Cosgrove, who has just awarded a contract for the erection of fifty additional stalls, making 250 in all. The latest entries include the Harry Green and T. A. Davies & Co.'s strings, with Royalty, winner of the derbies at Spokane and Seattle, and a number of horses which carried off the long purses at The Meadows and Oakland. Entries have also come from Vancouver, B. C., Butte, Mont., Oakland, Seattle, North Yakima, and other racing centers in the Pacific Northwest. Great interest is centered in the Interstate relay race, two miles a day for ten days, for a purse of $1500. Range riders and Indians will be the chief participants. Other stake events are the Falls City stakes for 2:12 pacers, purse, $1000; Northwest stake for 2:16 trotters, purse, $1000; Spokane derby, one and one-eighth miles, purse, $1000, and the Boosters' selling stake, at six and one-half furlongs, $300 added. The card shows twelve days' racing of five or more races a day, the booking being open.

* * *

C. C. Holzel of Spokane, president of the Pacific Northwest Association, has asked the National Amateur Athletic Union, which will meet in New York the third week in September, to hold the championship games at Seattle in 1907, and an endeavor will also be made to land the Olympic games for the city on the Sound. The delegates from the Pacific Northwest are: Mr. Holzel of the Spokane Athletic Club, J. Morgan of the Multnomah Athletic Club, M. Haller of the Seattle Athletic Club, Tom McDonald of the University of Washington, and Dick Hart of the Portland Rowing Club.

* * *

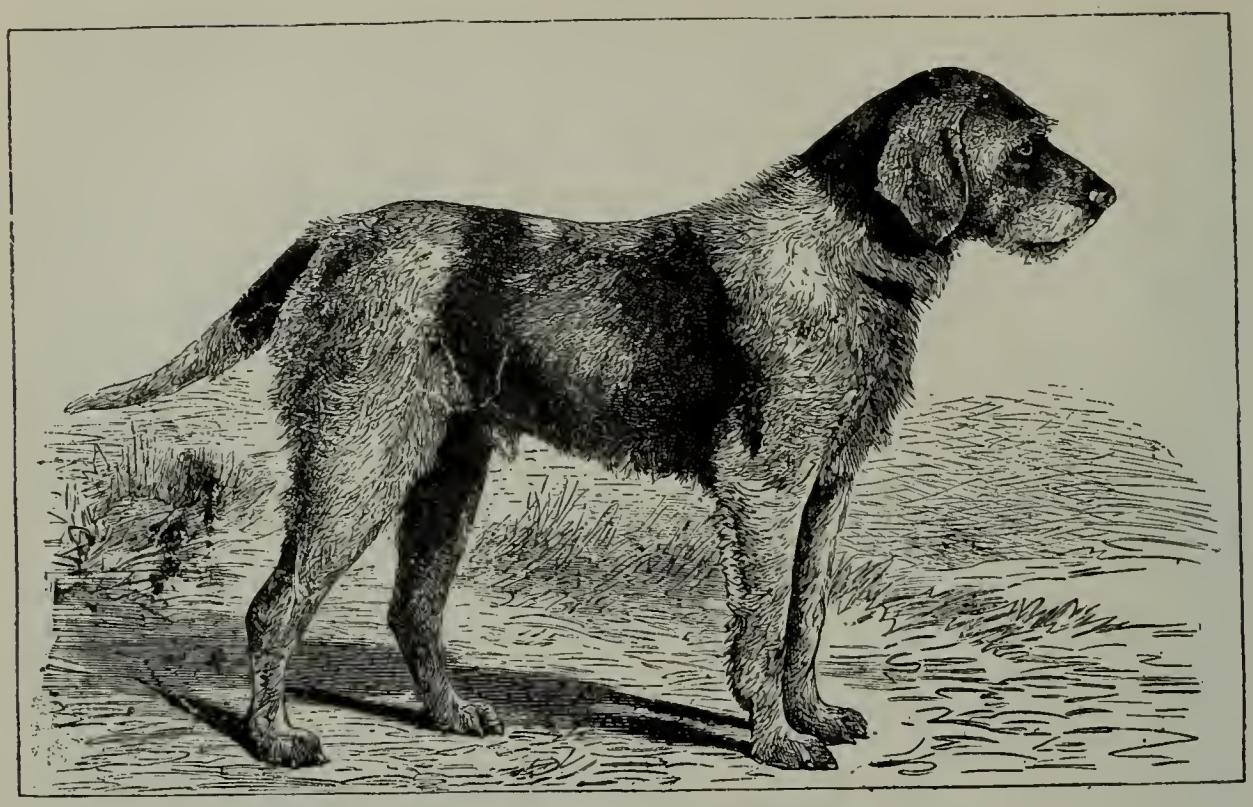
Friends of F. Lewis Clark of Spokane, vice-president of the Eastern Yacht Club, whose yacht Spokane won two of the trial races off Marblehead, Mass., for the defense of the Roosevelt cup, say that he will be a contender in the races next year, when he will have a boat built upon entirely new lines. It is known that preliminary plans have been prepared for an ocean-going craft and if Mr. Lewis' hopes are realized the yacht will be seen in German waters.

* * *

Earl Crane is captain of "the Duffers," and E. H. Hughes is head of "the Dubs," teams of twenty members each selected from among the golfers at the Spokane Country Club for a series of contests the coming fall. The matches will be won by the team having the largest majority of holes to its credit, the prize being the honor of flying the pennant from the club house until defeated. Play will begin about the middle of September.

* * *

The Spokane Rod and Gun Club has received a silver cup, to be known as the Dupont trophy, 1906, which will be contested for at the traps before the end of the year, probably the latter part of November. The club will hold its annual meeting in Oc-



The German Poodle-Pointer. (A rare type. now.)

Stichelhaariger deutscher Vorstehhund. (Nach Beckmann.)

tober, when the exact dates will be fixed. The cup is ten inches high, and is eight inches in diameter. It is of solid silver lined with gold.

* * *

New rules have been adopted by the Spokane Amateur Athletic Club on its tennis courts at the suggestion of Dr. George K. McDowell, Samuel R. Stern and E. Powell. These provide that each player after having played one set shall relinquish the court to any player waiting to play. It is also ruled that singles shall not be played when enough persons deside to play to fill one or more courts with doubles. In the tournament plays it is ruled that any player or team failing to appear within twenty minutes of the hour scheduled for the match shall be defaulted unless a postponement for a reasonable length of time is agreed upon by all players in the match prior to the hour set for the match. Another regulation is that if one member of a team fails to appear in the preliminary round any club member not entered in the tourney may be substituted for the remainder of the tournament, but no substitution will be permitted after the preliminaries.

* * *

The Spokane Amateur Athletic club, which now has in the neighborhood of 800 members, is planning to enlarge its quarters by the addition of forty feet to its club structure, the improvement costing $5000, which amount President J. E. Foster says will be realized by an issue of bonds. The city has been asked to vacate a strip of land to accommodate the new building, which will be used for gymnasium purposes. Work will probably begin before the end of September.

Roughness in football will be eliminated in Spokane the coming season if the plans of H. C. Blair are adopted by the teams. Mr. Blair desires to modify the game to do away with the disagreeable features and make the play more open. Under the new rules, which require ten yards' gain in three downs, punting will be developed, and this, he says, will make football more interesting to the spectators. Players and rooters alike in Spokane and in fact throughout the Spokane district, are in favor of modification and it is likely the new rules will be adopted for use the coming fall.

* * *

President Dodson of the Coeur d'Alene Boat Club, announces that he will have a crew next season and that it is proposed to arrange a big regatta, at which oarsmen from various parts of the Inland Empire will be invited to compete for trophies. Training quarters will be established on the Spokane river and the regattas will take place on Lake Coeur d'Alene, thirty-four miles east of Spokane, where an excellent two-mile course is located, so that the boats can be seen from start to finish.

* * *

W. R. White of Spokane, has just received from the Langton Boat Manufacturing Company a trim gasoline launch with four-horse power engine. The boat is twenty-two feet in length and has a speed of eight miles an hour. The boat has been launched on Lake Coeur d'Alene and will be used by Mr. White and his family between Coeur d'Alene and their summer home.

* * *

Evan Morgan, manager of the Loon Lake Boating Club, which has its quarters at Loon Lake, Wash.,

nineteen miles north of Spokane, has made an offer of a boathouse and shells, together with the services of a competent trainer and coach to a rowing crew for the coming season. The matter has been taken up by Earl Crane of the Spokane Country Club, who declares that he can secure twenty amateur oarsmen to join the crew and he adds that a regatta will be pulled off next July.

* * *

Sixty-one miles in fifty-six minutes is the record fly made by Glenkirk, a homing pigeon owned by Arthur Melrose of the Spokane Homing Club. The bird was released at Ritzville, Wash., and reached its owner at Minnehaha Park, Spokane, in the time noted. Glenkirk has the reputation of being the fastest homing pigeon in the Northwest, and the club has fifty other homers. Mr. Melrose is president of the club, which was organized last spring. He has raced pigeons in England and the continent and all over the United States.

The club has its races every week, flights of from fifty to 300 miles being made. The race from Walla Walla to Spokane recently was won by Siwash, owned by Rex Gardner, with Black Hawk, owned by James Wilbert, second. The distance is 110 miles and was covered in a little less than three hours.

There are twenty-three entries for the coming race from Pasco to Spokane, a distance of 150 miles. The club is also planning for a long distance race from The Dalles, Ore., to Spokane, from 250 to 275 miles across country, in which only the older birds will be entered. Among those who will compete are Mr. Melrose, Warren Clarke, Phil Brooke, Stanley and Howard Yancey, James Wilbert, Rex Gardner and George Hussey.

* * *

Buffalo Bill, a homing pigeon of the Red Checker variety, owned by Howard Yancey of Spokane, defeated Amaux, Jr., of the Blue Checker type, in a homing race from Connell, Wash., to Spokane, 100 miles, by four minutes, covering the distance in three hours and fifteen minutes. The birds are seven months of age. The flight was made in the morning.

* * *

Spokane dogs have been entered for the field trials at Victoria, B. C., and La Conner the coming fall. The meeting will open September 20th under the auspices of the Victoria Field Trial Club, and the tryouts will be on Chinese pheasants. It is expected that more than fifty dogs, representing the cream of the hunting blood in the Pacific Northwest will be started in the various events. At the close of the Victoria meeting the dogs will be taken to La Conner, where the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club will have its trials beginning October 18th. Mr. Opdike of Michigan, known all over the East and Middle West, will be the judge at the La Conner trials. He will make his home in Spokane to train dogs for local hunters.

The big event will be the Realization stakes, valued at about $500, of which $250 will go to the winner. This is open only to dogs whelped since January 1, 1905, while the Membership stakes is open to all ages. The prize is a silver cup.

Al Wiesemann of Spokane will enter Harry G., an English setter, whelped in Spokane in February, 1905, and R. M. Walker of Kendrick, Idaho, will enter a Spokane dog called Rex, a half brother of Harry G. Other animals will come from Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, Vancouver, B. C., Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Winnipeg, Walla Walla, Moscow and various other places in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and British Columbia.

* * *

Mrs. L. Donnel of Butte, Mont., and her mother, Mrs. L. A. Downing, have located in Spokane and plan establishing dog kennels and will breed full-blooded dogs and Angora cats. They have purchased a ranch seven miles out of Spokane, where they have received from Boston, Mass., a full-blooded King Charles spaniel pup of the name of Montague. It is registered at the Louisville (Ky.) Dog Club. Its mate will be shipped from the East in a few days, when they will also receive other high breed dogs. They have a number of cats and will make some importation during the coming fall and winter. The two women have been raising blooded dogs and cats for twenty years and expect to compete for prizes at bench shows in the Northwest and East the coming winter and spring.

* * *

Prairie chickens, pheasants and grouse are plentiful in northeastern Washington, where the season opened August 15th, but until the grain is cut there will be little or no good shooting in the vicinity of Spokane.

That is the view of Al Wiesemann and scores of sportsmen in Spokane, who have looked over the ground during the last few days.

Quail and Chinese pheasants were also seen in large numbers, but the shooting of these game birds is prohibited, the laws of Washington protecting them until the season of 1908.

Some good bags have been secured by hunters north and west of Spokane, the big ones going to Al Wiesemann, John Clark and Andrew Johnson, who bagged fourteen birds the day the season opened, in the vicinity of Reardon, near Deep Creek, while parties headed by John Condron, S. Wittenberg, C. C. Yancey, A. F. Gill, D. D. McPhee, C. C. McKay and "Deep Creek" Jones made good showings near Medical lake, Saltese lake, Sprague and Newman lakes.

"In about two weeks, when the grain is cut in the Spokane valley," said Mr. Wiesemann, "there will be all kinds of good sport in this part of the country, and I believe, judging from the sale of shells at one store alone, where 350,000 have already been disposed of, every man who owns a gun and a dog and is not laid up with rheumatism, will be out after chicken and grouse in September."

Hunters in Clark county are in favor of a later season and it is likely that lovers of the gun will join them in urging the coming legislature of Washington to make the closed season for upland birds from December 1st to September 1st, and limit nimrods to ten birds a day. It is also proposed to prohibit deer hunting with dogs between December 15th and September 15th following. They also desire that a bounty of $20 be placed on cougar or mountain lions and that $5 be paid for the killing of wild cats and lynx. Five cents bounty is asked on crows and one cent for bluejays. The killing of wild ducks is to be restricted to forty a week, and it is proposed to limit the number of brook or mountain trout to seventy-five a day, with stricter regulations governing the sale of fish.

M. Scott, game warden of Montana, has sent letters to Spokane hunters that the season in that state will open September 1st for the following game: Elk, limit one per person per season; deer, three per person per season; mountain goat, limit one; mountain sheep, limit one; grouse, prairie chicken, fool hen, sage hen, turtle dove, pheasant and partridge, limit ten a day; wild geese, brant, duck and swan, no limit. Fish may be caught at all times with hook, line and pole. The game season will close December 15th.

Moose, bison, caribou, antelope, beaver, quail, Chinese pheasants are protected, and it is unlawful to run or hunt any big game with dogs.

Elk, grouse, chicken and mountain goats are reported to be plentiful in the interior. Licenses for residents at $1, for non-residents, $25, shipping permits costing fifty cents each.

More than 500 hunters' licenses have already been issued by Robert A. Koontz, clerk of Spokane county, and it is expected there will be several hundred others before the season is well under way.

* * *

Braves of the Nez Perce tribe are gathering in large numbers at North Lapwai, Idaho, southeast of Spokane, on the Clearwater river, for their annual harvest moon foray into the hills in search of big game, thus perpetuating a custom that had its origin long before Lewis and Clark crossed the trail in the Northwest, more than 100 years ago. The Indians are preparing for the biggest hunt in years, and, despite the restrictions of license and the limited number of deer, elk and bear that can be taken, they are out in force. Some of the old-timers will not shoulder their trusty rifles this season, as many of them have become civilized and are working in the harvest fields, earning from $3 to $4 a day.

* * *

Henry Harris, a rancher near Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho, forty-two miles east of Spokane, killed a lynx, measuring sixty-six inches from nose to tail, in the timber near his place a few days ago. Mr. Harris was accompanied by C. R. Stewart and a number of timbermen of Spokane, who were looking over a tract of white pine. Harris saw the lynx and followed it into the timber. The first shot hit the animal in the foot, the second crashing into its brain, ended its career.

* * *

While fishing on the North Fork a few days ago W. L. Penrose, proprietor of the Lion Bottling Works at Grand Forks, B. C., north of Spokane, had a thrilling experience with a big female bear and two cubs. When he noticed the three brown objects making directly for him, Mr. Penrose took to the timber, with the three bears on his trail. In making his escape, as he thought, he carried with him his fishing outfit and a string of trout, but he dropped the latter in his excitement.

That is probably what saved his life, for the bears stopped for a feast, while Mr. Penrose continued his hurried journey on foot to the cabin of a settler near the river.

Bears are said to be numerous on the North Fork this season and they are savage, due to the heat and the fact they have not yet shed their hair.

* * *

T. K. Korner, formerly connected with the government fish hatchery at Spearfish, S. D., has bought land near Spokane for the establishment of a large aquarium to cost $3000. He will have a plant ten miles down the Spokane river, where there is a perpetual spring on his land. He will raise trout, pike and bass and expects to market 1,000,000 fish a year in two or three years. Work on the plant, which is to be constructed on the most modern lines, will begin in a short time, and it will be in operation before the end of the year.

Glarner Leaving His Field in the Mile

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW STADIUM

By Louis Levy

GREECE may boast of its Stadium and the East may point with pride to its magnificent fields for holding athletic events, but San Francisco feels justly proud of its Stadium located in Golden Gate Park. This splendid ampitheatre, developed out of the sand dunes, in another year promises to be the finest athletic concourse in the world.

Although not officially dedicated on the Fourth of July last, the new Stadium of Greater San Francisco was given its supreme test and realized the expectations of the band of enthusiasts who planned it. Fully twenty thousand people gathered on the broad sides of the Stadium on the national holiday to celebrate independence and also show to the world that despite the terrible calamity of April 18th, its citizens were not downcast.

For the first time in the history of San Francisco it was a Fourth of July without the noise of exploding fireworks, and better still, every saloon was closed. As Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz aptly said: "This celebration is unique and we hope it will go over the United States as an example for others to follow. It is not like those of old, but is one which brings out the best in childhood and the best in manhood."

The Stadium proved an ideal place for holding the exercises of the day. Beneath the calm sky stood thousands of men, women and children listening to patriotic music played by the Golden Gate Park band, to the sweet singing of the children, to the voices of orators who aroused their patriotism by eloquent words, and standing uncomplainingly for hours watching the brawn and sinew of the West engaged in athletic tourney. It was a sight that cannot be effaced from memory.

The athletic programme was under the auspices of the Olympic Club, one of the foremost organizations of its kind in the world. Not only were the victors awarded handsome silver trophies for their prowess, but they were crowned with laurel wreaths by the Mayor of the municipality, amid the cheers of the spectators. As a field day it was a great success and it redounded to the credit of the organization that conducted it.

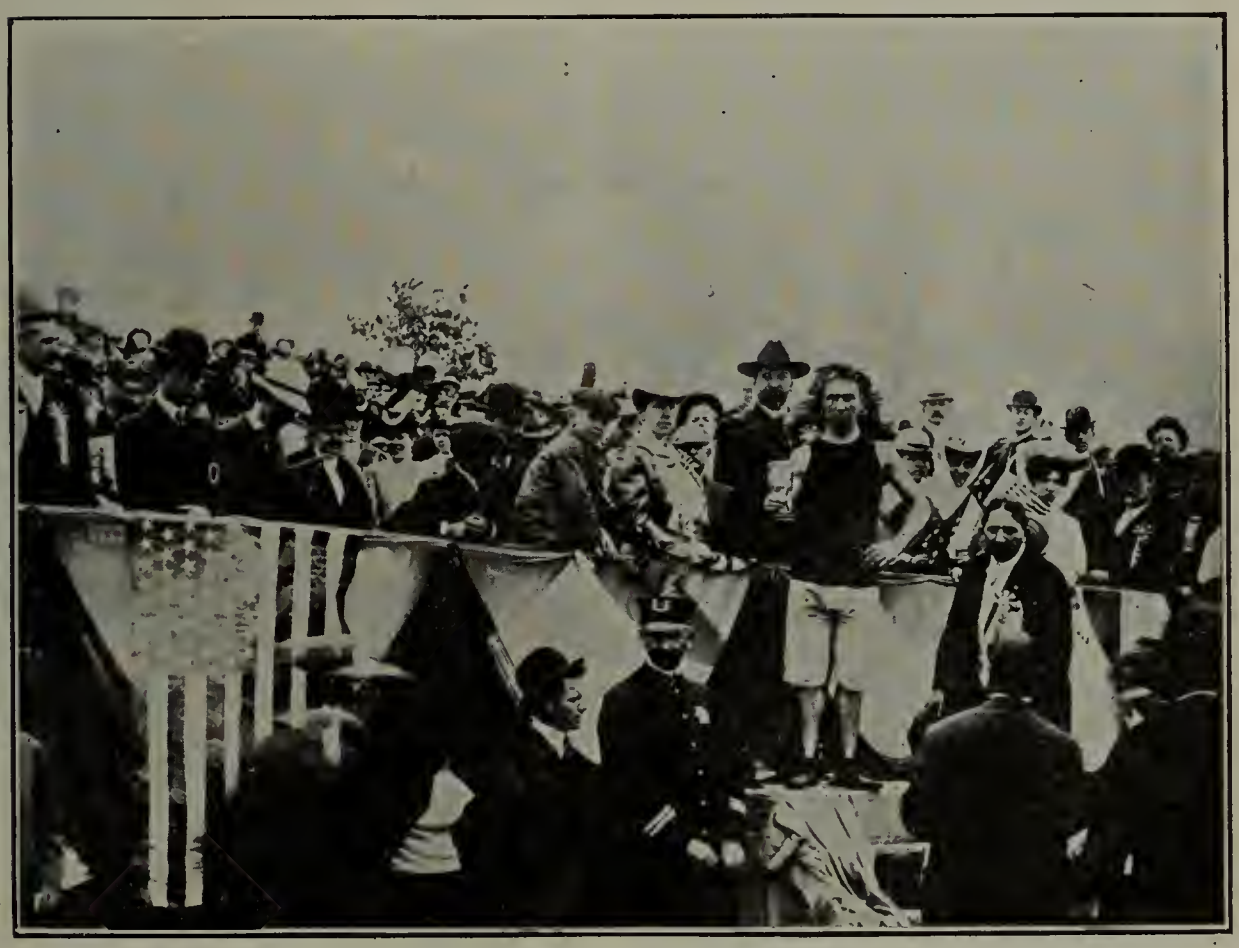
There was not a hitch or delay in the long programme. Wrestlers tussled over the field for supremacy, boxers pummeled each other for the plaudits of the spectators, and hundreds of athletes strove to achieve victory by superhuman efforts on the track or in the field with shot or hammer.

Walter Christie, trainer of the University of California track team, was enthusiastic over the showing made by the western athletes on a slow field. He was of the opinion that he could select such men as Plaw, Powell, Glarner, Snediger, Connolly and a few others and journey east and win a national championship. Christie hails from the East and has a few records on his tablets that have not been

McIntyre Capturing the 100 yd. Dash

Anderson Tries for Honors in Pole Vault

Snediger Leading in the 100-yd. Sprint



Mayor Schmitz Crowning Connolly Winner of the 2-mile Run

surpassed since he traveled over the cinders at high speed, so that his statement need not be taken as an idle boast.

No records were broken, owing to the slowness of the track, but enough class was displayed by the runners, jumpers and weight men to attract attention to the performances.

"Ollie" Snediger, a star football player of the University of California, was the hero of the day. He proved an all-round athlete by capturing the 100-yard dash in 10 3-5 seconds, pole-vaulted ten feet six inches in clean cut style, and won the broad jump by leaping twenty-one feet three and three-fourths inches. He was defeated in the hammer-throw by the redoutable Plaw, who cast the hammer 171 feet three inches. Snediger's throw of 146 feet would have won in the average college field day.

A. Glarner, a wearer of the winged "O," also did notable work. Although the track was heavy this youth did the mile in 4:57. Afterward he came out and won a heat in the 220 in fast time and was beaten in the final by a narrow margin. Glarner endeared himself to his clubmates and also won the hearty approval of the spectators by his magnanimous action after the finish of the 440-yard dash. Glarner was leading the bunch and had the race well in hand until young McCauley electrified the onlookers by a tremendous burst of speed that quickly closed the gap. Glarner has a defect in his left eye and McCauley came up to him on his "blind" side. The pair breasted the tape together and the judge declared it a dead heat. Glarner immediately turned to his opponent and said, "Here, you take the cup, I have already won one." Mayor Schmitz crowned both youths amid the cheers of the crowd.

Connolly's victory in the two-mile event was the most popular of the day. He is no longer young, nor is he burdened with an abundance of hair on his head, and the sight of an "old fellow" romping along far in the lead of younger men was pleasing to those who lined the course. Connolly was encouraged to do his utmost and he crossed the tape in 10:39½, a very creditable performance.

Plaw tried with might and main to break the world's record for the 16-pound hammer throw, but failed by a narrow margin. His throw of 171 feet three inches, however, stamps him one of the foremost hammer throwers in the world.

There were many other events on the card that brought forth splendid material, and it is hoped that next year when the Stadium is completed the national championships will be held there. No expense will be spared to make the Stadium the finest of its kind. There will be no hard marble seats for the accommodation of spectators, but all will be seated on soft sod beneath sunny skies. The Stadium will have a three-quarter-mile trotting track. Five feet of greensward will separate this from a bicycle track. And next to the bicycle track, will be a cinder path five-eighths of a mile around. Inside the oval there will be space for football and baseball and also a field for polo and other sports. It is the intention to hold national holiday exercises in the Stadium, and all athletic meets of the future will be brought off there, so that the citizens may enjoy the events free of charge.

MORNING

OH peaceful morning, quiet morning—
Rich gift from God to men,
With breezes blowing, incense blowing
O'er forest, field and fen—
Thy bright sun shining, softly shining
From out the distant dome,
While birds are singing, sweetly singing
About my humble home—
Accept my tribute, tender tribute,
With patience hear my prayer,
While I am breathing, fondly breathing
Thy pure, refreshing air.

—*P. M. Dill.*

FIELD NOTES

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

SOUTHERN OREGON, frequently referred to as the "Italy of Oregon," with its grand scenery, balmy air, clear cold trout streams, and its big game, affords unlimited enjoyment to the devotee of rod and gun. The sportsman will certainly enthuse as he looks from the car window, while crossing the Siskiyou mountains into Oregon, and the most ignorant tenderfoot will concede that the general appearance of the country is flattering for big game hunting. The conditions are equally favorable as, a little later, the train parallels the banks of the Rogue river. This beautiful river is lost sight of, as the train nears Grants Pass, and beyond the ridges are clad in yellow pine, fir and the madrone, with its glossy leaves and rich yellow bark.

The sandy banks of Wolf creek, which we follow for a time, are dotted here and there with the tracks of the black-tail deer, made late the evening before, as they cautiously drank of its snowy waters. We feel like asking the conductor to stop the train, throw off our baggage, and let us camp right here, knowing if we fail to make a successful hunt the fault will be ours and not the country's.

From the town of Glendale, where we finally leave the railroad, we procure supplies and follow a tributary of the South Umpqua, shamefully called Cow creek. So beautiful a stream deserves a more appropriate name. The road winds through a valley of considerable width, dotted here and there with farms, orchards, and green meadows where cattle are grazing. Gradually the valley becomes narrower, while the mountains on either side, densely covered with timber, tower 3000 feet above you. Down their sides, at short intervals, run streams of the clearest, coldest and purest water ever drank. It is characteristic of the horses here that they never cross a stream without drinking. Trout are plentiful and deer can be had for the shooting. The groves of fir, cedar, maple and hemlock along the creek banks afford ample room for camps. There is a tri-weekly mail service, and farms are conveniently near where fruit and vegetables can be obtained. Squirrel, quail and grouse shooting is good.

When all is summed up, what more could one ask for? Yet if you become restless and feel like looking for trouble, you can easily stir up a bear or a panther.

At the little postoffice, Galesville, is the inlet, Whitehorse creek, up which, some three miles, is a noted salt lick, where the deer gather during the summer months to use the brackish water that they particularly like at this time of the year. Nearing the Meadow ranch, about 25 miles from Glendale, we cross Sugar, Meadow and Snowy creeks, all regarded as good fishers. Farther east is the Little Applegate, and near the Jordan ranch, comes in the north fork of the main stream, conceded to be the best trout stream of all.

This charming country, rich in game of many varieties, is destined to be a favorite one, providing as it does, sport for ladies as well as gentlemen. Its increasing popularity as a summer resort is chiefly due to Mr. S. J. Powell, a retired

The Powell Cabin. 25 Miles East of Glendale, Ore.

Ruggle's Ranche, 17 Miles East of Glendale, Ore.

business man of Los Angeles, Cal., who will give any information regarding the country and its possibilities that may be desired. He came here two years ago and was so favorably impressed with the country, that he returned last year. Judging from the fact that he had J. F. Jordan, a professional log cabin builder, put him up a beautiful cabin, it looks as though Mr. Powell intended to spend many summers in this locality. This fact is significant, for he has hunted big game on the Pacific Coast for the past thirty years, and never before found a place in which he cared to make a permanent camp. While Mr. Powell now hunts more with camera than with gun, camp is never without meat, as his mantle has fallen on the shoulders of his son who is a hunter born. He is particularly skillful in spotting bear—sees several every year, but is content to kill but one a season as they are worthless when killed during the summer months.

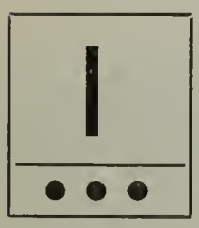
In the summer of 1896, I accompanied Mr. Powell on a deer hunt in the Cascade mountains. We outfitted at Ashland and hunted the country some fifty miles east of the locality mentioned above. We put in the whole summer in different parts of Oregon and in the fall spent several weeks in the Bear Camp country, reached by way of West Fork, and where Mr. Powell made a bear-killing record.

The memory of that season in Oregon has been a very pleasant one, so that the suggestion that I investigate the Cow Creek valley with the view of investing, fell on fertile ground. A few miles below Mr. Powell's cabin, I found a ranch on which I can catch trout, kill deer and make money besides, and I hope to call it home for many years to come.

WM. RUGGLES.

Galesville, Ore.

A TIP TO SALMON FISHERS

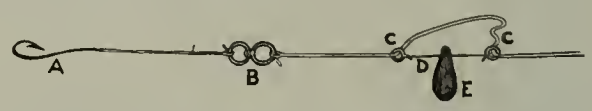


IT IS a common saying that the people of California, having so many varied sports and pleasures daily at their doors, most grossly neglect them; hence, just a word about salmon fishing in Monterey bay. This bay teems with aquatic life throughout the year. At some periods when feeding, salmon run close in shore, and vary in weight, including monsters of twenty and thirty pounds and above. They are the Quinnat, or King salmon, and are true to the name.

Salmon fishing is classed, throughout the world, as royal sport, and, to capture one while in ocean waters, or during the full strength of his sea-life, makes it true to the name, and leaves something to be remembered and talked about. Eastern or European salmon rise to the fly or bait while in fresh waters, rivers or lakes, and, for that reason, preserves are leased for fabulous money, whereby the sport can be privately owned and enjoyed.

The Western or Pacific salmon is superior to the Eastern salmon as a sporting fish, but will seldom rise to fly or bait in fresh water. It is caught by open-sea trolling and at various depths, the largest fish running very deep. Because of this peculiar condition, bait or trolling lines must be used and weighted, and, heretofore, when landing a fish, the play has been weakened proportionately with the weight of the sinker. It has been long debated, why this difficulty could not be overcome, and the angler given full enjoyment of landing his fish with rod and reel, thus making the sport of taking Western salmon far beyond the Eastern salmon fly fishing of Canada or Europe.

A new kind of tackle has been developed recently, so simple in construction that people wonder why it was not established long ago. The arrangement can best be described by the diagram here shown:



A short distance from the hook (a) is set in the line two swivels (b); a few inches beyond are fastened to the line two rings, marked (cc). Between these rings is located a weak line (d), holding in place an eyed sinker (e). With this tackle the bait and line can be held for large fish at any depth, proportionately, with the weight of sinker and speed of trolling boat. The bait revolves upon the double swivel, and prevents kinking of the line. When a salmon strikes, the weaker line, between the two rings, breaks, thus liberating the sinker and leaving the fish for free play upon the rod. A sinker is lost each time a fish strikes, but when made of iron, costing but a few cents each, the expense is nominal. Those who have tried the new arrangement are enthusiastic in praise of it, for any person who has experienced the full strength of a grown salmon upon a rod, while in his sea-life, can best understand what this new sport has in store for every man of moderate means.

The salmon fishing of Eastern rivers, while magnificent enough to cause the individual expenditure of thousands of dollars, is not to be compared with this Western sport of taking a deep-sea salmon when handled by a skillful fisherman, and at nominal expense. There should be more enthusiastic adherents, and, unquestionably, the new tackle will largely widen the present circle.

Try it and be happy as a boy again.

—*A. D. S.*

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC ANGLING CLUBS

To the Angling Fraternity: During the International Fly and Bait Casting Tournament held in Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 3, and 4, 1906, a National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs was formed, the objects of which are, primarily, to perfect universal rules under which to conduct national or international tournaments, to promote interest in scientific angling through tournament or contest casting, to guard against any evils of professionalism that may possibly arise, to assist in the propagation and protection of game fishes and influence legislation toward this end, to promote the appreciation of true amateur sportsmanship

among anglers and lend moral support to all moves toward true sportsmanship in all sports, and to promote such social conditions as are incident to the sport of angling.

The prevailing sentiment looks toward the maintenance of the absolute individuality of each club in its own affairs, contests, etc., but the general good of all in matters of interest to all.

The management of the Association is vested in an Executive Committee made up of the national officers elected and one representative from each club which already has or may hereafter affiliate.

Eight clubs are already affiliated, viz:

The Chicago Fly Casting Club,
The Fox River Valley Bait Casting Club,
The Grand Rapids Fly Casting Club,
The Illinois Bait Casting Club,
The Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club,
The Kansas City Bait and Fly Casting Club,
The Racine Fly Casting Club,
The San Francisco Fly Casting Club.

A cordial invitation is extended to all angling clubs and anglers to correspond with the President or Secretary relative to their joining the association as a club, or forming clubs eligible to membership.

Provision will also be made for individual membership where the formation of a club is not feasible. The officers elected for the current year are:

President—H. Wheeler Perce, Chicago F. C. C.

First Vice-president—B. L. Shutts, Kalamazoo B. & F. C. C.

Second Vice-president—J. W. Bramhall, Kansas City B. & F. C. C.

Third Vice-president—Fred J. Wells, Fox River Valley B. C. C.

Fourth Vice-president—Walter D. Mansfield, San Francisco F. C. C.

Secretary—H. E. Rice, Illinois B. C. C.

Treasurer—Dr. C. F. Browne, Racine, F. C. C.

The enthusiasm over the new organization is very great, and it is generally believed its influence will be far-reaching and that the beautiful sport of tournament or contest casting will receive an impetus and its benefits be more thoroughly appreciated by angling sportsmen throughout the country than ever before

H. WHEELER PERCE, President.
990 Old Colony Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
H. E. RICE, Secretary.
225 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

YACHTING

THE SAN DIEGO LIPTON CUP RACES

By Norman Densham

"When this good Sir Thomas Lipton
Heard about our Southern Seas,
Where the sun is ever shining
And we always have a breeze (?),
Like a proper hearted sportsman,
(Using slang) he 'loosened up,'
And he sent a yachting trophy
That we call the Lipton Cup."
—*From the "Song of the Sea-Sick Sailor."*

IT WAS in 1904 that Sir Thomas Lipton sent out the yachting trophy to be raced for off San Diego bay, and the San Diego Yacht Club immediately bestirred itself to find a yacht that could sail fast enough to keep the cup in the bay city. The southern yachtsmen decided on the Detroit, a freak scow that had won many races on the Great Lakes, and she was purchased and shipped out on a flat car.

The first year the Detroit easily beat all the entries of the South Coast Yacht Club, whose members live in Los Angeles and sail in the waters off San Pedro Harbor. The second year a S. C. Y. C. member, Mr. Byron Erkenbrecher, bought the Detroit, and again she won easily, making a "perfect monkey" of the San Diego defender, the "Butcher Boy."

This year, however, a new rule was introduced whereby all entries were allowed a water-line length of only twenty-five feet. This effectually barred the Detroit, and it was up to one of the smaller boats to capture the cup.

Early in the spring of this year, Mr. Joseph Pugh, an enthusiastic yachtsman and member of the S. C. Y. C., sent east to Gardner for a design for a thirty-footer that would beat everything in the waters. Gardner sent out the design, but one Joseph Fellows, the San Pedro yacht builder, designed a thirty-footer at the same time. Mr. Gardner must have made a mistake in his calculations, because the local yacht proved to be faster than the "Monsoon" in all kinds of weather.

Thus "Mischief II," as she was named by her owner, Walter Folsom, was the hope of Los Angeles

Monsoon

Mischief II

Crew of Mischief II

Birk Foy Densham Freitag Myers Folsom

Aeolus

when the yachts started south for San Diego to try and bring the cup north with them. The San Diegans had clubbed together and given an order to Mr. Jenson of San Diego to build a boat that would sail in light weather, such as comes in August, in those waters. The result was, the "Aeolus." With a hard bilge and narrow beam, a large sail area and a long bowsprit, she looked to be the typical racer for light airs.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jenson overstood the mark and she proved to be so much of a light weather boat that she was absolutely cranky in a six-knot breeze. Everybody saw this, but the San Diego enthusiasts hoped that Mr. Gould, her skipper, would be able to work her to windward away from the "Mischief," which had been touted as a heavy weather boat.

The first race took place on Monday, August 6th. The course was triangular, two miles to the leg twice around, making twelve miles in all. The first and last legs were ballooner runs, while the second leg was dead to windward. Instead of the ordinary two-gun start, in which the yachts are given five minutes in which to jockey for the start, the San Diego Club have a start of their own. After the second gun is fired the yachts have five minutes in which to cross the line and their time is taken when they pass the starting buoy. This precludes any clever maneuvering for first place at the start and is a great disadvantage for those skippers who are clever enough to cross the line to windward of the rest of the file two seconds after the gun fires.

The Aeolus crossed the line first, followed by the "Skidoo," a S. C. Y. C. entry, and the Mischief II. The Monsoon and Mischief I, the other two entries of the northern club, came along about a quarter of a mile astern. Until the first stake boat was reached the Aeolus held her position, but immediately the yachts started on the leg to windward it was apparent that the Mischief had her outclassed entirely.

The Monsoon gained on the defender during the windward work and would have beaten her if her ballooner had not got tangled up in the jibe round the starting buoy for the second time round the course. As it was, the Aeolus beat the Monsoon by over a minute and was herself entirely outclassed by the Mischief II by nearly twelve minutes corrected time.

The second race, over a course three miles to leeward and return, twice round, was a repetition of the first race, except that the wind was, if possible, lighter, and the Mischief II finished eighteen minutes ahead of the defender. In this race the Monsoon came in ahead of the Aeolus but was thirteen minutes behind the black racer.

There are doubtless many readers of the "Western Field" who took an interest in these races and would like to know why it was that the Aeolus, built especially for San Diego weather, should be so badly beaten in her own weather. Application to the "Rocking Chair Fleet," in other words, the old-timers, elicited many different opinions, but they all agreed on two points: firstly, that the Aeolus had too little beam for her style of bilge, and secondly, that Mr. Gould sailed a poor race to windward.

The Aeolus is so cranky that the lightest breeze puts her lee rail under and her crew was hanging out to windward, while the crew of Mischief II were all lying down to leeward. This being the case, her skipper should have handled her very tenderly, easing her up to the wind and nursing her along. Instead of this he held her right to it and she was listing over and carrying a great weight of water on her decks, most of the time going to windward. It is true that she has not the power in her hull such as is shown by a boat like the Monsoon. The latter has a great weight of lead on her keel and it is possible to luff her dead into the wind for a hundred feet without losing way altogether. But Mr. Gould would have done much better work to windward if he had allowed the luff of his mainsail to flutter occasionally.

THE ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT AT DEL MONTE

By Arthur Inkersley

AFTER the earthquake and fire there was for a time a considerable lull in amateur sports of all kinds. The yachtsmen, golfers, oarsmen, cricketers and others were too busy to think of recreation. Much doubt was felt as to the effect of the disaster on the annual golf week at Del Monte. It was determined, however, to hold it as usual. The meet turned out the most successful that has ever been held on the Del Monte links. The attendance was good, nearly all the Burlingame golfers being present, as well as several members of the Claremont Country Club. There were, of course, a few notable absentees, among them being Miss Florence Whittell, generally regarded as the strongest medal score player of the Burlingame Country Club; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, champion of the California Women Golfers' Association; Miss Edith Chesebrough, ladies' captain of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and Mrs. J. R. Clark of the same club. Miss Whittell telegraphed her entry to the tournament committee but did not appear. Mrs. R. Gilman Brown was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, while Mrs. J. R. Clark and her husband, Dr. J. R. Clark, had already enjoyed their annual fishing trip in the high Sierras and could not spare the time for another outing.

Among the men the principal absentees were R. Gilman Brown, John Lawson and J. W. Byrne of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, Dr. A. M. Carpenter, J. A. Folger and E. R. Folger of the Claremont Country Club, Perry Eyre of the Burlingame Country Club, R. J. Davis, W. J. Casey and A. S. Lilley of the San Rafael Golf Club.

The golf clubs of Southern California were represented by W. J. Austin, C. S. Byington, E. N. Wright and S. G. Dunham of the Pasadena Country Club, G. J. Kaime of the Santa Barbara Country Club, Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Country Club, and Miss Ada N. Smith of the San Diego Country Club. Mrs. E. T. Perkins of the Los Angeles Country Club was much missed. W. J. Austin won a cup presented by Mrs. Henry T. Scott for a Consolation Handicap for men who entered but did not qualify, or failed to reach the final round of the Del Monte Cup for men.

The handicapping was done by a committee made up of C. E. Maud, H. Spens-Black and T. B. S. Menzies, assisted by H. H. Sherwood and others. It was remarkably well done, for in the first match play round of the Del Monte Cup for men C. S. Byington, receiving 8 strokes, tied with C. E. Maud (scratch) on 18 holes, again on 21, and was beaten 1 up on 24; Maurice Dore tied with George Heazelton, receiving 4 strokes, on 18 holes, beating him 2 up on 21 holes; C. B. Wingate, receiving 7 strokes, won from E. N. Wright 1 up; C. T. Crocker, receiving 7 strokes, tied with Douglas Grant on 18 holes, and won 2 up on 20 holes.

C. T. Crocker, Winner Del Monte Cup for Men

Two of the three men who played from scratch were members of the handicap committee and certainly no complaint could be made that the scratch

men were treated too generously, for two were beaten in the first match play round. The third retired after reaching the semi-final round. The most remarkable contest of the tournament occurred in the Men's Consolation Handicap, played on Saturday, the 25th, R. Y. Hayne receiving 2, and S. G. Dunham receiving 12 strokes on 18 holes. The competition was over 36 holes, medal play. R. Y. Hayne's score was 148 less 4, net 144; while S. G. Dunham's was 168 less 24, net 144. On playing 18 additional holes R. Y. Hayne's score was 73 less 2, net 71, while S. G. Dunham's was 83 less 12, net 71. Nine more holes were played, the score being as follows: R. Y. Hayne, 35 less 1, net 34; S. G. Dunham, 42 less 6, net 36. R. Y. Hayne thus won by 2 strokes after playing 63 holes.

The tournament began at 9:30 on Monday morning, August 20th, with the qualifying round, over 36 holes, medal play, of the competition for the Del Monte Cup for Men. C. E. Maud returned the best score, 69, 77, total 146; while R. Y. Hayne and H. Spens-Black tied with 153 each. The only round under 70 was C. E. Maud's first. Between the two men who tied for second place and the fourth man there was a gap of 12 strokes. The full details are shown in the table:

DEL MONTE CUP FOR MEN—QUALIFYING ROUNDS.

Competitors.	First Round.	Second Round.	Total.	Pos'n.
C. E. Maud	69	77	146	1
R. Y. Hayne	74	79	153	2
H. Spens-Black	75	78	153	3
E. N. Wright	91	74	165	4
H. W. Sherwood	76	93	169	5
Douglas Grant	86	84	170	6
Maurice Dore	82	92	174	7
Rev. E. E. Baker	89	89	170	8
C. S. Byington	95	83	178	9
G. J. Kaime	88	91	179	10
R. G. Hanford	95	85	180	11
C. B. Wingate	88	97	185	12
Rev. D. M. Crabtree	90	95	185	13
C. T. Crocker	88	100	188	14
G. Heazelton	94	95	189	15
Rev. S. G. Dunham	97	93	190	16
Capt. J. S. Oyster	100	92	192	..
E. B. Braden	87	106	193	..
W. J. Austin	91	103	194	..
Herbert Payne	98	99	197	..
T. B. S. Menzies	104	95	199	..
G. F. Wakefield	121	125	246	..
W. E. Crothers	124	139	263	..
L. S. White	106	*	...	..

*No returns.

The first sixteen players in the above list were paired for the first match round (played on Tuesday morning, the 21st) according to the usual plan: No. 1 against No. 9, No. 2 against No. 10, and so on. C. E. Maud, R. Y. Hayne and H. Spens-Black played from scratch, the others receiving handicaps of 5, 8 or 12 strokes. Two of the three scratch players, H. Spens-Black and R. Y. Hayne, were beaten, while C. E. Maud was tied on 18 and 21 holes, winning 1 up at the 24th hole from C. S. Byington of Pasadena.

H. Warren Sherwood, Runner Up Del Monte Cup for Men

Winners of the Mixed Foursomes for Miss Hager's Trophies

Crocker Receives Congratulations

In the second match round, played on Tuesday afternoon, the winners were C. E. Maud, H. Warner Sherwood, G. J. Kaime and C. T. Crocker, all the matches being won by good margins.

In the third, or semi-final round on Wednesday morning H. Warner Sherwood took his match by the retirement of C. E. Maud, and C. T. Crocker beat G. J. Kaime 5 up and 4 to play.

In the final round over 36 holes on Thursday, C. T. Crocker, receiving strokes on the first, third, fourth, fifth, tenth, twelfth and seventeenth holes, beat H. Warren Sherwood 3 up 2 to play, capturing the Del Monte Cup for Men, while Sherwood took the cup for the runner-up. In the first round each player made the third, fourth and fifth holes in 5, 5, 6, but Crocker's handicap gave him all three of them. Crocker was 2 up at the turn and retained the same lead at the end of the first round. In the afternoon he increased his lead to 3 up, and at the 33d hole was dormie 3. The 36th hole being halved in 4, Crocker won the match 3 up 2 to play. The results are shown in the table:

DEL MONTE CUP FOR MEN: AUGUST 21, 22, & 23.

First Round	Second Round	Semi-Final Round	Final Round	Winner
Maud (scr.) Byington (8)	Maud 1 up on 24	Maud 5 and 4	Sherwood by default	Crocker 3 and 2
Hanford (8) Spens-Black (scr.)	Hanford 2 and 1			
Sherwood (5) Crabtree (12)	Sherwood 5 and 3	Sherwood 3 and 2		
Dore (8) Heazelton (12)	Dore 2 up on 21			
Kaime (8) Hayne (scr.)	Kaime 2 and 1	Kaime 3 and 2	Crocker 5 and 4	
Wingate (12) Wright (5)	Wingate 1 up			
Crocker (12) Grant (5)	Crocker 2 up on 20	Crocker 3 and 2		
Dunham (12) Baker (8)	Dunham 6 and 4			

The qualifying round over 18 holes, medal play, of the competition for the Del Monte Cup for Women, eight to qualify, took place on Tuesday afternoon, August 21st. Fourteen entries had been received but Mrs. L. P. Adams of Monterey, Miss Florence Whittell of Burlingame, and Mrs. W. F. George of Sacramento, did not play. The best score was returned by Mrs. Walter Scott Martin of the Burlingame Country Club. The scores were as follows:

Mrs. W. S. Martin, 95; Miss A. N. Smith, 97; Miss Hager and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, 98; Miss Armsby, 99; Mrs. George Heazelton, 100; Mrs. Herbert Munn, 101; Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, 105; Miss Florence B. Ives, 106; Mrs. R. G. Hanford, 107, and Mrs. C. B. Wingate, 114. The first eight, paired in the usual manner, took part in the first match play round, with handicaps, on Wednesday morning, a scratch player being matched against a handicap player in each couple. The winners were Mrs. W. S. Martin, scratch; Mrs. Herbert Munn (2), Miss A. N. Smith, scratch, and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, scratch. In the second and semi-final round a Northern Californian was matched against a Southern Californian in each pair. The two Southern Californians (Mrs. Herbert Munn of the Coronado Country Club, and Miss A. N. Smith of the San Diego Country Club) lost their matches, leaving Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Sherwood in the final round, to be played on Friday morning. Mrs. Martin, representing the westerly side of San Francisco bay, defaulted, giving the match and the Del Monte Cup for Women to Mrs. Sherwood, representing the easterly counties.

No event being set down for the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22d, Mixed Foursomes over 18 holes, medal play, for two cups, presented by Mrs. C. E. Maud were played. Fifteen couples took part, the winners being Miss Jennie Crocker and Maurice Dore, with a score of 97 less 18, net 79. Mrs. W. S. Martin and C. E. Maud, who played from scratch, were second, with 80. The full scores follow:

HANDICAP MIXED FOURSOMES FOR MRS. C. E. MAUD'S TROPHIES.

Couples.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Dore....	97	18	79
Mrs. W. S. Martin and C. E. Maud....	80	0	80
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and H. W. Sherwood	84	3	81
Miss A. N. Smith and E. B. Braden..	03	10	83
Mrs. H. T. Scott and Capt. J. S. Oyster.	102	18	84
Mrs. H. R. Warner and L. S. White...	104	20	84
Miss Armsby and C. T. Crocker.....	95	10	85
Mrs. Herbert Munn and R. Y. Hayne..	90	3	87
Miss F. B. Ives and Douglas Grant....	95	8	87
Mrs. J. P. Whitney and C. S. Byington.	99	10	89
Mrs. R. G. Hanford and T. B. S. Menzies	100	10	90
C. B. Wingate and Mrs. C. B. Wingate.	108	14	94
Mrs. W. F. George and G. Howard....	116	20	96
Miss Hager and H. Spens-Black.....	97	0	97
The Rev. David M. and Mrs. Crabtree..	118	20	98

On Thursday the only event for men on the schedule was the final round of the Del Monte Cup competition, so the opportunity was taken to hold a Consolation Handicap, over 18 holes, medal play, for men who entered the cup contest but failed either to qualify or to reach the final round. The trophy was a silver cup presented by Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Eighteen entered, the winner being W. J. Austin of

the Pasadena Country Club, who received a handicap of 14 strokes. The best gross score (79) was turned in by R. Y. Hayne. The full scores follow:

MEN'S CONSOLATION HANDICAP FOR MRS. HENRY T. SCOTT'S TROPHY.

Competitors.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
W. J. Austin	82	14	68
L. S. White	91	16	75
Douglas Grant	82	6	76
R. Y. Hayne	79	2	77
E. N. Wright	83	6	77
C. S. Byington	86	6	80
Rev. D. M. Crabtree	92	12	80
Maurice Dore	88	8	80
E. B. Braden	90	10	80
Capt. J. S. Oyster	88	8	80
Rev. E. E. Baker	91	8	83
Rev. S. G. Dunham	95	12	83
C. P. Hebert	96	12	84
Herbert Payne	99	12	87
G. J. Kaime	97	8	89
C. B. Wingate	*	..	..
T. B. S. Menzies	*	16	..
W. S. Martin	*	18	..

*No Returns.

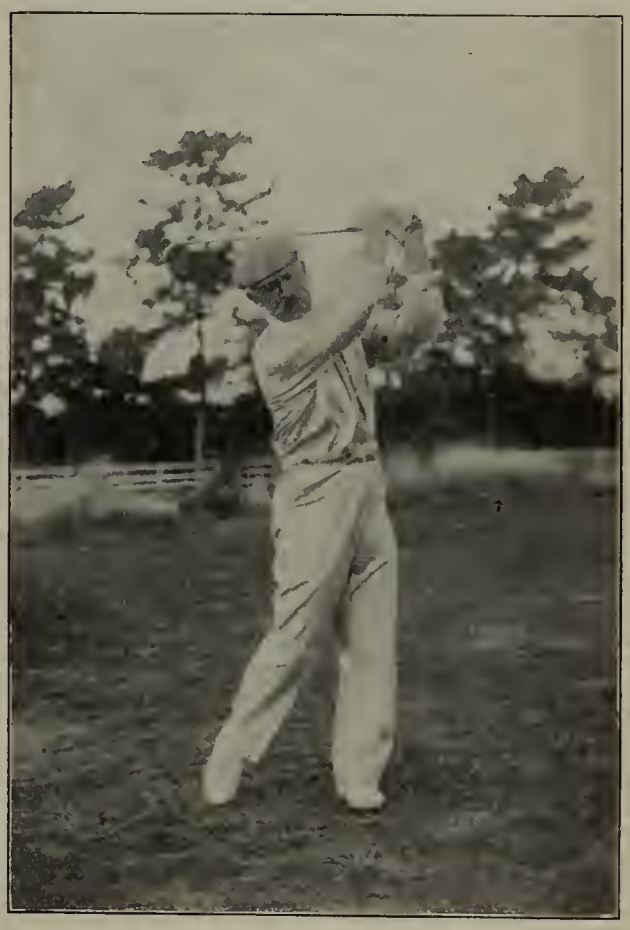
On the afternoon of Friday, the 24th, Handicap Mixed Foursomes for the trophies presented by the Pacific Improvement Company were held over eighteen holes, medal score. Fourteen couples took part, the winners being Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and her son, H. Warner Sherwood, with a score of 83 less 2, net 81. The winners' score was the best gross as well. The full scores follow:

HANDICAP MIXED FOURSOMES FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 24.

Couples.	Gross.	H'c'p.	Net.
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and H. Warner Sherwood	83	2	81
Mrs. C. E. Maud and C. E. Maud	87	4	83
Miss F. B. Ives and Capt. J. S. Oyster	93	10	83
Mrs. C. B. Wingate and C. B. Wingate	101	16	85
Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and L. S. White	99	12	87
Miss A. N. Smith and Douglas Grant	90	3	87
Miss Armsby and C. T. Crocker	95	6	89
Miss J. Crocker and M. Dore	105	16	89
Miss Hager and H. Spens-Black	90	0	90
Mrs. H. T. Scott and Herbert Payne	108	18	90
Mrs. Herbert Munn and C. S. Byington	96	5	91
Miss E. Morgan and T. B. S. Menzies	111	20	91
The Rev. D. M. Crabtree and Mrs. Crabtree	118	20	98
Mrs. R. G. Hanford and R. G. Hanford	105	6	99

On Saturday the Consolation Event, over 36 holes, medal play, with handicap, for men who did not reach the final round of the Cup contest, was held. eighteen holes being played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. The winner proved to be R. Y. Hayne, after a most remarkable struggle with the Rev. S. G. Dunham of the Pasadena Country

Mrs. Herbert Munn (Coronado Country Club)



C. E. Maud at Finish of a Swing

L. S. White and H. Spens-Black in Mixed Foursomes

Club. An account has been given of this contest in the earlier part of this article.

The Consolation Handicap for women who did not reach the final round of the Del Monte Cup contest was played on Saturday morning, eight ladies taking part. Four of these made no returns. The trophy was won by Miss Florence B. Ives of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, whose card showed 92 less 4, net 88. Miss Ives' gross score of 92 was the best made for eighteen holes by a lady during the tournament.

On Sunday seven amateurs and an equal number of professionals took part in an Open Event over 36 holes, medal play, for a purse of $350, to be divided among the professionals, the amateurs resigning all claim to any share. The best score was returned by George Smith of the Claremont Country Club, who won the first award of $115; F. C. Newton of the Claremont Country Club and James Melville, the Del Monte professional, tied for second place with 147 each. Melville won second prize of $75. Alexander Bell of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club took third prize, $50; William Welch of the Santa Barbara Country Club took fourth award, $35; the fifth prize, $30, went to F. J. Reilly of the Burlingame Country Club; the sixth, $25, to William Bradley of the Presidio Golf Club; and the seventh, $20, to James Heelan of the Claremont Country Club. The scores follow:

OPEN EVENT.

Competitors.	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	Total.	Prize.
George Smith	74	71	145	1st
James Melville	73	74	147	2d
F. C. Newton	72	75	147	..
Alexander Bell	77	73	150	3d
William Welch	81	73	154	4th
H. Spens-Black	77	78	155	..
C. E. Maud	74	82	156	..
R. Y. Hayne	80	76	156	..
F. J. Reilly	78	78	156	5th
William Bradley	80	80	160	6th
Douglas Grant	86	77	163	..
C. S. Byington	81	82	163	..
James Heelan	85	83	168	7th
H. Warner Sherwood	86	83	169	..

On Monday afternoon, August 27th, twelve couples took part in Handicap Mixed Foursomes for two handsome trophies presented by Miss Hager. The ladies were permitted to wear any costume they might choose, but the men were constrained to don women's skirts, hats and veils. The event gave rise to an immense amount of fun, ten of the men appearing in feminine attire. H. Warner Sherwood, being tall, slender, beardless and pipe-less, presented the most genuinely un-gentlemanlike appearance. The moustachios and briar pipes of some of the contestants were distinctly unladylike, and their efforts to extract match-boxes from their trousers' pockets were positively startling. Everybody was vastly amused and Miss Hager received many compliments and congratulations upon the event. The winners of a very close contest were Miss Mary Sherwood and R. Y. Hayne, with a gross score of 100 less 42, net 58. The handicaps in the table look enormous, but become intelligible when it is observed that Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and C. E. Maud, both scratch players received 23. The results follow:

HANDICAP MIXED FOURSOMES FOR MISS HAGER'S TROPHIES.

Couples.	Gross.	H'c'p.	Net.
Miss Mary Sherwood and R. Y. Hayne	100	42	58
Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and H. Warner Sherwood	93	33	60
Mrs. W. S. Martin and T. Crocker	91	30	61
Mrs. C. E. Maud and H. Spens-Black	92	30	62
Mrs. H. T. Scott and Maurice Dore	102	37	65
Miss Hager and Douglas Grant	94	25	69
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and C. E. Maud	92	23	69
Miss Armsby and J. Colquhoun	106	33	73
Miss Morgan and Clinton de la Montagne	113	38	75
Miss F. B. Ives and C. S. Byington	103	25	78
Mrs. C. B. Wingate and L. S. White	120	38	82
Miss J. Crocker and S. S. Lowery	*	37	..

*No Returns.

On Tuesday, the 28th, a tournament for caddies was held. Twenty-four, about one-third of whom were from the Claremont Country Club, took part. The sum of fifty-five dollars, contributed by visitors at the Hotel Del Monte, was distributed as follows: E. Espinosa (played from scratch, score 86), $15; J. McCarthy (scratch, 87), $12; Jolmay (scratch, 89), $7; Ardianne (93 less 4, net 89), $7; Foley (96 less 6, net 90), $4; Serano (96 less 6, net 90), $4; Rudolph Molonine (scratch, 91), $3; A. Espinosa ("Little Peanuts," 93, scratch), $1.50; Andrews (99 less 6, net 93), $1.50.

Eight trophies were presented by the Pacific Improvement Company for the winners in the events on the regular schedule and were won by the following: Del Monte Cup for men, C. Templeton Crocker; Runner-up, H. Warner Sherwood; Del Monte Cup for women, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood; Runner-up, Mrs. W. S. Martin; Consolation Handicap for men, R. Y. Hayne; Consolation Handicap for women, Miss Florence B. Ives; Mixed Foursomes, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and H. Warner Sherwood. Seven additional trophies were presented. A trophy for the best score in the qualifying round of the Del Monte Cup for men; given by Charles W. Clark of San Mateo, was won by C. E. Maud; a trophy, also given by Charles W. Clark for best score in the qualifying round of the contest for the Del Monte Cup for women was won by Mrs. W. S. Martin; W. J. Austin of the Pasadena Country Club captured the trophy presented by Mrs. Henry T. Scott for best net score in a Consolation Handicap for men; Miss J. Crocker and Maurice Dore won the trophies presented by Mrs. C. E. Maud for Mixed Foursomes, and Miss Mary Sherwood and R. Y. Hayne captured the trophies presented by Miss Hager for Mixed Foursomes.

Nearly all the trophies were captured by members of the Claremont Country Club or of the Burlingame Country Club. Five trophies went to the Sherwoods of the Claremont Country Club; two to Mrs. W. S. Martin of the Burlingame Country Club, two to R. Y. Hayne, one to C. T. Crocker, one to Miss Janet Crocker and one to Maurice Dore, all of the same club; one to Miss Florence B. Ives and one to C. E. Maud of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club; and one to W. J. Austin of the Pasadena Country Club.

Miss F. B. Ives (S. F. Golf and Country Club)

Real Ladies and Others

The contributors to the prize-fund for the Open Event were Charles W. Clark, $100; Mrs. Charles W. Clark, $50; C. T. Crocker, $50; Mrs. W. S. Martin, $25; the Hotel Del Monte, $25; E. B. Braden, G. J. Kaime, C. B. Wingate, R. G. Hanford and H. H. Sherwood, $10 each; Duane Hopkins, Douglas Grant, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Herbert Payne, E. M. Greenway, T. B. S. Menzies, Captain J. S. Oyster, C. S. Byington, L. S. White and H. Spens-Black, $5 each.

The course and putting-greens were in their usual excellent condition and the weather throughout the tournament was eminently suitable for golfing, being overcast in the mornings but bright and warm later on in the day. On the afternoon of the qualifying round for the Del Monte Cup for women a strong wind blew, which accounts for the rather high scores turned in by the ladies. Mrs. Herbert Munn and Miss Ada N. Smith hardly did themselves justice, as they are accustomed to the "sand greens" of Southern California and were somewhat disconcerted by the well-watered turfed greens of the Del Monte course.

The Fairmont Hotel

How San Francisco's Superb Hostelry—the Finest in the World—is Beginning to Look Under the Process of Restoration. It will be Ready for Occupancy January 1, 1907

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc., beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred English and Llewellyn Setter Pups and Dogs—retrievers and spaniels—trained dogs. Prices reasonable. Write "The Thoroughbred Kennels," Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—I guarantee bear; first-class hunting and fishing. Now is the time to arrange for a trip. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Fifty selected Angora Goat Skins; long, silky wool and nicely tanned. A. E. Colburn, 1204 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422 Marquam Building, Portland, Ore.

* * *

NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS — Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. On receipt of 4c stamp a catalogue will be sent. Rockwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels, W. B. Coutts, Propr., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

PREHISTORIC Indian flint and stone specimens, modern Indian trophies, Navajo blankets, elk tusks, antique guns and pistols, pioneer crockery, stamps, coins and minerals, illustrated lists, 5c. Address, N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL, Well-Trained Llewellyn Setter, two and one-half years old. Want 20 gauge shot gun or best offers. Can use 25-20 Marlin or Winchester, Dr. J. Claude Wingo, Rock Springs, Wyo.

* * *

PRECIOUS and semi-precious gems and stones cut and mounted to order. We make a specialty of gold nugget and gold quartz work, and guarantee absolute satisfaction, quick service and moderate prices. Unique and beautiful designs. We pay highest prices for native gems in the rough, also for gold nuggets and dust. We refer by permission to the Editor of this paper.

THE HABERL LAPIDARY & JEWELRY CO.,
1612 Stout St., Denver, Colo.

O. W. NORDWELL

TAILOR

Desires to call your attention to his New Selection of

ENGLISH and SCOTCH IMPORTATIONS

FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER
1906-1907

PRESENT LOCATION
1812 Washington St., near Van Ness Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SHREVE & Company

will occupy about September 15th their temporary building at

Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

Complete Stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, ETC., now on sale at

Post Street and Grant Avenue

THAT GOOD OLD "SMITH."

They say "It never rains but it pours," and surely Dame Fortune is exceeding kind in her bounty to the Hunter Arms Co. these days.

They had hardly ceased to rejoice over the Grand American handicap having been won by a Smith gun, before a Smith Automatic Ejector fitted with the Hunter one-trigger won the Grand Eastern Handicap in Philadelphia July 19th; and to just top the climax, this gun was in the hands of their representative, Mr. Harvey McMurchy.

Harvey, you know, is known as the "Gentlemanly Mack," and when he is equipped with the Smith Automatic Ejector fitted with the Hunter one-trigger, he certainly can shoot *some*.

Just think how much of winning has been theirs this season:

1. The Gold Medal at the Lewis and Clark Exposition on both the Smith gun and the Hunter one-trigger.

2. The Grand American Handicap under the most difficult possible conditions.

3. And now the Grand Eastern Handicap in the hands of Mr. McMurchy equipped with his life-long friend, the famous L. C. Smith gun and the Hunter one-trigger.

Surely they have a right to feel proud of their victories, which every one concedes were fairly and worthily won.

The Hunter Arms Co. has recently issued a most beautiful dog picture to hang in one's den or on the office wall, and authorize us to say that they will supply one without any printing on it for 25 cents to anyone who applies for same. The painting is by the famous artist, Osthaus, and is executed in his best vein. It is a genuine and valuable work of art, and at the price mentioned is a veritable snap. Better send for one before the supply is exhausted.

* * *

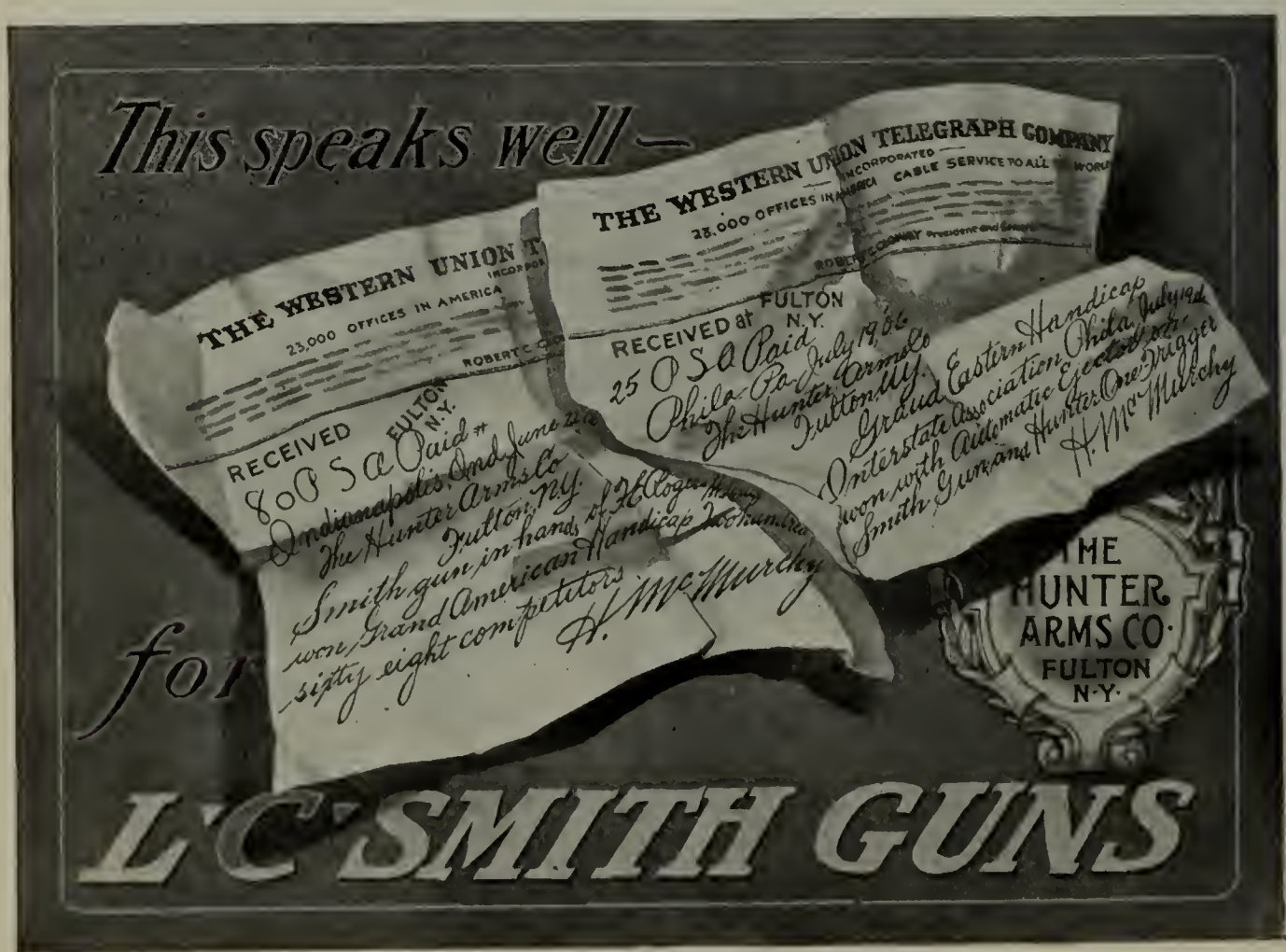
"MARBLE'S SPECIALTIES FOR SPORTSMEN"

is the title of a valuable little booklet just issued by the Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich. It is a beautifully illustrated brochure of some fifty-six pages and cover and should be in the hands of every sportsman in the world. Among the hundred and one good things pictured and described therein we note particularly a new "Marble trick," on page thirty-one—the Marble Adjustable Leaf Sight, a cut of which is herewith appended. In this sight the leaf is firmly held in position by the spring of the long flat part when either up or down, and can be instantly put in either position. When folded down it permits a free use of peep and front sights.

The notch-piece is held at elevation desired by the screw at its side, and is also reversible. The V-shaped notch is for use with Rocky Mountain Front Sight. The half round notch is for use with Bead Front Sights.

In addition to its utility as a middle sight it serves as a check to detect any deviation in the alignment of the other sights.

We earnestly advise all sportsmen to send for a copy of this book, which will be gratuitously supplied on application.



ANNEXED IN AUGUST.

At Lincoln, Ill., August 1st, Mr. Harry W. Kahler, shooting Peters factory loaded shells, won high general average with a score of 192 out of 200.

At Danville, Ill., next day Mr. Kahler shot a 100-bird race with Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, Illinois representative of the Peters Cartridge Company. The former broke 95, and Cad, just to show that he could rise to an emergency, scored 99.

At the annual meeting of the New England Military Rifle Association at Wakefield, Mass., July 23d, to 28th, individual match at 300 yards and individual match at 600 yards were won by Capt. Stuart W. Wise. The Glines match at 800 yards was won by Sergt. H. Baptist. Both of these gentlemen used Peters factory loaded 30-calibre government ammunition.

At the meeting of the New York State Rifle Association at Creedmoor, July 25th to 31st, the Company Team match, the Old Guard match and the Cruikshank Trophy match were won by the Seventy-first Regiment team, using Peters 30-calibre bullet. The high scores made by the members of the winning team in the McAlpin Trophy match were also made with Peters bullet.

The Rapid-fire Re-entry Revolver match, the Disappearing Target Revolver match, and the Re-entry Pistol match were won by Mr. Thomas Anderton, using Peters factory loaded ammunition.

Sergt. W. F. Leushner won the Members match at 200, 300 and 500 yards with Peters 30-40 factory loaded cartridges.

These numerous victories will further emphasize the fact clearly established at previous military tournaments, that Peters ammunition, both for 30-calibre and small arms, is decidedly superior to all other makes. These goods, like all others bearing Peters' name, are given the most minute and exacting care from start to finish. No detail however insignificant is overlooked, and it has been conceded that the science of manufacturing high power service ammunition has been brought to its fullest development by the Peters Company, and their large calibre cartridges bid fair to rival the wonderful little 22-short in the persistency in which the latter has won championships and established high standards.

At Audubon, Ia., August 2d and 3d, Mr. C. D. Linderman of Cortland, Neb., won second high general average with his score of 382 out of 400, which is 95½ per cent, and only one bird behind the high gun. Mr. Linderman shot Peters High Gun factory loaded shells.

At the Indian shoot, Parkersburg, W. Va., August 7th, 8th and 9th, Mr. L. B. Fleming of Pittsburg, Pa., won high amateur average, using Peters factory loaded shells. Mr. Fleming's score was 568 out of 600, or 94.7 per cent.

At the tournament of the Derryfield Gun Club, Manchester, N. H., on August 4th, Mr. Eugene O. Reed established a new record for the state with his score of 97 out of 100, using Peters factory loaded Ideal shells.

Mr. J. H. Fanning won high professional average at the tournament of the Amesbury Gun Club, Hampton Beach, Mass., August 8th, using Peters factory loaded shells.

At Chehalis, Washington, August 5th, high average for the day was won by Mr. Harry Gilchrist of Centralia, Wash., who also made a run of 120 straight. Mr. Gilchrist used Peters factory loaded shells.

At the Kansas City tournament, August 14th, 15th and 16th, Mr. Wm. Veach of Falls City, Neb., won the Elliott Interstate Championship trophy with a straight score of 25 live birds. On the second day Mr. Veach was also high in the 20-bird race.

In the Championship event Mr. C. A. Young was the only professional to go straight. Both scores were remarkable, not only because neither man missed a bird, but because both were shot under the sliding handicap. Mr. Veach began at twenty-eight yards, stepping back one yard every five birds, the last five being killed from thirty-two yards. Mr. Young scored five from thirty-one yards, five from thirty-two yards, and the remaining fifteen from thirty-three yards. Both the above named gentlemen used Peters factory loaded shells.

The Bouquet and Exquisite Flavor of

HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

Is Due to its High Character and the Refinement of Age

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"THE SHOOTER'S BIBLE"

is the name familiarly applied by sportsmen the world over to the excellent "Hand Book" issued annually by the Ideal Mfg. Co., of New Haven, Conn.

The seventeenth edition of the Ideal Hand Book is veritably what its sub-caption indicates—a great mass of valuable information for shooters. In its 152 closely printed pages Brother J. H. Barlow has compressed about everything worth knowing by rifle, pistol and shotgun shooters. All the tricks, knacks, wrinkles and quips of shooting and the utilization of shooting appliances and devices are fully elucidated herein by experts who have made an intelligent life study of ballistics, and the meat of their extended experiments is freely dished up for the guild's good. Of course, Brother John gets a bit of advertising on the side, but it is along lines that are of peculiar and positive benefit to brother shooters, and it is a positive pleasure to read of the good things that he is producing for our benefit.

Take the advice of an old mossback and send instanter to the Ideal Co. for a copy of this valuable book. If you don't find your full account in it the editor of "Western Field" will gladly pay the freight. Send a stamp when writing, if you have one. If not, the book will come any way.

* * *

A VALUABLE SOUVENIR.

Among the hundreds of souvenir publications issued in this city since the great disaster, none is more interesting than the beautiful little booklet issued by the American National Bank of San Francisco.

In it are portrayed in most excellent half-tone pictures, the Clearing House Banks of San Francisco as they appeared more than thirty days after the fire. These pictures convey a valuable object lesson, strongly elucidating the old adage that things are not always what they seem. For a cursory glance would convey the impression of utter wreck and irretrievable ruin, when in reality these financial institutions were never in better condition in all their history. Their wise conservatism during times of ease qualified them to be courageous in the hour of disaster and today they are towers of financial strength, greater than before the time of trial, with untold millions at their command and with credits actually enhanced by their awful ordeal.

The booklet is therefore doubly valuable, in that its illustrations prove that financial strength cannot be estimated by physical appearance.

* * *

IT IS ABSOLUTE FOLLY

to keep valuables in an office safe. Here is the proof: Carefully collected statistics show that between sixty and seventy per cent of the portable "fireproof" safes in the Chicago, Baltimore, Boston and Portland fires were a total loss, together with their contents. In the San Francisco fire it is already apparent that only a small number of these safes survived. Many that seemed in excellent condition were found completely destroyed inside—even the wooden shelving. The contents of thousands of safes were immediately consumed upon being exposed to the air two weeks after the fire, when the safes were opened; the savings of a lifetime were lost in the shape of bonds, stocks and other negotiable securities, mortgages, notes, jewelry and priceless family heirlooms. How much better would it have been to have paid the small rent of a dependable safe deposit vault box, such as are offered the public by the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank Safe Deposit Vaults of this city! In the recent terrible conflagration these vaults were absolutely intact in every particular, the contents being even free from the slightest damage by smoke. They came through the fire and quake like veritable salamanders and the values preserved thereby are incalculable.

Absolute safety from disturbance of any kind is the most engaging feature of these strongholds. Your hand is the only one that can unlock a box in the Crocker-Woolworth vaults. No unauthorized person —*even if in possession of your key*—can get access thereto, under the perfect system employed. While the matter is fresh in your mind, go and investigate the advantages offered you by these boxes. You will be courteously received, and, our word for it, you will immediately become a patron of these most assured of modern safeguards.

BALLISTITE

DENSE POWDER

Winner of the Amateur Championship :: :: :: :: :: :: :: Tournament results this last year have established its supremacy. : :

EMPIRE
Bulk Powder

Ballistite success will be duplicated by the Empire. :: :: :: :: ::

BAKER & HAMILTON
Coast Agents
SAN FRANCISCO
SACRAMENTO LOS ANGELES

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn** and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

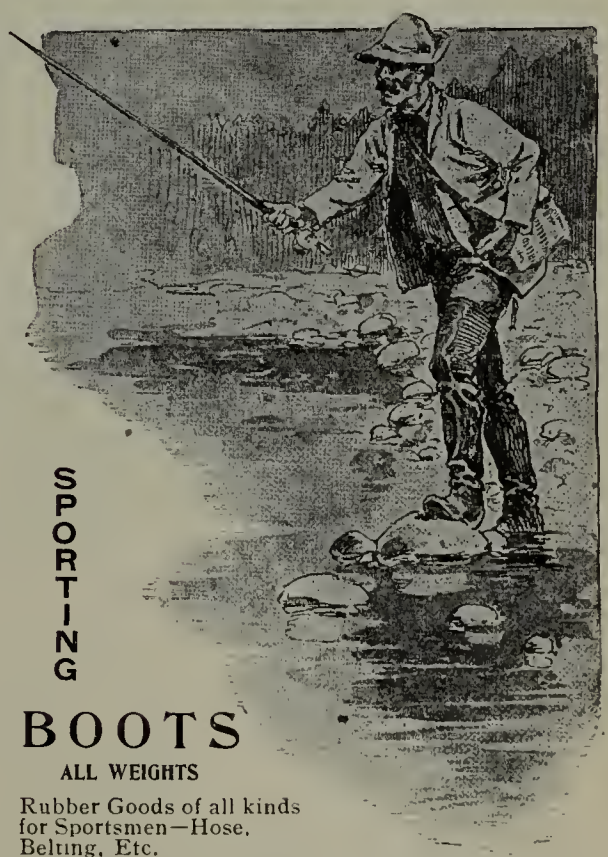
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

CREME DE CAMELIA

A SOOTHING APPLICATION FOR SUNBURN, INSECT BITES AND POISON OAK, BEING ALMOST A SPECIFIC IN THE LATTER COMPLAINT

TROY PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK



SPORTING

BOOTS
ALL WEIGHTS

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.
138-140 First St. Phone Temporary 346 San Francisco

HIMSELF

One of the best known campers in the west on the summit of the Olympic Mountains. 2,000 feet below he made camp and in his tepee he had a

COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET

He says, "We camped where it was wet, were rained on and snowed up for three days but the COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET and AIR BED made good through it all and beats the blanket bed or sleeping bag so far that there is no comparison."

HIS CAMP

Send at once for Comfort Sleeping Pocket Circular, it not only describes it fully but tells what others think of it.

METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO., Reading, Mass.

A NEW USE FOR "3 IN 1."

In the month of March, 1906, the G. W. Cole Co., manufacturers of the world famous "3 in 1" oil, offered $50 for the best new use to which their product could be adapted. Among the hundreds of answers specifying various new uses received by the company, the best use was adjudged to be that of employing it to clean glass and glassware of all descriptions and keep it "spick and span." As twenty-one different people specified this same use, the prize of $50 in cash was divided among them.

These writers reported wonderful results in cleaning and keeping clean glass of all kinds, from watch crystals to plate windows, from electric light bulbs to cut glass table service, by the simple application of a very little "3-in-1" applied on a cloth and the surfaces then rubbed thoroughly with dry cloth or chamois.

From the multitudinous reports of varying uses to which "3 in 1" has been adapted by its enthusiastic admirers, we should not wonder if some one were to report that he used it regularly on his hot cakes every morning. That would not be wonderful if it proves to taste as well as it smells and looks.

* * *

NOT ALL THE WINNINGS OF THE PARKER

But just a few exceptional and remarkable scores are herewith noted as a reminder to the fraternity that Parkers are pre-eminently prize-winners:

At Hamilton, Ont., August 8th to 10th, D. MacMacken won championship of Canada, shooting Parker gun.

D. MacMacken and Mr. Johnson shooting Parker guns tied on 50 straight for this event, Mr. MacMacken winning in the shoot-off. The Grand Canadian Handicap and highest total average was also won with Parker guns.

The Parker carried off about all the honors worth mention at Hamilton.

W. R. Crosby, one of the world's best, shooting the Parker gun at Indian Shoot, Parkersburg, W. Va., August 7th to 10th, carried off high general score. Five hundred and eighty-three out of 600, three days.

Walter Huff, shooting Parker, made score 564 out of 600.

W. R. Crosby also made a good record with the Parker gun at Philadelphia Eastern Handicap, with 544 out of 730 for the three days, July 17-18-19.

Geo. K. Mackie of Scammon, Kan., an amateur, with his Parker gun, has made some corking records.

At Carthage, Mo., July 10-11, second high average 381 out of 400, with a straight run of 125 on the 11th.

At Lincoln, Neb., in June, second high average, 466 out of 500.

At Schmelzers Park, Kansas City, in April, straight run of 101.

At Great Bend, Kan., April 18-20, Mr. Mackie was one of five men to make 397 out of 400, all with "The Old Reliable."

At Winona, Minn., Mr. Guy Deering, with the Parker gun, was high average, 153 out of 170.

At Brady, Texas, June 28th, Mr. M. E. Atchison, shooting Parker gun (sliding handicap 16-20 yards), broke 368 out of 400.

At Shreveport, La., July 3-4, 519 out of 550.

At Shashall, Texas, July 6th, 130 out of 150.

At Abilene, Texas, July 9-10-11, 452 out of 500.

At University of Virginia, July 26th, the Parker gun carried off both professional and amateur high average, as follows: Mr. Walter Huff, 168 out of 175; G. L. Bruffey, 162 out of 175.

At Circleville, Ohio, July 27th, F. D. Alkire won first average, 183 out of 200, also first average at Yellow Bud, O., August 2, 1906, with the Parker gun.

The "Old Reliable Parker Gun" has made and is making thousands of records equally as good as these, proving that its time-tried and proven merits, strength and shooting qualities cannot be equaled. Write Parker Bros., for gun information, address Meriden, Conn., Dept. A.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

NOW OPEN

Complete stock
CARPETS . . .
ORIENTAL RUGS
FURNITURE . .
DRAPERIES, Etc.

Sutter and Van Ness

PFLUEGER'S

CELEBRATED
FISHING
TACKLE

has stood the test a quarter of a century. We make all sorts of baits, spoons, flies, snell-hooks, lines, leaders, reels, and a number of patented specialties that anglers need. If you wish the most killing artificial bait, spoon, fly, or spinner, insist on having

Pflueger's Luminous

If unable to secure our goods from your dealer let us know and we will send you some interesting information.

—THE—
ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

THE SATISFIED SPORTSMAN

Is the one who has a rifle that fulfills all his requirements.

A rifle that can be depended on in cases of emergencies. Such a one will be found in the

SAVAGE "TAKE DOWN" RIFLE
(Caliber 303, 30-30, 32-40, 38-55, 25-35)

A new model easily and quickly taken apart for cleaning or packing, and reassembled without the aid of any tool. The "Take Down" feature in no way interferes with the strength or accuracy of the weapon. It has a 26-inch barrel, with cylindrical magazine. Weight 7 3-4 pounds. Send for Catalogue and full description.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY
319 Turner St., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

. . . SOME . . .

LAFLIN & RAND

WINS

Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17
(Interstate Association's Southern Handicap Tournament)-FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE

Vicksburg, Miss., May 7-8
FIRST and SECOND AMATEUR AVERAGES.

Tulsa, I. T., May 7-9
FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE.

New London, Ia., May 8-10
FIRST, SECOND and THIRD AMATEUR AVERAGES.

Columbus, Ohio, May 9-11
FIRST and SECOND GENERAL AVERAGES.

INFALLIBLE, NEW E. C. (Improved) and **NEW SCHULTZE, Make Good**

California Powder Works
AGENTS
SAN FRANCISCO

BULLETIN OF PROGRESS PUBLISHED BY THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE JULY 31, 1906.

Wonderful activity has been shown in all lines in San Francisco during the month of July, and reconstruction work has been pushed with vigor.

There was a loss of 335,000 of the city's population during the first month after the fire, and it is estimated that more than 200,000 have returned, while 50,000 are waiting in nearby cities for accommodations in order that they may return. The present population is estimated at 365,000.

Transcontinental railroads report eastbound travel as normal, while westbound travel is far above normal.

The number of people receiving relief in the city has been reduced from 225,000 during the first week, to less than 17,000.

Hotel accommodations are now satisfactory, and are fast being placed in condition to care for all who may come.

Dealers in all lines note a demand for high class articles. Those who stocked with cheap goods, especially in the line of clothing, have been disappointed and are hurrying orders for better goods.

Seven theaters are playing to good houses every evening. Others are in course of erection.

Labor supply shows but little improvement. There is great demand for ordinary laborers, and in all departments of the building trades.

In the State conditions indicate one of the most prosperous years in the history of California. Banks report good business. Crops are exceptionally good, especially grain. Labor is in demand at good wages for harvesting grain and fruit.

Reports from mining districts indicate a greater output of mineral wealth than for several years past.

The following summary shows conditions in San Francisco:

July building permits issued, 470. Value $3,514,000.
Real estate transfers, 610.
Building contracts recorded, 132. Value $1,282,506.
Bank clearings, $160,631,793.87. Increase over July of 1905, 8¾ per cent.
Tonnage of the port of San Francisco, 63,489.
Class A buildings being rehabilitated, 35.
Class A buildings occupied, 18.
Permanent buildings under construction, 66.
*Temporary buildings under construction, 4500.
*Firms doing business in burned district, 6000.
*Number of men doing construction work, 25,000.
Average number of cars of debris removed daily, 100.
(*Estimated.)

* * *

A NEW STEVENS PISTOL.

The Stevens No. 35 Offhand Target Pistol, a cut of which is herewith appended, was brought out to take care of the demand for a target pistol heavier than the "Diamond," and at a popular price. It has the heavy butt of the "Lord," "Conlin" and "Gould" models, giving it a wonderful balance and hang. It will be supplied with six-inch barrel, weight one pound six ounces, and eight-inch barrel, weight one pound ten ounces, to handle .22 and .25-calibre rim-

fire ammunition, the .22-calibre taking .22 shorts, longs, long rifles, and .22 special Stevens-Pope Armory cartridges. It will be guaranteed to have the Stevens accuracy for which all Stevens rifles and pistols are noted, and is offered at a very low price, considering its high quality.

EMIL W. HAGBOM
Formerly with James W. Bell Son & Co.
New York

EDWARD MILLS
Late of
Bullock & Jones
San Francisco

MILLS & HAGBOM

TAILORS AND IMPORTERS

CORNER FRANKLIN AND O'FARRELL STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Are now ready to Fill Orders for FINE CLOTHES. The Very Choicest English and Scotch Woolens can be found at this place. . . . . .

Model 16, Light-Weight 16-Gauge Shotgun. The lightest gun and the lightest load that will do the work, mark the greatest pleasure for the sportsman; the reduced weight of gun and shells to be carried is truly a blessing, readily appreciated by the experienced hunter.

The *Marlin* Model 16 is the only light-weight repeating shotgun made, and so well is it built of selected material, with the special *Marlin* method of boring and choking, that it is actually more effective than most of the 12-gauge guns of a few years ago.

All the features of the famous *Marlin* 12-gauge are present in the Model 16. The solid top and side ejector—the automatic hang-fire safety recoil block—the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrel—the solid matted rib on the frame—the beautiful hang and finish—but each part is made a little smaller, a little lighter and a little neater.

All the parts of the breech and the closed-in action are made of the time-tried *Marlin* steel drop forgings and are very strong.

The barrel is guaranteed to pattern over 240 pellets No. 7½ shot in a 30-in. circle at 35 yards. No quail or woodcock can get through a pattern like this, and for grouse, prairie chickens, teal, wood ducks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., this gun is unsurpassed.

Write TO-DAY for our Catalog, which describes in detail the Model 16, as well as the full *Marlin* line of guns; mailed free for six cents in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 51 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

GOOD WORK WELL DONE.

Reports received by the California Promotion Committee from Colvin B. Brown, manager of the Eastern Bureau, recently established in New York, show that good work is being done in the way of interesting Easterners in California. Many callers go to the headquarters of the Bureau, where full information about all parts of California is given, together with literature from all parts of the State. In addition to the distribution of literature from all counties, Brown is arranging a series of lectures throughout the East, illustrated with lantern slides, showing the particular features of each county, so that a clear and comprehensive knowledge may be gained by the listeners of the whole State of California.

Brown's work has proven of great value already, although he has been established less than a month, and many inquiries are coming to the home office of the Committee, from people who have been interested in California through the Eastern Bureau. The work of this Bureau will be constantly broadened and all of California will feel the effect of this persistent and systematic campaign of the California Promotion Committee.

While the work of the Committee is for the whole State, it is supported entirely by the business men of San Francisco, who are broad-minded enough to see that by building up California they will help San Francisco. The Committee has been especially busy since the great fire in its propaganda, and through eastern newspapers and magazines it has achieved a circulation of its articles since June 1st of more than forty million.

The Committee is anxious that every county in California should receive benefit from its liberal campaign for the State, and it has called on all counties for literature, lantern slides, and articles showing the advantages of the particular county, in order that its home office, in California Building in Union Square, San Francisco, and its Eastern Bureau in New York, may be fully equipped so as to be able to answer all questions that may be asked.

A MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL.

It will interest periodical readers to know that Walter A. Johnson, formerly of Doubleday, Page & Company, has, with others, purchased "The Four-Track News" from Mr. George H. Daniels, and beginning with the October issue the new publishers will change the name to "The Travel Magazine." The pages will be enlarged to accommodate more beautiful pictures, to be superbly printed on the finest paper throughout the magazine. The new title, it is believed, will enable others, besides the several hundred thousands of people who have already been readers of "The Four-Track News," to better understand the publishers' intention of making a helpful and interesting magazine, which is to tell people, in a practical way, when, where, and how to go; in short, the magazine is to be more than ever an exponent of the travel idea.

The number of people who travel in this country and abroad has been increasing rapidly of recent years. Well-to-do people are more and more seeking new recreation and changes in environment winter and summer. Active-minded men and women seek opportunities for new interests and occupations which travel opens up. Altogether, "The Travel Magazine" will have a wide and delightful field to fill, and as the new publisher has taken an active part in the promotion of Doubleday, Page & Company's magazines, "Country Life in America," "The Garden Magazine," etc., during the past five years, it is probable that the periodical will fill it well.

* * *

THE USUAL RESULT.

At the famous annual meet of the National Rifle Association held at Bisley, England, in July, the Colt Revolver won again the Whitehead Challenge Cup, the Gold Badge, and the Gold and Silver Medals.

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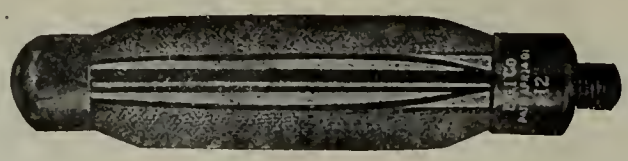

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A "STRAIGHT" RECORD OF VICTORIES.

Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" shotgun shells continue to carry off the honors at the traps as another important shooting event, the Grand Canadian Handicap, has been added to the long list of honors won this year with these shells. The Canadian Handicap was won by W. P. Thompson of Hamilton, on the splendid score of 49 out of 50 targets, shooting the "Leader" shells. Shooters of these shells also won the Grand American Handicap and the Southern Handicap, and innumerable other important events of this year.

At the big annual pow-wow and target tournament of the "Indian's," which was held at Parkersburg, W. Va., August 7th to 10th, W. R. "Billy" Crosby, "Chief Kinnekinnic," was the king bee, he being the high average man of the tournament with the score of 583 out of 600. As is well known, Mr. Crosby always shoots the Winchester "Leader" shells.

Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, the phenomenal lady shot, continues to make the professionals of the sterner sex sit up and take notice. At the Palestine, Texas, shoot, August 8th, she captured second high general average with the score of 189 out of 200, and was only four targets behind the winner, a well-known professional trap shooter. Mrs. Topperwein always shoots a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells.

At Boston, August 10th, Mr. R. Hodson, shooting Winchester "Repeater" shells, carried off the honors, breaking 121 out of 125 targets.

At Shelby, Iowa, August 12th, Mr. C. G. Spencer, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells, was high gun, with 200 straight, not missing a single target on the programme of the day.

At Atglen, Pa., August 14th, J. M. Hawkins repeated what Mr. Spencer did at Shelby. The programme events of the day called for 200 targets and Mr. Hawkins, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells, scored the 200 straight.

The meteoric rise in the trap shooting firmament of many shooters after they have commenced to use the Winchester "Leader" and Winchester "Repeater" shells has been the subject of much remark and has a meaning of deep significance to those knowing in trap shooting matters. Noteworthy instances of this are the careers of J. R. Barkley and E. O'Brien, and particularly their recent shooting. At Carthage, Mo., Mr. Barkley won high amateur average for the two days' tournament, with the splendid score of 390 out of 400. Mr. H. Dixon was second with 387. At Rockford, Ill., Mr. Barkley was high, with 438 out of 450. At this tournament Mr. Barkley shot in the Championship Diamond Medal event and was high with 49 out of 50. At Lowell, Ind., he won high average, with 380 out of 400. At Chicago, Ill., he captured the high average again with 197 out of 200, making a run of 163 straight at this shoot. E. O'Brien very nearly made a clean score at Neodoshea, when he scored 199 out of 200, winning high average for the shoot. At Roff, I. T., C. M. Parrish, Lee Dowdy and W. B. Crowder won first, second and third amateur averages respectively, in a heavy rain storm. In Texas Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, the world's champion lady trap shooter, is setting a pace few can follow. At Corsicana she won high amateur average for the two days' tournament, shooting from both the seventeen, eighteen and twenty-yard marks, and scored 96.2 per cent. At New Lebanon, Wis., Mr. H. C. Herschy was high gun with 143 out of 150, shooting a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells.

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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 9 OCTOBER, 1906 No. 3

AN EXPLANATION

THE generous use of high-quality and artistic half-tone plates in illustration of its articles has always been a leading feature of WESTERN FIELD. From all parts of the world have come letters of cordial commendation of its pictorial excellence, and much of our gratifying popularity is due to this particular feature. The absence of all pictorial matter from the body text of this issue therefore requires explanation.

WESTERN FIELD demands, and will admit to its pages, only the best efforts of American photographers and engravers, nothing mediocre being at all considered. Owing to a set of conditions originating outside of this office, and which require no discussion here, the last complement of half-tone blocks executed for us were far below our required standard and so were rejected. The time at our disposal was too short to admit of more than one more extra attempt by the engravers on this set of pictures; the result was still unsatisfactory and they were again rejected, we preferring the extremity of running no pictures at all—IN THIS ONE ISSUE ONLY—to putting out inferior and unworthy work. The readers of WESTERN FIELD are logically entitled to the best of everything—and they are going to get it! In our NEXT and ALL SUCCEEDING ISSUES our old time pictorial values will continuously reappear, and it will be our assiduous effort to make this feature even more attractive than before.

In this issue, therefore, we are offering our readers an unusually large amount of choice reading matter in the hope that it will offset our illustrative deficiency, and atone in a measure for a fault that was not entirely ours, and which, under present San Francisco conditions, could not be averted. We base our request to our readers' kind indulgence on our future efforts to make good, not only in this but in all other directions.

THE EDITOR.

WHEN THE DUCKS CAME BACK

By Tom Marshall

FRESNO COUNTY contains one of the finest duck-hunting places in California. Along the southern part of the county runs the Kings River, that geographical mystery, which rises somewhere and empties nowhere. The peculiar topography of this portion of the San Joaquin Valley explains the mystery. The river rises in the high Sierras, fed in the spring time by the melting snows. It leaps down through vast granite ledges and gorges which are known as the Kings River Canon. It is a weary way for the traveler, but those who have taken the journey claim that the scenery rivals the famous Yosemite itself.

After its wild career of youth the river quietly glides down into the level valley where it chooses its own course and meanders aimlessly. A survey of the country shows that it has chosen different channels several times within the last century. So great is the washing of silt that the bottom is never twice alike, a fact which has brought disaster to many an unwary bather.

In former times the stream, after flowing through an almost desert region and being half drunk up by the thirsty land, lazily spreads out into three parts. The north fork made its way into the San Joaquin River; the middle fork lost itself in a great tract of swampy land known as the Kings River Sloughs which terminated in Summit Lake; the south branch flowed through Kings County and fed Tulare Lake.

For the past fifteen years there have been comparatively light snows in the mountains. During that time the Fresno Canal and Irrigation Company have been constructing a vast system of canals and ditches until now there are five thousand miles of these in Fresno County. The water for these is taken out of the Kings River and the desert has been made to blossom as the rose. The light snowfall and the use of the water for irrigation purposes have caused the north and south forks to vanish, leaving only dry water courses. Great dikes were thrown up to protect the country against the possibility of high water and enterprising land agents began to sell the reclaimed lands.

Tulare Lake, which we all remember on the maps of California as a pretentious affair, gradually dried up until it was but a good-sized pond four miles across. The rich sediment soil was the best wheat land in the world. Settlers flocked in and took up holdings, and on the land where the Indians once speared fish, thriving villages sprung up and thousands of acres of wheat were planted. A crop for a single season more than paid for the land and the owners were jubilant. They even looked avariciously at the small expanse of water and figured on planting it as soon as it dried up. It looked as if the ancestral home of the duck was mortgaged for more than it was worth.

Then came the season of 1906. The snow fell in vast quantities in the Sierras. Even the foothills were covered with the filmy whiteness. The old timers shook their heads and recollected the year when Tulare Lake was fed by Kings River until it was fifty miles across. Early rains followed the season of heavy snow. The river began to rise. Gradually at first and then a foot at a time it came up until it reached the top of its banks. Then it spread out until checked by the dikes. It hunted out its old courses and before the startled settlers of the Tulare Lake region realized what had happened it overleaped their levees and was overflowing the old lake bed. Thousands of acres of standing wheat almost ready for the harvester went under water. Homes were abandoned to the waters. I have driven over a road within the year which is now ten feet under water. Tops of combined harvesters and roofs of houses are sorry monuments of the guilelessness of man.

The home of the duck has been restored to him with the mortgage paid. Millions of them

have taken advantage of the prospect of prosperity. The grain, almost ready to harvest and floating to the surface, has given them ample food. Never were there so many fat ducks in California before. They are literally grain fed. It is now as it was in the beginning. Those who complained that ducks were being exterminated need but to gaze upon this now virgin hunting ground to be convinced. If the pot hunter and market thief can be kept off the lake there will be fine sport there for years to come.

In telling of Tulare Lake I have wandered fifty miles from the Kings River sloughs and Summit Lake. These are located on the Laguna de Tache, a vast tract of land containing 72,000 acres and extending for twenty miles along the Kings River. This was formerly an old Mexican grant and was used for a cattle range. It was finally acquired by an English syndicate and under the management of two enterprising men, Nares and Saunders, was thrown open for colonization. This began five years ago. At that time there was only one house on the grant. Now there are four thousand people settled in and about the town of Laton, a village of five hundred people. At the east end of the grant is Kingsburg, another growing town. School houses, churches and homes have taken the place of the sheep herders' camp, and the home of the coyote has given way to the hen roost.

But on the sloughs it is different. These swampy lands are only fit for cattle and here in almost impassable morasses the duck and goose live in security. Only with one who is familiar with the country is it safe to enter these native wilds. The game is farther protected by Nares and Saunders, who are thorough sportsmen and do not allow any one to shoot without a permit, keeping an overseer on the ground constantly to keep away poachers.

It was in this country that I opened the duck season last year. The party was composed of Dr. Charles W. Hardman of Laton, "Peggy" Frayer of New York, John Pitts, a member of the company's surveying party, and myself. In a spring wagon, well stored with provisions, we started for the sloughs. On the road we passed the remnant of an old Indian fort, built by the de Tache Indians. From a cemetery near there many skeletons and relics have been taken. A few of the tribe still linger in the neighborhood. They are almost civilized, tilling farms in peace. Their chief delight is to appear on circus days arrayed in brilliant hues. If they can get a little fire water they are jubilant. A good deal wipes out civilization for the time being.

We made our way along roads that were bounded on either side with orchards and fields of alfalfa. Frequently we crossed irrigation canals which at this season of the year were dry as the water had been shut off in August when it was no longer needed. Gradually the houses became farther and farther apart and much land was not under cultivation. A dozen miles from Laton we reached the surveyors' camp, the last outpost of settlement. From this point we traversed a level country, the monotony being broken only by great dikes which the land company had caused to be built to keep the country from inundation. The following year these saved a vast section from being overflowed, the settlers on the grant being better protected than their neighbors of the Tulare Lake region.

Long lines of swamp willows began to be seen and soon we entered upon a trail that wound in and out through a thicket which appeared well nigh impassable. Guided by the faithful John who seemed to keep his bearings without difficulty, a mystery to the rest of us, we crossed a sandy stretch which he told us was the old north fork. For a couple of miles we followed the trail until we came in sight of an interminable sea of tules. Near by was a clump of willows and here we pitched our camp. Having tethered our horses and made everything secure we started out to find a suitable location to begin the morrow's shooting.

We were informed by John that the first of a series of ponds lay a quarter mile to the north. We headed in that direction and soon came in sight of it. Such a sight never before met my gaze. It was literally covered with geese! Fortunately we were on the lookout for them and hence were able to get within range before being discovered. Several fine birds found their way into our game sacks. We then proceeded to build blinds on the four sides of the pond. These we constructed of willows, and most innocent they appeared. There was nothing farther to be done until morning so we returned to camp to ease our appetites.

As night came on it brought with it a myriad of strange sounds. Those queer water birds, the little green herons, kept up a hideous cry. Frogs croaked dolorously. Occasionally we heard the quack of a duck or the *swish-swish* of a band of geese invisible far above us. No sooner had we lit our campfire than we were greeted by the *ky-y, ky-y* of what seemed like a myriad of coyotes in the neighboring tules. Occasionally we could see their eyes gleaming for an instant. Then all would be still for a brief time when the chorus would be resumed. Not once did we get sight of the form of one of them, but at intervals through the night we heard their dismal wail.

By four in the morning we started for the blinds. We flipped a coin to see who would take the north one, this being undesirable as the approach to it could only be made by crawling through mud for a hundred yards. It was my fortune to get it. Before daylight we were all in our stations. Gradually the sun came up and when it was light enough to see, a sight met our gaze that was enough to make the most melancholy sportsman's heart light. There were hundreds of ducks on the pond. At a preconcerted signal we made ready. A shot was fired at the south end. The ducks rose from the water and began circling above us. The bombardment began in earnest. We emptied and reloaded our guns as fast as possible. Bird after bird took the death plunge. When the last one was out of range we stopped to gather our killed. There on the surface of the pond lay thirty-four ducks.

This was but the beginning of the day's sport. We started up the sloughs, covering a wide range of territory. A little comedy soon livened things up. The genial Pitts became greatly excited over an unusually long shot that brought down a fat mallard. The bird fell near the farther end of a small pond. John splashed through the mud and water to grasp the struggling bird. Proudly he bore it to the shore and placed it on the ground near a bunch of tules behind which he hid. A lone bird came within range, John blazed away first one barrel and then the other and missed. Then the bird which he had previously wounded struggled to its feet, flapped its wings and sailed away out of range while the astonished Pitts could only exclaim, "Well, I'll be ———!"

As I worked my way to the northward I saw a strange sight. The great bare form of a dead swamp oak stood up like a monument in this land of dreary waste. In the distance it glistened strangely white. As I neared it I saw the reason, for ranged upon it in regular order were a dozen great white cranes, the nearest approach to angels that I ever expect to see. So intent was I upon the picture that I got but one out of a number of mallards that rose up from a neighboring pool.

When the day's shooting was over we assembled at the camp. We all had the limit and were tired and satisfied. It was with pleasure that we examined the day's kill. Never before had I seen such a variety of birds. They ranged in size from the peerless mallard to the little teal. There were canvasback, sprig, spooneys, and butterball, besides English snipe and two varieties of geese.

Late that night we arrived in Laton, tired and hungry, but fully satisfied with the best day's sport we have had in years. That night in my dreams I could see visions of birds flying out of range, as they traversed their way across the sloughs from Summit to Tulare Lake.

OCTOBER LEAVES

NOW that glorious summer's past
The autumn leaves are falling fast,
And, falling, rustle at our feet
With elfish music soft and sweet.
Seared and yellow, scarlet, brown,
In every breeze they're tumbling down;
Yet still the forest's all ablaze
With colors bright through veiling haze.

—*E. V. Benedict.*

BY A TRAPPER'S GRAVE

IN OLD Mount Shasta's shadow, where the pine
Perfumes the air, and creeping mountain-vine
In greenest grandeur blossoms; where the earth
Is decked with countless flow'rs of magic birth,
And all around is silence, deep and grand—
The pensive silence of a dream-swathed land—
Where nature's soul, in pure, primeval mood
Pervades the vastness of the solitude

I came upon a grave: The last abode
Of one who left the world's hard-beaten road—
The dreamless cot of one who sleeps, unknown,
Ungrieved, unmissed, forgotten. But a stone
Unchiseled marks his slumber. In the spring
Ne'er grows the grass more green on grave of King,
Or conqueror, than on that simple mound
By man ignored—by nature's splendor crowned.

He was a simple trapper, so they said—
A trapper, plain, unlettered. He had led
No mighty hosts to battle; in his brain
No scheme had brewed of frenzied greed or gain;
He had not delved in classics—Cicero
For him had not existed. Pomp and show,
The pedantry of science, hist'ry, art,
Had ne'er inspired the spirit of his heart.
Of lore he had but little; he was just
A creature of the common—reared from dust—
"Perhaps," you say, "without a soul or mind,
Whose psychic powers had withered, undefined,
And he had died ere yet his flesh evolved
That subtle life the higher thought has solved"?
Perhaps—ah, yes! Perhaps to him your lore
Was less than naught; perchance he saw no more
In Plato than in pictures. Homer, too,
May not have been as pleasing as that view
From yon great mountain's shoulder. Virgil, e'en,
Was cast aside, that he might drink the scene
From Shasta's snowy bosom; books and schools
Were less to him than woods, or brooks, or pools.
Yet would I live as happy—all forego,
That joy like his my own sad heart could know.
Aye, give them all! abjure the wanton world
That all my soul might be in silence furled—
Afar from man, from man's eternal moil,
The fight for fame, the quest of sordid spoil!
To live, and die—a trapper! That, alone,
Would yield a wealth no purse has ever known.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

A MEMORABLE NIGHT

By J. A. Buchanan

IN JULY of 1882, George Northrup, Frank Kelly and I, schoolboys from eighteen to twenty years of age, started upon a trip to the Big Bend Country—the country enclosed by the Columbia River in the big horseshoe or bend, in Eastern Washington. The Big Bend was much talked about at that time, and we wanted to take a look at it; but we went more especially to take a summer vacation. We took a light, double-wagon team and an extra riding animal. We passed but few houses after leaving Davenport, and none beyond for twenty miles before reaching the Grand Coulee.

The Grand Coulee, together with Moses Coulee, extends across the horseshoe or bend, and is the ancient bed of the Columbia River. It is a natural river bed, about half a mile wide, with perpendicular walls of basaltic rock on either side, rising to the height of from 600 to 1000 feet. There are but few places that a road can be made down into the Coulee, and down one of them we followed an old Indian trail, so steep in places that the wagon would appear almost to topple over on the horses. Arrived at the bottom, a lovely view was presented: the wide ancient river bed, about 400 to 600 feet above the Columbia, the perpendicular walls extending to the sky, and a string of lakes covered with myriads of ducks, formed a picture long to be remembered.

And I met with an adventure there that will forever prevent me from forgetting the grand Coulee. The sight of the ducks aroused in me the sporting proclivities of the hunter, and I decided that we must have wild fowl to add to our bill-of-fare. As it yet lacked an hour of sunset I took my shotgun and started down the Coulee along the lakes to hunt, while the other boys were preparing the camp and supper. I had good luck and had bagged five or six fine ducks, but in the meantime had traveled about two miles down the Coulee. The lakes were full of ducks, but it was useless to kill them in the water, as I could not get to them, and my only chance was to shoot them while flying overhead, so that they would fall on the land. For this reason I made as much noise as possible, and for the last half hour had imitated the howl of a coyote.

Almost before I was aware, the sun had set and darkness began to fall. There was scarcely any twilight down between those perpendicular walls. I at once began to return. but seeing another large flock of ducks thought I would take a last shot if I could get the ducks to fly, and again imitated the howl of a coyote. Suddenly I heard an answering cry from the cliffs on the right, and immediately from the cliffs on the left rose the dismal howls of a pack of coyotes. There were probably not more than a dozen there at first, but I would have sworn there were fifty. Answering calls were heard on every side, coming closer at every moment.

They appeared about me as if by magic, and seemed to come from every quarter. I was soon surrounded, and I could see their dusky forms passing and repassing in the darkness, as if waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack me.

The coyote of the plains is not dangerous, as a rule—in fact, is very cowardly; but when famished and running together in large packs they have been known to attack a man. Besides, it is not an uncommon thing for the big gray or "timber" wolf to run with them; these are dangerous animals at all times, and that thought made me uncomfortable, especially when I remembered having seen a gray wolf on the prairie that same afternoon, before coming down into the Coulee.

There I was in that vast wilderness, the darkness surrounding me like a pall, without a human being within twenty miles of me, so far as I knew, except the two in the camp beyond. Surrounded by a horde of savage, snarling beasts, eager to feast upon my

bones! To make matters worse, I had been prodigal with my ammunition, and had used on the ducks all but two of my cartridges of No. 3 shot, and two charges of buckshot that I always carried along with me for an emergency. I concluded that the emergency had arrived, and when I first heard the cries of the wolves I put the two charges of buckshot in the gun, and placed the others in my belt where I could easily reach them.

At first the wolves were rather timid and kept some distance from me. I could see their forms gliding along through the sagebrush in the darkness, and could hear them snapping and snarling at each other. I resolved to save my ammunition if they came no closer. But presently they began to grow bolder and came nearer, and I threw a duck behind me in the trail, thinking that I might satisfy them in that way, or at least gain time to get to camp. There was a fight over the duck and I could hear them snarling and yelping, but presently they came rushing along, bolder than ever. The other ducks went the same way in rapid succession, with the same results. For only a minute, each time, were they delayed, and when they made another rush I had no more ducks to give them. The ducks seemed only to sharpen their appetites the more.

They were now pressing me closely, and I saw something must be done. Just then one old fellow rushed at me from the rear, snapped at my legs, and, as I struck at him with the gun barrel, darted into the brush. I stopped and turned around, and at that moment a large gray wolf jumped into the trail not more than ten feet away. I let him have a charge of buckshot, and then walked on as rapidly as possible.

The discharge appeared to frighten them for a moment, and then I heard the worst snarling and growling, yelping and howling I ever heard in my life, as the others fought over the dead carcass. I started on a run and continued for about a quarter of a mile, and was beginning to think that I would not be molested further. But my respite was brief. Soon I heard them coming behind me, not cautiously as before, but all in a bunch in the trail. I stopped by a bush and waited, and when the foremost were within twenty feet of me, gave them my last charge of buckshot. As before, there was a fearful howling and fighting over the body or bodies of the slain, and I improved the time to get as far away from them as possible. I found a stout club in the trail, and carried it under my arm, resolving to defend myself with it if the worst came to the worst.

With my last charges of duck shot in the gun and a club under my arm, with a score or more of hungry and ferocious wolves and coyotes behind me, my position was not an alluring one, and I thought I never would reach the camp. I never longed for anything else in my life as I longed for the gleam of our campfire in the darkness.

Soon the savage beasts had come again, but more cautiously this time. I could see them gliding along through the sagebrush on either side of me, occasionally raising their dismal howls. Then to my great relief I caught the first gleams of the campfire in the distance. The sight revived my hope and renewed my courage. A large gray wolf had been persistently following along on my right, and was now not more than fifteen feet away. I stopped and fired, and away he ran through the brush, howling as he went.

I walked on, and when about a quarter of a mile from the camp met my friends. They had heard the shooting, and thinking that something was wrong were coming to my assistance. The wolves disappeared and we returned to the camp unmolested. But all that night they were on every side, making the night hideous with their discordant cries.

My sleep that night was fitful and unrefreshing; every time I dozed off I dreamed of a great, gaunt, gray wolf, that was just ready to make a meal of me, while I was bound hand and foot, powerless to resist. Such an experience lasts one a life time. It haunted me for years, and even now I shudder when I think of it. And though I have had a varied experience, and have been in many tight places, never before nor since have I had such another experience as I had that night in the Grand Coulee.

CALIFORNIA FOR ME

HERE beside the Western ocean,
  Where the sun his exit makes,
And the earth with deep emotion
  Sometimes trembles, sometimes quakes;
Just by way of demonstrating
  That she is alive and well—
Here, with confidence unshaken,
  To the end I hope to dwell.

Once I hankered for a visit
  To my old New England home,
And my spirit chafed within me
  'Til the reckless deed was done;
When I left here it was winter,
  And the poppy and the rose,
Bathed in beauteous sunshine, nodded
  To'ards the land of ice and snows.

So I read it as an omen
  That I would be welcome there,
And my reading proved prophetic
  For they treated me most fair;
But the weather! 'twas atrocious;
  And I sometimes really think
"Old Prob" had seen me coming
  And let out another link.

Yet they told me in old Boston
  (Hallowed City of the Bean)
That it "was about as mild a spell
  As ever had been seen."
And I gazed on them and wondered;
  Did they take me for a child?
Or had they no conception
  Of weather that *is* mild?

Oh! how I ached and shivered!
  And what fearful lies I told
When asked by anxious relatives.
  "Now, really, *are* you cold?"
But why dwell on this painful theme:
  Suffice to say—I froze!
Nor did I thaw until I saw
  The poppy and the rose.

—*Carlton McLaughlin.*

THE CALL OF THE WHIRLING WATERS

By Harry H. Dunn

FAR as the eye might reach, to west and south and north, the sea lay level as a floor, unbroken beneath the azure California sky even by the least white crest of rippling comber. To the east alone lay the land, rimmed on the seaward side with soft cream-colored sand, set against the sky with jagged mountains of purple and amethyst and gold, according as the sun tinted their distant crests.

Far out, even where the blue horizon seemed to meet the turquoise sea, shadowy blotches upreared themselves, cloud masses on the rim of the world. To primitive fishermen, they represented islands; to those who did not know, but who went down on the breast of the deep in the slender boats, they seemed shadows thrown from Paradise, or krakens, dark and vast, according as the sun lay on them bright or was hidden beneath the fleecy clouds that time on time drifted across the channel.

Above the water, here and there, where the fishing was of the best, hovered bands of snowy-winged gulls, dipping and rising where the water was churned to foam by myriads of tiny fish, jumping for the very joy of being alive. Ever after the gulls, in the wake of their feeding, floated smaller birds, not less white but more slender and by no means so brave nor so loud of voice as the fishermen of the air. These were sea swallows, graceful, forked-tailed, slender-winged terns, drawn from their homes, filled with well grown young, on the sandspit behind the bay.

And then, swimming rapidly out of the north in a broken army, spreading from close inshore well out to the island-bound border of the channel, came the horde for which the fishermen of the mainland long had waited. A huge canoe, hollowed from the trunk of a single spruce, resting easily on the waves half a mile from shore, became suddenly endowed with life. In it two bronzed forms, glistening in the sheen of the sun, bent to short paddles, beating the water with rhythmic strokes, driving the boat by leaps and bounds through the sea.

Faster and faster, with the impetus of the tide to aid, the slender wooden cylinder rushed toward the thin line of white that marked the mainland beach. Easily it caught the first tumbling roller, beat it to the break and slid gracefully over the crest, to rest for a moment, side on, in the trough of the surf. Again the paddles dipped; again the canoe swung round; again it rode the crest of a white-rimmed wave, and this time shot far ahead through a level stretch of boiling inshore sea until the carved prow almost rested on the sand. Once more the sea lay quiet for a full minute; then a third wave, higher and more mighty than these that had gone before, lifted the boatmen and their craft far up on the shore.

With the coming of the boat, almost before it touched the shoreline, the two that guided it leaped from their places, seizing the prow in their hands and lifting it bodily high above the furthest lap of the surf. Then, grasping their broad, flat paddles firmly, they dealt blow after blow on the hollow barrel of the canoe, raising the while a rolling cry, *"The Salmon! the Salmon!"* in the wild fierce jargon of their tribe.

Headlong from huts of piled logs, from earthen dugouts, and here and there from shelters of seal hide bowed above ribs of whalebones, tumbled a band of men, young and old, followed by their women and a horde of children and dogs. On the beach lay row on row of canoes, like unto the one that had brought the good news, save that they were less carved about the prow, less carefully made as if for some ceremonial. And ceremonial indeed it was, the ushering in of a time of plenty with the coming of the salmon throng from their spawning grounds in the rivers and the brooks of lands further toward the pole.

In circling lines of light, rolling out from the shore to the regular stroke of myriad paddles, two strong men in each craft, the canoes swung out to sea. And, passing through the surf steadily, wheeling and turning in the trough of the sea as wheeled and turned the gull bands in the air overhead, they gained the place above the deeper waters where the first canoe had laid.

Here the oarsman in the bow of each canoe leaped to his feet, laid his paddle flat in the bottom of his boat, and seized from its resting place on the thin side a bone spear, short and stocky, hilted with oak, but with a sharp head hewn rudely from the bone of the seal and the deer and even of the bear —but brave indeed was he, and a mighty hunter, who carried the barb of the bear on his spear!

From each spear ran a thong of deerhide, or a cord of woven bark where the hunter could not win the skin of the antlered one in fair chase nor yet steal it from his neighbor. But few feet there was of this thong, not more than seven or eight times the length of the fisherman who wielded it, for he was indeed a poor spearsman who could not check the rush of the salmon in whose back he had sunk the bone barb within that distance.

Gradually the line of boats extended. Then suddenly, ahead of the very center of the chain, a huge fish broke water. As one the paddlers lifted glistening blades in air; as one the canoes stopped, the sun flashing back in golden sheen from naked arms and shoulders, in silver glint from paddles and from polished gunwales. Then the center boat, driven by two paddlers instead of one, mastered by a mighty chief who stood erect in the bow, moved ahead like a bolt of light. Before it for an instant the water boiled and surged; the spearsman paused, his massive arm uplifted, his face tense, his eyes drawn to the seething sea below.

Ever so lightly the paddles of his rowers rose from the sea, rose but a brief space, where they could dip deep into the blue waters at instant notice. Then fell the arm, and with the arm fell the paddles. There was a swirling rush of waters, utter silence for a moment and then the boat rushed on, the line lay limp, the wooden-hafted spear floated on the water's surface, mute witness to the chieftain's failure.

Without a word, and again as one boat, the long line of canoes whirled roundabout and set their noses inshore. The first strike of the season had failed, they and theirs must feed on the food of the camp until another sun gilded the land and the sea. Hunched up in the bow of his boat, bowed with the weight of his disgrace, the man who had failed glared far away at the crests of the range, now purpling in the sunset shadows.

* * *

Beneath the surface of the sea, moving as best he could, sore wounded by the glancing blow of the spear, a huge salmon, largest of his kind that had ever fed along the shore of this edge of southern seas, swam on and on and on, out to the fringe of shadowy islands that guards this happy coast. Mile on mile he swam, passing myriads of his kind, driven by some impulse—he knew not what nor sought to reason—following a sort of blind fury that this thing out of the air had wounded him. Dimly there came to him memories of other broad waters, rivers along whose rapids he had fought with the current as, inch by inch, he had won his way upstream; of plunging waters too he had memories, of wide deep pools where the trout lay, and where he had seized them, quick as they were, to make a meal for him.

But best of all, clearest and most dear to his ears—if ears he had, which I who write these chronicles, know not—came the song of the whirling waters, the great eddies and whirlpools, just where the river meets the sea, where the backwater from the bar makes one with the cool stream from the hills. Here he had known no want; here none had pursued him; hither he would hasten, and away he drove, powerful fins and tail carrying him mile after mile out into the open sea, not back to the river he had known so well.

Mayhap his ideas of direction had changed, quite possibly he had for the moment forgotten the ways by which he had come from the far mouth of his own river to the wide rolling sea; in any event his wound spurred him on, and as he swam through the cool, clear water the salt and the constant washing began to heal the spear cut, to close it up as it were and to give him time to view the water world about him.

Presently the floor of the ocean shallowed beneath, dark shadow shapes rose from the depths, waving fronds of seaweed began to

dribble through the water from the crests of these dim piles of uncarved stone. Suddenly from well within the darkness of one such mountain wall came with the speed of the wind a long, slender shape, with eyes astare and mouth agape.

Him the salmon saw, and, seeing, drove himself forward with tail and fins in headlong flight. He had no knowledge of the great creature, but of a surety such a mouth and such staring eyes of death could have but one meaning—and that *danger*. After him rushed the shark, traveling twice as fast, hungry, eager to seize the stranger that had invaded his hunting ground.

Far ahead—far that is for the range of sight beneath the sea—the salmon beheld another pile of shadow shapes. To him they meant danger and he felt he must avoid them. Sharply he turned aside, almost brushing his wounded flank on the jagged rocks, and slipped away to the south, the sea growing appreciably warmer as he swam, the bed of the deep coming ever closer to the surface. His turn the shark, because his eyes were set close together near the top of his head, could not see. Coming to the wall of rock, and knowing full well how the land lay, he dove down, down, until he came upon a passage, beloved of him and his kindred, which led straight away through the heart of the rock. Rising from this on the farther side he reasoned that he should come again on the fish he hunted, as of old he had come on many a yellowtail which, seeing the shallow water above the rock pile, had passed on over, secure in the belief that the hunter could not follow.

But, on the other side he found only the smaller of his prey; the bass of the rock caves and the mackerel of the surface. On these he fed furiously, quite ignorant that the larger food he sought was by that time many a mile down the chain of islands, feeding himself from the smelt and the anchovies that filled his pathway.

Turned from the straightway path through the sea that would have carried him back to the sobbing bar of his dimly-remembered river, the salmon followed along the edge of the buried mountain wall, seeking mayhap an outlet, mayhap merely moving on and on with the fear of the great shark in his heart.

As he swam he came to great patches of seaweed, to waving forests of kelp, its stems so closely woven that when he tried he could not force his body through in pursuit of fishes smaller than himself, and which he would have seized more for pleasure than for hunger. Mile on mile these seaweed thickets ran, along the rock wall and over it and around, springing from the thin cracks between the stones, covering their jagged fronts with a soft, smooth slime, in which lurked strange creatures of the depths, forms of life of which he that swam had learned nothing during his days along the sandy river's bed.

But as he moved so he studied the ways of his going, watched closely down the aisles of the sea garden, saw great shadow shapes come and go, noted how the smaller swimmers of the deep sought safety in hurried flight when passed the yellowtail or the huge sea bass in the cool depths. Time on time he started to flee from some impending terror, only to find that it was one of the huge golden-finned fishes, of which he had no need to be affrighted, or to see just above his head a great black-backed bass, less swift in the water than he, and on quest after the small ones of the ocean world.

Of these he had no great fear other than that they came on him suddenly and frightened him, but he knew that where there were many of the fish tribe there were like to be many more similar to that one hungry monster which had driven him so far out of his course, and for them, accordingly, he kept a guarded lookout, watching this way and that for the danger which was everywhere about him.

Finally the straight line of the kelpie gave way to a bend in the sea's bed. The salmon followed the bed, swimming slowly and following close the contour of the coastline until he had passed over a low ridge of buried rock, until he felt the gentle wave motion of the outer sea give way to the steady calm of the little bay, and the bottom of the ocean shelved abruptly down, down, to depths he did not seek to penetrate.

Day and night, evening and morning were as one to the traveler, but he moved slowly, resting here, pausing there to feed, until he came to know quite well the little cove in which he had taken up his home. And yet it was not home, for as the seasons passed and it once again came time for him to return to the spawning grounds in the river, he grew

restless. Days of golden sunshine spread themselves above the blue sea, days of storm and cloud wrack and threatening winds that swept the level floor of the channel made no impress on him. Morning after morning he rose to the surface; if the upper waters were bright with the glow of the sun he stayed atop, swimming here and there, gleaning his food as he went; but if on the horizon's rim lay the shadow of a storm he sought the depths, and there, among the dim, ghostly piles of stone and the tangles of seaweed, he made himself rest until the battle of the winds and the sea had passed.

Then there came a day, after many moons of constant winds and beating storms up and down the narrow bosom of the channel, when it seemed to the salmon that he must seek his beloved river. He could endure the salt sea no more; healed was his wound, strong his fins and tail, the distances of the water world should bind him no longer! Rising swiftly to the surface he broke from between the cliffs that walled in his little bay and set himself on the great highway of the ocean, his sharp nose pointed the way he had come.

Steadily he moved, well set in his way, until, glistening just above his sharp eye a flash of white danced for a moment on the very surface of the sea. Again he saw it, and yet once more. Then he rose, not suddenly and with a rush as the yellowtail or the bonita would have done, but slow and sure, until he had surveyed the shimmering white thing on all sides. It looked very like food to him, like one of those white-bellied river suckers he had caught time on time in the river of his memory. He would try it at any rate.

With the swift sideways motion of all the fish of his tribe, he struck the bobbing thing with wide-open jaws, struck and closed those same jaws on his prey—and with a sudden wild pain driving through bone and muscle of his mouth, sank to the depths in wild fear at the strange thing that had laid hold upon him, a thing from which he could not shake himself free, no matter haw hard he tried!

Down and up, out and back, hither and yon, there in the open sea the battle raged—the salmon fighting for his life, the man in the boat to conquer for sport's sake the thing he had hooked. And because of strong tackle and the skill of the dweller in the land of the wild things, the man came to wonder at the long fight the fish put up, wondered hugely until, flashing with all the iridescent hues of the rainbow, the creature was drawn alongside, only to break away with half a hundred feet of line for one brief last run, then to be brought up short and lifted ignominiously into the boat, to lie in the fish pit till he who had proved himself master should choose to turn the launch's nose back to the little island town.

As for the salmon, the pain in his jaw drove him down, then the pain of air pressure drove him up, and between the two he fought, ever with the memory in his heart of the river he had set out to seek, of the call of the whirling waters he was fain to obey. Then, ever so slowly, he felt the steel barb forcing his jaws further and further apart; gradually the air was leaving him and the water was coming in; nevermore should he hear the rush of the river. Something bright and sharp and huge struck him in the side, struck and stayed there, nor could all his thrashings about shake it out. With it he was lifted into some strange place where water was not, where he could not breathe, where a film came over his eyes, where the call of the river filled his ears—and he knew no more.

ON THE RIDGE

By W. J. Rogers

Ho, for the breath of the mountain breeze,
The odor of pine and redwood trees—
The balm of Life to the throbbing breast,
The life of the mountain: manhood's test.

The hunting-knife in a bristling belt—
Ah, friend, have you felt as I have felt?
The crash of brush and the startled deer,
And the crack of the rifle ringing clear.

The pack to camp as the shadows fall
And the woods re-echo the night-birds' call.
The gleaming blaze and the fragrant brew,
And the laughter of comrade, tried and true.

The camp-fire chats 'neath a star-set sky,
And the towering tops where the breezes sigh.
Far from the maddening roar and strife,
To dwell with Nature: the mountain life.

IT ALL came about in this manner: my friend and I have been hunting companions ever since we were old enough to shoulder a gun, and the trials and tribulations which we have undergone would fill a good-sized volume. At present he writes for one of America's foremost sporting magazines, and in the eternal fitness of things it should be he, and not I, who should chronicle these stirring events. He insisted that it should be I, however, perhaps because he did not consider it worth his while, or perhaps he just wanted me to see how easy it isn't to write a story, when one doesn't know how.

I am a poet! There is no doubt in my mind as to that, although I sometimes have trouble leading the unappreciative to believe it. I have known my efforts to bring the tears to women's eyes, and heard them murmuring their anguish beneath their breath, and I have seen strong men grinding their teeth and saying things above their breath that wouldn't look well here. They all felt the same way toward me, only they expressed themselves each after her or his own fashion. Perhaps my friend is getting his revenge now; but here goes:

We left San Francisco on the 9 P. M. boat, bound for San Anselmo. From there we had to resort to the time-honored, but somewhat unpopular shanks' mare for the rest. We followed the road west until we struck the Ridge Road for our jaunt to the summit. Some say the distance is eight miles; some say twelve; but I've got a very fixed opinion that they did not measure it by pacing it off, especially with a rifle and camping outfit slung on their shoulders.

At first it was lovely, that bracing air, the solemn stillness, the welcome odors of the forests; and there against the sky we could make out old Tamalpais towering off to the left. After an hour's steady climbing it began to alter slightly—at least it did in my opinion. The scenery was about the same—it generally is at night—and the odor was about the same, too, I guess, but I didn't seem to appreciate it. Mount Tamalpais was still towering, but it was all wasted on me, for to my mind it was all one towering country. One of my heels was beginning to develop a sore spot which was becoming more and more emphatically noticeable. The air was less intoxicating also, and I remember remarking that it would be a nice walk for a hot day. My friend still kept up his steady gait. I stopped for an instant, not because I felt like it, but just to look at my watch, so that I could tell him the time. It was 11 o'clock. I thought he might not believe me, and offered to sit right down and prove it to him, but he said he'd take my word for it. He continued to trust me all the way up. Darn a man who won't argue with a person!

By 1 A. M. I began to think there wasn't any such thing as a summit and by 1:30 it became a positive conviction. Then we began to notice the trees ahead thinning out a little, and at 2 o'clock we crossed over the ridge and started down. We had been just four hours making those eight miles,

and if we wasted any time I didn't notice it. My pack hadn't lost any weight by it, either. My friend thought we might venture to rest until 4 o'clock now, and I didn't object. We always agree in a case of that kind.

We found a place on the sidehill, spread our blankets and put up the shelter tent. The ocean was only a couple of hundred yards below us, and I was wet through with perspiration—It was quite easy to keep cool. Then my friend produced a bottle of "LICKER." I'll use capital letters there, for they deserve it. It was an unexpected pleasure, I assure you. We neither of us care much for liquor, and I did not dream of his having that little flask, but you can just bet it was welcome. Then we turned in and slept like the dead until 4.

Arising, we started a fire, made coffee, and I opened a can of condensed milk—(more about that milk later on). Then we had breakfast, packed up our little belongings, and started down the road once more. It would have been better to have turned to the right and taken the ridge, but we knew all about that afterward. In about an hour it was light enough to see well, and my partner began discoursing upon the beauties of nature. His language was all right, maybe, but it didn't touch the spot. The only spot that interested me was the one on my heel, and my remarks on the subject probably did not chime with his thoughts, so silence ensued.

All at once there was a flurry ahead of us, and right out on the road, not twenty-five yards away, there trotted a big deer. "Doe," my friend gently murmured, and I subsided. There are many ways of saying "doe," and he knows them all. The deer trotted calmly away for fifty yards, turned and took a good look at us, and then stepped off into the brush.

I was all ready for action now, and willingly followed the lead off to the right and up again toward that blessed summit. My chum took the bottom of a gulch and told me to work along the ridge. He knows me well enough to know that I would not shoot until I saw what I was shooting at. There's nothing like being able to trust your companion, and there's nothing quite so disconcerting as to suddenly glance behind you and find a gun pointing right at the small of your back. However, all tenderfeet do not shoot at noises in the brush. It was certainly just as well that such was the case, for in the next few moments there was surely noise in abundance.

Up from where I knew he was working there presently arose the most astonishing medley of sounds. I was dumfounded. I had never before hunted such noisy big game. I have read considerable, too, and none of the documents ever mentioned such a state of affairs. There were shrieks and groans, mingled with a sort of quacking noise that somehow sounded familiar. I listened for the sound of my friend's voice, wondering if he were in danger. Presently he came into view, and I hailed him: "What the ——" I began; he laughed and held up something for me to see. It was one of those infernal "duck calls," and he was making noise enough with it to start a mountain lion, had there been one there.

On up to the ridge, through the brush and trailing creepers (and incidentally a lovely fog) we broke our way, and finally once more stood on the summit, though about four miles further north than where we first crossed. We saw two more does on the way up, and I began to think it was a sort of race-suicide business as far as boy-deer were concerned. We waited for the fog to clear, so that we could see to get down into the valley again. There my chum's uncle has a ranch, and we were in hopes of being able to borrow a couple of hounds for the next morning's hunt. Personally I already had a genteel sufficiency for one day—don't imagine we were climbing up and down that ridge for exercise—that's where that hunting-fever dope gets in its work.

Along about 11 o'clock it cleared and we could see the valley far below. with the tiny farm houses looking like small hen-coops. We took a short cut and started down. If you think the advice of a tenderfoot worth while, just pay attention to this: *Don't take any short cuts through the brush!* At least not with a rifle in hand and a pack banging around your back. It's a delusion and a snare. We tried it for an hour, and then climbed back to the ridge once more, enjoying ourselves immensely all the way. The trail at the top made life worth living again, and by sticking to it we reached the ranch about 2 P. M. Ten hours of steady

work—and we are both strong advocates of the eight-hour system.

We found that the good man was out hunting, so we moved over to the stream and pitched camp, and having obtained some eggs and milk from the housekeeper, settled down for the day. Lying around on the grass for awhile and bathing our feet in the stream, helped some itself, and then I began to get supper. Shades of Delmonico, what a feast we had! There was bacon and eggs, rather greasy but good; some of Van Camp's beans, slightly burned, but *very* good; coffee, bread and butter, and something in the way of an appetite that Delmonico doesn't keep on tap. Oh, yes; we were able to sit up and take nourishment all right. And we used fresh milk. We had plenty of the condensed article, too (at least I did), my hunting-coat pocket was full of it—in fact, it was pretty much all over me. And I thought I had that can wrapped up so nicely! The next time I'll carry the canned milk in a bottle. After supper we cut a fine bunch of ferns for a mattress, spread our blankets, raised that darling little shelter tent, and then, having prepared for the night, strolled over to the farmhouse to see how our friends had made out.

They had just got in, and had a big buck hung up in the woodshed. He had been crippled by one of their first shots, and finally brought down with all three rifles going at once. They were tired, but promised to go out with us in the morning. However, when I remarked how nice it would be for us if they jumped a buck within good range, they only laughed. "There was plenty to do," they said, "besides jumping him." You had to *hit* him." I wonder why it is that natives of the hills have such a poor opinion of city marksmen? Just because a fellow's feet get sore the first day is no reason he can't shoot, is it? I'm too modest to tell you about myself, but I guess that for years my friend and I have probably fired two shots to every one of theirs, at least, and I know that he can do a few little things with rifle or shotgun that would surprise quite a few of these same good-natured fellows.

We had a good night's rest, although the ground did manage to work up through the mattress of ferns, and woke up feeling fit for another hard day's work—and I guess we got all that was coming to us in that line! While I was preparing breakfast my friend strolled away up the creek, thinking he might perhaps get a shot. Presently I heard his rifle, and wondered why he had fired, and questioned him about it as he strode in. He said his gun had gone off accidentally, but he was lying, and I knew it. Then he showed me a large wildcat which he had discovered creeping upon a bunch of quail. A shot just behind the shoulder from the 30-30 had taken away all of *his* appetite. Over at the house they asked about the shot, and seemed rather surprised at our kill, and I noticed they paid particular attention to the spot where the bullet went in.

After a short chat they struck out for the climb to the ridge, with the hounds in leash at their sides and we trudging at their heels. They were stripped for action while we were in rather heavy marching order, but we were going to stay with them or "bust." And it was pretty near a case of "busted." We sure got our money's worth going up, but we were still "there" when at last we reached the top. Here we got the signal to halt for awhile until the fog lifted; it wasn't hard to stop me! It was worth all the climb though to be on that beautiful summit, for it seemed as if we were above the clouds. The sun shone brightly around us, while just at our feet rolled and tumbled the great fog-bank, as the heat cut lanes through it and the slight breeze filled them in again. 'Twas no use to turn the dogs loose until we could see to shoot, and so we sat down for a time. I was willing.

After a little it cleared and we started along the trail through the trees, and in five minutes more there was "somethin' doin'." The dogs shot off at a right angle down into the gulch, with two of the boys tearing after them, while we rushed through the brush to a position where we could command three of the ridges.

Presently we heard the *Oo-wah! Oo-wah! Oo-wah!* of the hounds, and next the *crack—crack—crack* of a rifle, and in another minute out he came! Right straight for us, clearing rocks and brush like a—well like a scared deer. Coming as he was, head on through the brambles, we could not make out his "spikes," and did not like to shoot until certain. About seventy yards below us he

turned into the brush down the gulch, and we then saw sure enough he was a buck.

In a few seconds he was on the other side-hill, 150 yards away, and going on the dead jump. "Start it, old man!" I sang out as I sprang to one side and brought my own rifle-sights into line. *Crack!* went his rifle, and it was all over. Now, according to the statutes it should have been *my* rifle, and not his, that got that buck, but as this is positively a true tale, I shall have to live up to it, although it would have looked much nicer had we divided up the honors of the day. It was "all in the family" anyhow, and I guess I was more pleased than he.

We climbed over and found a fine hundred-pound spike-buck, and by the time we had him ready for packing and carried him to the summit, the rest of the outfit arrived.

The next job now was to cut a good-sized pole to sling the game on for carrying. A young sapling growing near by was just about right, and a few rifle shots soon cut it down. Then we ate a little lunch and immediately afterward started on our homeward journey, as we had a good six-mile pack ahead of us to the nearest railroad station (Lagunitas), and not any too much time to do it in.

We worked along the ridge to the spot where the trail starts down, and there we parted with our friends. There were tears in their eyes as we left them, and before we reached the station I knew the reason why. They realized what we were up against, and I shouldn't wonder but what they laughed all the way home. Did you ever try packing a buck six miles through the hills? Oh, you must sometime! If you can't find a buck (and there's not many of them lying around loose) just take the most awkward hundred-pound bundle you can—yes, a hundred pounds will be enough—get a friend, sling the bundle on a pole between you (said pole to cut nicely into the shoulder), pick out a good warm day, and start. You won't need any physical culture *that* evening.

I'd rather not say much about those last five miles. Along the top of the ridge it was nearly level, and not bad traveling, but going down hill is just about as bad as coming up, if not worse. We made the station with just five minutes to spare, but we were pretty nearly "all in." On the boat an admiring crowd asked a thousand questions, and the wild cat seemed to interest the "small boy" immensely. Some of the questions were rather embarrassing too, for it was rather hard to have to admit that I hadn't fired a shot on the entire trip. I evaded several very leading questions. A lady expressed herself in no uncertain manner also. She "thought it was a shame to kill the poor mother deer and it's baby." Isn't that about the limit? A wild cat the offspring of a buck! There's the maternal instinct with a vengeance.

THY NAME

UPON the shifting sand I traced
The name I loved the best;
While day was softly sinking
On her crimson couch to rest.

Next morn I sought the name in vain,
Down on the surf-kissed shore;
Alas! the rippling waves laughed on,
And I found it—nevermore!

Upon my heart I graved it, then,
The name I loved the best;
While song birds piped it in the East
And trilled it in the West.

No waves of doubt can dim it now
Upon life's shifting shore—
For deep within my heart thy name—
Is graven—evermore!

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

A SWAMPED ASSET

By A. J. Oliver

IN THE vicinity of San Francisco there are many places, where, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, youngsters may be seen hovering busily in and around ponds and marshy tracts, industriously fishing for frogs.

The large edible variety (known to science as *Rana esculenta)* with green back and red legs, is what they are after, and very persistent are these youngsters in their efforts to entrap the athletic denizens of the marsh, for they bring good prices from the French restaurant proprietors who cater to the epicures of San Francisco.

Armed with rod, line and bent pin, and a long pole on the end of which a small mesh net is fastened, the boys, generally in couples, start for their favorite hunting grounds. There are many excellent fishing grounds (if one may call them so) near the city; in the swamp land below the Presidio is a favorite haunt and there boys may be seen every Sunday patiently watching for a rise, or casting their primitive tackle, a bent pin with a piece of red rag as bait, into the deeper pools. Once a frog takes the bait, he is unceremoniously hauled, kicking, to land, and popped into the basket. No playing is required, though, as the pin is not barbed he frequently slips off, and then if the youthful angler is not prompt with the net a quick dive into his native element takes him out of sight. Often one boy stands by with the net while the other wields the rod, and as the frog is raised above the surface the net is run under him.

The best frogs are found in clear running water where there is good feed, such as watercress and other fresh water grasses; muddy, stagnant pools cause the flesh to become soft and flabby, as is the case with fish.

A good deal of judgment and skill is required to make a good bag, for a frog can never be caught napping, and experience has taught the boys the habits and most successful methods to be employed in effecting the capture of this lively and elusive member of the batrachian family.

The early morning and late afternoon are the favorite feeding hours of the frog and the youngsters show great ingenuity in their modes of attack, as well as a necessarily total disregard for the cleanliness and preservation of their habiliments, for once their prey is sighted in perhaps two feet of slimy mud and water, and the chase begins, few are the boys who will give a thought to the sight they will present on their arrival home. The old hands at the sport come prepared, and, on arrival at the grounds, don old duds and plunge barefoot into the mire.

At this season of the year the old frogs are shy and hide in the deeper pools, so that the rod and line method is resorted to most frequently. In June and July the tadpoles or "pollywogs," as they are generally known, are shedding their gills and taking to themselves two pairs of legs. They are easily captured but are not molested; later on, however, when half grown, they are caught with nets while swimming on the surface of the water or resting on a leaf of cress. They are then taken to the froggery in the back yard of the captor, to disport among perhaps half a hundred others, until large enough to be taken to the restaurant and sold at three to five dollars per dozen. The frog pool usually found is merely a shallow pond three or four feet across and a foot deep, with a few rocks scattered through it and a bit of wire netting two feet high encircling the bank. A few, however, are more pretentious, being floored with cement and having shade shrubs and growing water-weeds scattered around. There are several of these froggeries on Telegraph Hill; indeed, the little Italian lads seem to have almost a monopoly of the business, and though the dish has come to be associated with Frenchmen to the extent of "frog-eater" being generally accepted as a slighting term for that nationality, the dish seems to have originated in Italy and is mentioned in sev-

eral places by Shakespere and other contemporary writers.

The young frogs in the froggeries require very little artificial food, seeming to thrive and grow very rapidly on the flies and insects which alight near them on the banks or in the water. Sometimes a small piece of raw meat is placed on the ground to attract flies and the knowing frogs gather round within striking distance. When an unsuspecting fly alights on the meat, a long tongue is shot out and as quickly back again into a very capacious mouth with the fly adhering to the sticky tip; the only motion the solemn frog makes is this quick dart of the tongue and he is all ready for the next insect. In fly time, this is a profitable way of feeding them, but one wonders if the gourmands who pay the fabulous price of a dish of frog legs, realize that the common house fly has entered largely into the composition of the reptile on which they are feasting.

Over in Berkeley there are some favored spots, and a lady living near West Berkeley has for years made a regular business of raising frogs for the San Francisco market and has bought and paid for three nice houses and lots with money made at frog farming.

ODE TO AUTUMN

LAST night I heard the drear autumnal sounds—
The dying southern wind mid half-clad trees,
The wee mice running over grassy mounds
And rabbits burrowing 'neath fallen leaves.
This morn I saw a long processional
And autumn, crowned with brightly colored wreaths
Was King of Nature. Every reedy pipe
And lingering songster joined the voiced breeze,
Filling the air with joyous coronal
Singing of harvests done and vintage ripe.

With the first flush of morn the wind awoke
Soft rustles mid the corn all dry in shocks
Where sparrows nestled; 'neath a spreading oak
Close by the fallow stood a patient ox
Waiting the tiresome yoke. With laugh and shout
The huskers passed: youths dark with harvest tan,
Full of rude jest and taunt and mimicry,
Frightening the squirrel that fears the sight of man;
And maidens fair joined in the merry route
Each one by lordly autumn held in fee.

Tomorrow, mid the stubble of the field,
Autumn, with lingering smile upon his face,
Will walk alone viewing the season's yield—
The store house filled with wheat and yellow maize;
The mellow fruits and richly laden vine—
Grapes darkly purple 'neath the autumn sky,
Filled with sweet juice and swelling to the full.
Soon merry Bacchus from the fields of rye
Will come and look upon the sparkling wine
As autumn sadly ends his brilliant rule.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

THE STORM WAIF

By J. W. Schultz

THE lodge poles bent and creaked under the fierce and fitful blasts of the piercingly cold wind. The driven snow hissed against the lodge skin, and the ears of the smoke-hole aloft fluttered with such high vibration that they made a deep and ceaseless buzzing sound, like that of an angry swarm of wild bees. However hard the gusts, we within felt safe; for three strong rawhide ropes, noosed at the apex of the lodge and secured to strongly driven stakes held it firm. Moreover, about a thousand pounds of small boulders weighted the lower edge of the lodge skin to the ground.

Yes, we were safe from the howling blizzard, we had plenty of fuel for the fire, the tight inner skin, or lodge lining, kept all draught from our backs, yet were we in a sorry plight. We had not tasted food for three days. We had not even a colt to kill, for on the first night of the blizzard our little band of pack and saddle animals, hobbled and picketed though some of them were, had disappeared. None of us had ever tasted horse meat, but now we talked about the fatness of the young black colt, and coveted its certain-to-be-tender flesh.

"Why," exclaimed Two Bows, "to say nothing of a colt, I would even eat dog meat if I had it, although 'tis forbidden by the gods, and unclean too."

There were but the three of us, Two Bows —a Blackfoot hunter and an old friend of mine—his wife and I. And it was all my fault that we sat hungry and gaunt around the fire this, the evening of the third day of a terrific blizzard sweeping down from the north over the Montana plains. I was in charge of the Company's trading post on Flat Willow Creek, a stream putting into the Mussell River from the Snowy Mountains, and I had been called in to the main post on the Missouri to take charge there while the chief trader made a trip to Fort Benton. The distance between the two posts was too great for one day's ride, so I had induced Two Bows to go in with me, taking his lodge for our one night's shelter on the way. "Pack light," I had told him, "leave all your stuff here in our fur room except the lodge and bedding. We want to make time."

"But we must take some food?"

"Oh," I hastily replied, "I'll throw a few cans of stuff in my sack, and of course we'll kill some meat. We'll only be out one night you know."

Two Bows shook his head and I heard him mutter: "Out only one night. Huh! these white men always talk as if they could make weather to suit them. Cold-Maker has great power; few people can stay his anger."

We traveled all day steadily and made Big Crooked Creek at dusk, the stream that Lewis and Clark named "Sac-a-ja-we-ah Creek," after the heroine of their famous expedition. Until two or three o'clock we had passed herd after herd of buffalo and antelope. Several times Two Bows had proposed to make a kill, and I had objected: "Wait," I told him. "There is certain to be game when we make camp. Let's kill then, and save time and trouble."

About three o'clock we saw a great fog bank loom up in the north and envelop the Little Rockies. Then sweeping rapidly southward it seemed to eat up the landscape, the far-stretching brown plains, the black breaks of the Missouri, and then suddenly it was upon us, obscuring the sun, so dense, so dark that we could not see fifty yards in any direction; so chilly that our horses, our faces and clothing were at once covered with white frost. We pressed forward against it. Our only thought now was to reach the creek and the shelter of the willows growing here and there along its banks. Luckily we struck the site of a recent camp ground when we did come to it. Where every lodge had stood was a pile of dry willows and buffalo chips, and we appropriated them with thankful

hearts. By the time our lodge was pitched the blizzard had set in in full force. We killed no game, of course, and, hoping that the storm would not outlast the night, we eat the crackers and the contents of the cans I had provided for our evening meal.

If we had no food, we did not lack for tobacco. For three days we had smoked and smoked, and for three nights Two Bows had "made medicine"—as we plainsmen called it—praying to the gods for an end to the blizzard, and singing the "Coyote Song"—which all hunters sang on the evening before a hunt, or when in need of meat. The ancient coyote, their little brother, said the Blackfeet, was the most skilful and successful of all hunters. His spirit was to be propitiated and invoked to aid them, to increase their endurance, their sense of sight and craft.

The fourth night of an unhappy state had come. Still the wind howled, the fine snow drifted, the lodge poles bent and creaked, the lodge ears buzzed and danced. Two Bows finished a fervent prayer for relief; then began the ancient song: *Hai-yu! Mis-suni Ap-is-i nis-kun-ni*—("Listen, ancient coyote, my little brother"). But there he abruptly stopped and stared open mouthed at the doorway; and following his gaze I saw a small and shapely hand thrust in between it and the lodge skin, loosen the cross stick of the curtain, and the next moment a young and comely woman stepped inside, opening her heavy buffalo robe, sat down and began warming herself at the fire with downcast eyes, and never a word to us. We stared at her in amazement: Whence had she come, this stranger? Where had she been during the terrific blizzard. Who was she? Of what tribe, and, above all, why alone here in the heart of the Blackfeets' hunting ground?

Two Bows was the first to break the silence which ensued after her entrance. "Who are you?" he asked. "Whence come you?"

The young woman glanced up at him and said something unintelligible to us, whereupon he repeated his questions in the sign language. This she understood, and quickly and deftly replied with her shapely hands: "I am an Assinaboine woman. I went with my husband and others to war against the Crows. We found a village of them. 'Remain here in this brush,' my husband told me, 'while we go into the camp and take horses.'"

"After a while I heard guns and shouts. I waited and waited, sitting there in the brush on the side hill. All night I waited, and all the next day, and until the darkness of another night. My husband did not return. No one came for me, and then I knew that they had all been killed. I did not know what to do. I started out to take the back trail. Then I turned and made straight for the big camp. I was bound to have a horse. We had come a-foot, but I knew that I could never get back to my people that way, for I was already worn out by our many days' travel. 'I will have a horse,' I said to myself, 'or they shall capture or kill me.'

"I got one—right by the side of a lodge I found one picketed, untied the rope, led it out from the camp, mounted it and rode away. Some distance back on the trail our party had killed a buffalo, and taken but little of the meat, just what we could easily carry. I looked for the carcass and found it, the wolves had hardly touched it, so I took all that I needed and went on. Traveling by night, hiding in the day time, on the sixth morning I came to this creek, and hid in a patch of willows just below here. I cooked some meat and eat it, then went to sleep. When I awoke the storm had come and I looked about for better shelter; I found a big hole in a cut bank of the creek that had been made by the high water of the spring. With stones, and sand, and lumps of sod I walled up the mouth of it and knew that I would not freeze; it was quite warm in there. I slept.

"In the morning I went out to repicket my horse, but could not find him; he had broken his rope and fled before the storm. I went then to the place where I had built the fire, I had left the rest of my meat there by it. had forgotten to take it into the hole with me. But it was gone, all gone! The wolves had stolen it. As I stood there, very sick at heart, cold, hungry, I all at once began to sniff the air. I thought I could smell smoke. The wind was blowing down the creek, so I went up it, a little ways at a time, for it was hard work to face it and go through the deep snow drifts. Sometimes I thought to turn back, believing that I was mistaken—that I had not smelled smoke, but at last I saw this, your lodge, and I stood long looking at it, wishing to enter, fearing to do so, for I knew you must be Blackfeet, and so the enemy of my people. At last I turned and

went back to my shelter. 'Better to die there,' I thought 'than to be killed and scalped here.'

"The nights and days passed. I grew so hungry, so lonely, so chilled there in my dark hole that I cried much, slept little. At last I could stand it no longer; I arose and came here. Kill me if you will."

"We Blackfeet," said Two Bows, "are different; we do not kill our enemies' women. Yet you are like to die here as well as you were whence you came. We have no food; our horses, too, are gone." And he began again the song of the hunter, of the ancient coyote, we listening to it and staring abstractedly at the fire. Before we finally went to bed, the wind died down and through the smoke-hole we could see the stars brightly shining. The moon, nearly full, peeped up above the tops of the surrounding butts, and on hill side and plain the snow glittered in the far-below-zero air. But it was not deep; most of it had been piled into the coulies, and on the lee side of every raise of ground.

I gave the stranger a blanket, the others handed her a buffalo robe, and she made her bed near the doorway.

"It may be," Two Bows said to me, "that this lone woman speaks the truth. You know what we Blackfeet say: 'Never trust an Assinaboine, for his tongue is ever forked.' I shall not sleep. You can sleep though, but have your rifle close at hand."

I could not sleep, even if I would, and that was the case with the others. We had slept so much in the past few days that we had become wakeful and restless, and then, the hunger that possessed us was of itself sufficient to keep us tossing about in our blankets. It was after midnight, according to the "Seven Persons" (Big Dipper), when we heard the tramp of some heavy animals, and the creak of the snow under their hoofs. Two Bows and I arose with one accord, seized our rifles and cautiously slipped out through the doorway. A hundred yards away we saw a hundred or more buffalo feeding down a slope into the valley, pawing the snow and thrusting their heads down into it to bite the short, rich grass. They were all white buffalo, white with the snow which the blizzard had driven and incrusted on their thick warm coats of hair. And thus protected by a double covering, they minded not the cold any more than a duck does a plunge into icy water. Their wide nostrils discharged a perfect cloud of hot air which instantly changed to light frost that arose and so enveloped them that they were partially hidden from our view. "It's no use to fire at any particular one," Two Bows whispered. "Just aim at the bunch and keep shooting until you use your last cartridge."

We raised our '73s and began, and in no time at all emptied the magazines, the shots sounding like those from a toy pistol in the light, cold air. At first the herd bunched up and stood motionless for a moment, and then, following some wise old leader, they charged away up the valley, kicking up behind them a dense cloud of fine snow. But they did not all go: two were down, lying prone in the snow which their blood was crimsoning, and a huge old bull was standing near them, his right fore-leg shattered by a bullet. We ended his misery and examined the others, which proved to be both fine fat cows. The women came running out to us, knives and steel in hand, and we all began to skin one of the cows. In a few minutes we finished our work and hurried back to the lodge, each one carrying that particular portion of meat he or she most desired. What savory odors of broiling meat arose from the glowing coals; and how good it all looked—kidney, liver, tongue and *depouille*—how much better it tasted, although we began to eat while the inside of the pieces were still raw. But we were cautious, and ate sparingly, a little at a time; it was long after daylight before our appetites were in a measure appeased.

"And now," said Two Bows a little later, laying aside his pipe, "I am going to hunt our horses. I think they are near by; they just had to get out of this wind-swept place, and I'm sure that they stopped as soon as they found a butte or hill to shelter them."

After he departed I strolled down the creek a ways, and found the hole in the bank where the Assinaboine woman had taken shelter from the blizzard. But I did not need that evidence to prove that her story was true. By the sad expression of her face, from the listless dejected attitude as she sat by our fire, I had felt from the first that she was just what she claimed to be, a lone woman in sore distress. Two Bows and his wife thought differently: Her husband, with perhaps one or two more men,

were close by in hiding, and she had been sent to reconnoiter us, to steal our arms if possible, and place us at their mercy, which would be cold-blooded murder of course. But with the daylight, and the trackless snow all about these suspicions had vanished and they became more friendly to her.

Two Bows found our horses and soon drove them into camp early in the afternoon. We might have packed up and made the Missouri by hard riding, but he was worn out from his long tramp through the snow, so we determined to stay where we were another night. After a hearty evening meal and a smoke, he had a sign talk with the strange woman:

"I am going to give you a horse and saddle," he said, "and you can return at once to your people. Or, if you wish, you can live with us until spring and then go home."

It is likely that the woman did not expect this generous offer. By all the unwritten laws of the plains she was his captive, his slave. The Blackfeet were polygamous; if he willed so, she must become his second wife. But Two Bows was known to be a one-woman man; he and his faithful wife had lived together a dozen years or more, and he had often declared that true happiness could only be found in that way. "I, for one," he would always conclude, "do not wish to rule a lodge of quarreling and jealous women."

The young woman was affected to tears by his proposal and concealed her face in her robe for a time, while she softly wept. Two Bows refilled his pipe and lit it, and awaited her answer. After a few moments she threw back her robe, dried her eyes, and said:

"Let me remain with you, in your lodge, not until spring, but so long as I live. I have no parents, no relatives of my own. But down there in our camp is the brother of my dead husband, and if I return there I must become his wife. He is mean and cruel; he beats his wives—I hate him! Let me live with you in peace. I will work hard for you. Tan robes and buckskin, dry meat, gather the lodge fuel. I beg you to have pity on me and take my words."

Two Bows turned to his wife. "It shall be as you say," he told her.

The good woman smiled and nodded her head. "You will stay with us," she signed to the stranger. "You will stay in our lodge and I will love you as if you were my own sister. One half of the work you will do, and no more."

We arrived at the post the next afternoon, and never did the open fire in our trade room seem more congenial to me. I fairly baked in its heat, and it was at least a couple of hours before I felt really thawed out. When the weather moderated a few days later, Two Bows and his outfit returned to the Flat Willow and I lost track of them for a time. In the spring they moved in to the river with the rest of the Blackfeet who had wintered out there. The Assinaboine woman brought me a present, a beautifully tanned buffalo robe, on the inside of which was worked a gorgeous design of the sun in colored porcupine quills. Of course I made her some presents: Cloth for a dress, a bright colored blanket, some beads and other trinkets. Her manner was very different from that of the blizzard night when she came to our lodge. Her expression was peaceful and happy—even coquettish, if one may judge a woman's disposition by her eyes and her laugh. Two Bows said that she was always laughing. "Also," he continued, " she is causing me much trouble. You see, my lodge is nightly crowded with young men who come to court her, not to visit me. But of course I must feast them, and so I am obliged to do much hunting to supply the meat required. I have hunted so steadily that I am truly weary. I hope she will marry soon, so I can make her man do some hunting for me."

The young woman had learned some Blackfoot, enough to understand this. *"Kyah!"* she exclaimed, "don't you believe him," and then she turned away from us to hide her confusion.

There was a certain middle-aged man in the camp named Wolf Eagle, noted for his brutality and cruel treatment of his wives. He, for one, had cast covetous eyes upon the outsider, and had made overtures to Two Bows for her. "I want the woman," he had said, "and will make it worth your while to give her to me: You shall have ten of my best horses."

"Were you to offer me your whole band," Two Bows told him, "I could not give her to you. You must speak your wish to the woman."

"But she is yours, your captive. It must be as you say. I offer you more: I will give fifteen head. What do you say to that?"

"She is not my captive," he replied. "She is free to go and do as she pleases. But I'll tell you this: You are a dog, and a coward; a beater of poor women. Get out of my lodge and never enter it again."

Wolf Eagle went, angry and muttering threats. The next day he chanced upon the young woman down by the river, where she was washing some things, and began coaxing her to become his wife. She stopped him before he was half through what he had to say, and told him that she would never enter his lodge; that she hated him; and then to show her utter contempt and loathing she spat upon the ground, motioning him to depart.

But instead of obeying her, he sprang forward and seizing her by the wrists began to pull her along after him in the path which led through the timber to his part of the camp. There is no telling what might have happened if some women had not come along just then and undertaken the young one's defense. At first they entreated him to let her go, but he paid no attention to them, so with shrill cries for help they surrounded him and began to pull him and push him about. Then people could be heard answering their calls and running toward them through the timber, and Wolf Eagle, looking very foolish no doubt at this turn of affairs, let go his captive and fled, followed by the hoots and jeers of the rescuers.

I got the story of this from Two Bows the next morning. In the evening succeeding he came to me with another tale:

"Well," he said, "my lodge has another occupant; you know him, Yellow Robe, that poor young man who has no relatives, and has always lived here and there in the camp, herding horses for those who sheltered him. He and the Assinaboine woman have decided to be a pair."

"She might have done worse," I remarked, "he is a good hunter and a quiet kind of a man."

"Yes, that is true, but she might have done better. Think of the many rich young men who used to come into my lodge and look at her. She could have had any one of them."

"But it seems that she loves him. Is not happiness better than wealth?"

"It is," Two Bows replied, "and to make them feel a little happier, I'm going home and give them ten mares and horses. I made the remark about the rich young men just to hear what you would say. I'm glad that you believe as I do. I find that after all some white men have good hearts."

IN THE FIELDS

OVER the hills I wander
Into the pleasant dales;
Hearing the lark at sunrise,
Startling brooding quails.

Sunlight and shade and sunlight,
Ripling shadow and sun;
The miracles come and pass again
Of the miracle never done.

By the song of the woodland river,
By the waves of rolling grain,
My heart grows strong as I stroll along
By the good green things again.

Forgetting the threat of the pavings,
Forgetting the clang of gongs;
Where the only footing is grand old earth,
And the only sounds are songs.

For now I know that the sky is blue;
I know that the waters run;
And little wild things are brothers of mine
Through a million leagues of sun.

—*Edwin Coolidge.*

SCRAPPY ALLEN'S RATTLESNAKE

By Robert N. Reeves

PROFESSOR Algernon Emerson Squiggs, out west for his health, sat outside the bunk-house of the E—D ranch, and with words well chosen and chaste, related an adventure he once had with a hoop snake up in the Adirondacks. Baldy Tanner and the rest of the outfit stood the ordeal through without comment. Then Baldy gnawed a tremendous chew of tobacco from his plug, and turned his watery bulbous eyes upon Squiggs with such pertinacity that Squiggs inwardly shuddered, thinking that Baldy had suddenly developed a grudge against him. But Baldy did nothing more belligerent than to calmly reduce his plug to a liquid state. Having done this to his satisfaction, he spat with unerring aim at the stump tail of Jim Wade's brindle pup, and again riveted his eyes upon Squiggs.

"I ain't sayin' your snake yarn is off color in any partickler," he finally said, "but I jest want to stick in my bazoo to say it ain't a marker to what happened right near this cow-town to one, Scrappy Allen.

"You see it was a failin' of Scrappy's to git chock full of licker jest as sure as pay day come 'round; and as me and him was mighty thick them days, he'd allus hunt me up, and clinkin' about a hundred simoleons in his hand, he'd say, 'Baldy, do we make this a duet?'

"'Scrappy,' I'd say, kind of offended-like, 'have you ever seen a yeller streak in me? It's about time you knowed you couldn't make it a duet any too durned quick for yours truly.' Then we'd start out for some place where there was a dance, and where there was plenty o' licker in circulation.

"Well, sir, one night, havin' cleaned up all the throat-ticklin' water in town, we got on our cayuses and hit trail for home, The way that Scrappy could swaller anything thicker'n water allus was a surprise and a caution; and he sure did squench his thirst that night, 'cause he fair staggered in his saddle. It was a mighty fine night though; big round moon, clear blue sky, plenty of stars and all that sort of thing to keep a feller from fallin' down an arroyo. I reckon that fact must 'a' made us happy, for we come along a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' and a-singin' and a-shootin' in a way that was sure wrong—specially for our throats and our catridges. We come along, howsomever, without trouble or argiment; when jest as we was crossin' a stretch of sand, stuck full of cactus and sedge-grass, the ponies shied at somethin', and the next thing up pops a big, six-foot, diamond-back rattlesnake, coiled up in the devil's own coil; his white belly frontin' us, his mouth wide open—showin' his fangs—and his buttons makin' music like a busy dice box.

"I was for gittin' out of the way, and leavin' that snake to manage its own bizness; but Scrappy was so durned full of red-eye courage that he wasn't afraid of nothin'; so out of the saddle he goes and comes down kerflop on his hands and knees right in front of the rattler. He pulls out his Colt's forty-five and starts crawlin' forward, blowin' his breath and makin' a twangin' noise jest for spite; which same must 'a' been mighty offendin' to the ornery critter in front of him.

"'Hell!' says I, a-cussin' and a-swearin', 'you're going to git about a spoonful of canary-yeller pizen in you, Scrappy, that'll send you out of the bad lands too quick for prayers. You ain't got no gun a mile long in your paws.'

"Now, it's the easiest thing in the world to shoot a rattlesnake, providin' you've got a rifle or a shotgun and you're near. All you got to do is p'int it at the reptile, and if you can't hit the side of a canon under ordinary circumstances, you can blow the head clean off a rattler every time. But it ain't you as does the aimin'; it's his snakeship. He gits the range instanter, and you

jest pull the trigger and the snake'll accommodate you by spreadin' his ugly head all over the landscape. But it ain't so easy with a pistol 'cause you got to come too close. So, when I seen Scrappy crawlin' toward that snake I sure was scart speechless, and I started in to cuss myself for being so heedless as to put up my .30-30 at Murphy's bungalow bar for the last round of drinks.

"Well, Scrappy got right up close to where the snake could git the smell of him, and he wabbled that gun 'round in front of the snake's phiz, real tantalizin'-like, and the snake, his eyes a-gleamin', kep' shakin' his head from one side t'other, all the time trying to git the range; and Scrappy too durned drunk or too durned lazy to blaze away. Then, the first thing I knowed, up goes that snake's tail, wicked and silent, and up goes his head stiff as a bar of iron. I could see plain enough that he was tired monkeyin' 'round with Scrappy, but afore I had time to wink even oncet, he opens up his pink mouth, reaches over the gun, quick as lightnin', and gives Scrappy a jab in the hand. The next thing as happened is too wonderous to relate. Scrappy dropped his gun and grabbed the rattlesnake around the middle and started to wrassle him.

"Z-z-z—zzz!

"Say, it beat a bob-cat fight all holler. Scrappy he cussed in a way that would 'a' done credit to a Texas parson that's missed a good call. And that snake wasn't slow about sassin' back. He jest sizzed and hissed and rattled like a busted steam engine. Fin'ly, Scrappy gits up on his hands and knees and falls over sudden-like on the snake, and the two of 'em lay mighty quiet. I went over and yanked Scrappy back and he got up and the first thing he done was to begin' braggin' about his being the best snake wrassler in Custer County. That made me good and mad.

"'You blamed idjit,' says I, 'this ain't the time and place to be advertisin' yourself. Your hide 's punctured all over, and you got nothin' to brag about. What that snake did to you is comin' a-whoopin'. There's a gallon of yeller pizen doing a Comanche war dance in your system, and you've got about twenty minutes to tell me what kind of a epitaph you want on your tombstone. I got my own idees what 's right and proper, but I won't hurt your feelin's jest now by mentionin' 'em.'

"I got him on his cayuse and we went full jump for the ranch. When we reached the bunkhouse, I got down a quart of the most powerful licker we had in the place and told him to take a big jolt while the Chink hunted up the doc. But do you think Scrappy would touch a drop—not him. He was that stubborn that he took the bottle and fired it plumb through the window.

"'I'm the roarin' cateract of the E—D,' he yells; 'been chawed by bears, clawed by bob-cats, and shot by Greasers and personal friends, and I ain't cashed in yet; and I ain't a-goin' to for no ornery rattlesnake; and what's more I don't take no booze on his invitation.'

"With that he rolls up in his blanket and goes to sleep. That night he had a fever; and the next day he kind of purpled up a bit and swelled up some. Then he begins to git kinks in him. The second day was awful. He sit plumb up in his bunk with his eyes starin' straight ahead, and he yelled about seein' a grinnin' skull with worms a-crawlin' through that kep' swellin' and bloatin' and gittin' bigger and longer till they filled the shack. Then I guess the big fellers would kind of split up into little ones, for he'd yell somethin' terrible, a-tearin' at his arms and legs, and a-clutchin' his hands in front of his eyes in a way that was sure painful to see. But in a couple of days more there was a sudden change come over Scrappy, and he begun to hit the road to recovery like a two-year-old.

"When I seen that he was all right I mosied over to where we'd bumped into the rattler, thinkin' I'd git his skin as a soovyneer for Scrappy. Sure enough, there was the critter right where Scrappy had left him, and there wasn't a soft spot on him as big as your thumb that showed he'd ever been kicked, squeezed or squatted on. And that's jest what started a dee-bate, and a argiment, and a lot of rag-chawin' in this part of the country that'll never be stopped proper till the hull population is killed off or moves away to foreign parts. 'Bout one-half, includin' the doc, says that the snake must 'a' had busted fangs, or used up his ammunition on a jack-rabbit, afore he tackled Scrappy; while the rest sticks up for Scrappy, and says the rattlesnake's pizen wasn't a circumstance to the pizen Scrappy had under his hide when he jumped the snake."

RACE SUICIDE

By Walter Scott Haskell

WE HAD been talking about the prevailing tendency of young men and maidens to live in single blessedness, and the consequences thereof, my wife and I; and, as she is of a positive temperament and I of a mild impressional disposition, her words naturally had the effect of fastening themselves upon my sensitive mind in a marked degree. It was therefore quite within the bounds of possibility that I should be visited by fantastic pictures in dreamland when I sought our hallowed bed of repose.

Some time in the night I seemed to have awakened in another state, in another land, and in another body. I looked down at my ample proportions, and saw that hair covered my body; just hair and no clothes. I had often envied the animals their freedom and happiness and on discovering that I was "It," a kind of elation took possession of me which I will not attempt to describe other than to say a series of thrills permeated my nerve-strung organism. I was a bear, a male bear of the grizzly-gray species, and joyed in it! I must have weighed a ton or more, and when I lifted my ponderous paw, I experienced the inner tickling which doubtless had animated my ancestors for centuries back in their consciousness of strength. I swelled out my chest and took a stroll on my hind legs, rejoicing in my strength as the war-horse who paweth in the valley, etc. I was brought to a realizing sense of the frailty of greatness and the vanity of puffedupness, by observing my better half in the shape of a she bear walking on four legs from behind a clump of gooseberry bushes, and hearing her rasping voice accosting me in a fault-finding tone which reminded me of my real wife on wash day when the baby is fretful and the cat has spilled the milk. Mrs. Bruin said: "Pa, where's the cubs? You'd better go and find them 'cause it's getting most night and they might get lost or eaten up by some wild thing. Pa, ain't you goin' to start?"

"Ain't I goin' to start?" I blurted with a feeling of dignified resentment in my voice at being thus commanded to do a thing which custom has relegated to the duties of the maternal side of any well regulated family. "I should think you would be ashamed to ask me to do such a puerile thing as to look after the infantile part of our household contingency and lower my manhood; you'll be asking me to nurse them yet."

"Now don't go and get your back up, Mr. Bruin, just because I asked you in a gentle loving tone to help me in my burdensome duties of taking care of our offspring—the poor little dears! They may be even now in the direst extremities from exhaustion or fright, and their mean old pa won't even help to find them. Boo hoo!"

"Say, madam; if you're goin' to bawl, I'll go and get the cubs. If there's anything I hate, it's—"

"No, you shan't get them now! You've intimated that I should not ask you, and I won't! You shan't get them, at all, Mr. Bruin—you mean old thing!"

"Oh, fudge! if this ain't enough to make a bear swear—say, old gal! Do you know who I am? I'm Bruin, the king of bears, and if you want to rake up trouble you can do it. Your sex saves you from corporeal punishment, but it don't save you from receiving a little wholesome advice!" I growled with some bluster.

"You're a mean old thing, and I hope you'll die before you're one—one—thousand years old!"

"Madam, now that you've riled me up, I'm goin' to speak of an old grievance that I wouldn't have mentioned in ten thousand years otherwise!" I cried, tragically flourishing my right paw and looking up at the lowering sun showing through the tree tops. "Perhaps you have forgotten, madam, that we once lived as human beings, so called, about ten thousand years ago, and that you

were a big healthy woman and I was a smallish sized man with a tendency to consumption, and that you abused me, shamefully abused me?"

"It's no such thing!" she contradicted. "I didn't abuse you. I was a good kind mother to your children, and didn't object to raising children as other females did at the time—you know it was in the reign of Ros-e-phelt when Race Suicide was at its height?"

"Of course I know all that," I replied, somewhat softened by her manner and the subduing effect of reminiscence in general. "I know that you accepted the honors of motherhood, and in a general way I respect you for that; but you will admit that you used to sit on me at the slightest provocation? You will not deny that you once took me across your knee and spanked me in public, thus causing me great mental distress, not to mention physical suffering? You will not attempt to repudiate the fact that the day I died from consumption and abuse, you arranged to marry another man as soon as the funeral was over, and would have done so had not an accident happened in which you was thrown from a runaway carriage in the funeral procession and killed? Of course you couldn't boss me in the celestial regions because it took all your time and mine to keep us both from getting scorched in the sunshine of the lower heavens. And when we did finally get a chance to reincarnate as being preferable to that kind of a heaven, we found—what did we find? We found that Race Suicide had done it's work and there wasn't a human being on earth; and the only things available in the shape of bodies to incarnate into were animal bodies. There were animals in plenty on the earth, and out of the many, we chose the bear as being the most fitting to our loving natures."

"You certainly took to the bear nature very naturally," quoth Mrs. Bruin with a disdainful toss of her head.

I would have retorted in kind, had not the missing cubs at that moment made their appearance from over the brow of the hill where they had been squandering their time robbing bees' nests, as evidenced by their sticky paws which they lubberly clawed into the hair side of their paternal parent's skin with their effusive demonstrations of cubbish affection.

"Oh, cubs!" I cried. "For heaven's sake go and claw your ma over awhile, or else wash the gum off your paws—yes, and take that poison oak out of your mouths. Heavens! what a trial you young 'uns are. I almost believe I'll be driven to race suicide again."

"You unthinking brute, you," snapped my loving spouse. "To talk of race suicide before those dear innocents, imbuing their young lives with your fiendish and unholy designs. If there's any more race suicides to be perpetrated on this earth's surface, I'll take a hand. I'm a good mind to do it, too. I'm a good mind to go right now and get a divorce, and then organize a club of my compeers and warn every suffering female to have nothing more to do with bears of the male gender; and in a few hundred years there won't be a sample of your brute race on earth, any more than there was of the human race after the non-mating craze had its run!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Just like a female, to cut off her own nose to spite the rest of her face!" I ejaculated as the funny side of it struck me. "Don't you see, madam," I explained, "that when you wipe out *my* side of the race by race suicide methods, you do the same thing to *your* side also?"

"Oh, dear, I wish I could do something to spite you without suffering myself!" she retorted spitefully.

"That is impossible madam," I replied sarcastically, and took pains to remind her that her language was not such as should come to the ears of imitative cubs, if she had any regard for the duties of a parent for their offspring.

She retorted in kind and would have talked to some length, had not an unlooked for circumstance intervened to change the tenor of our family tiff.

"Oh, look! look!" she suddenly exclaimed catching up the cubs one under each arm and looking the picture of alarm.

Following the direction of her gaze I beheld a large mountain lion coming boldly toward us. I pulled myself together in a jiffy for I knew there would be something doing in about two minutes. I started to meet the monster and do battle on the square, when Mrs. Bruin called in a frightened tone: "Oh, don't, Bruin, you'll be killed; he's an awful big one!"

"Well just you watch me," I growled back and marched as bold as my antagonist, a half

dozen steps toward him. I fully realized what I was going up against, that it was no child's play; but I was out of sorts anyway, and I didn't care. Unknowingly, Mrs. Bruin had, in her augmenting the family jar, just prepared me for doing my best in a rough and tumble. I felt fight all over, and it was a relief to my pent up feelings to see the lion's back hump and his mouth open in a snarl. I couldn't understand his exact words, but I knew well that it meant war, and I was on my guard. I stood on my hind feet and showed my teeth and claws and sassed him a little, though I didn't stoop to the use of low epithets which others of my kind might do, who had no regard for their social status, but just used ordinary cuss words. I said, "Come on, you long-legged, slab-sided, pigeon-headed, crane-eyed, lantern-jawed, horseshoe-mouthed, carrion-complected son of a sea cook; and I'll do you up!"

That started him, and with a few preliminary jumps of thirty or forty feet at a lick, he went into the air and dropped onto my back. He was quicker than chain lightning boiled down, and I had all I could do to keep from yelling with pain as his sharp claws sank into the fleshy part of my anatomy. I lay down and rolled over twice in rapid succession, but the cuss managed to keep on top out of my reach. Finally I rubbed up against a tree and got the cat nature of my antagonist pinched so that he began to cry quits and endeavored to get away. I knew I could never catch him if he once did get away, and I didn't give him a chance. I worked around and got where I could play that almighty right of mine, and I made jelly of the king of the forest in less than a second. He died fighting and was a noble antagonist. I felt proud for having killed him. As I flung the carcass over the top of an adjacent 50 foot boulder, my better half came up with the cubs, and they all put their arms around me and cried a bit over my wounds, and called me "brave papa," and all that; which of course was all right and as it should be. The incident had made harmony in the family anyway, and as I sat watching the setting sun with my back against a tree and the cubs and my spouse rolling around in frolicsome forgetfulness, I thought I was never so happy in my life.

But alas! this picture of home felicity was rudely broken into by my suddenly awakening to a sense of feeling my wife punching me in the ribs and saying in her sweet commanding way: "John, get up and build the fire."

SONNET TO A MEERSCHAUM

THOU dearest of delights, thou joy sublime,
Thou comfort in the hour of repose,
When, drowsily, I steep my soul to doze
In dreams of vagrant moments filched from time,
Touched with the bloom of memory's mellow haze
That lends allurement to the least design,
As, wrapped in fragrant clouds, the peace divine
Of calm contentment crowns my passing days.

No sobs, no tears, reproaches nor replies;
No fearful doubts in wistful, o'er-fond eyes;
No never-ending yearning; nor the fret
Of riddles; nor a ceaseless, vain regret;
But just a glad, sweet, happy indolence
Sweeps o'er me as I breathe thy rich incense.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

ROUGHING IT IN THE ROCKIES

By T. Shelley Sutton

NATURE never intended us to congest into scrambled masses of humanity, "like sordid corpuscles of a blood diseased, by fever swept through restless veins" of metropolitan alleys and by-ways, as Emerson once expressed it; but created us, originally, to bask in the balmy air and scenic smile of verdant, vernal environment. If we have forsaken the mountain shrine to kneel at the guilty altar of inexorable Mammon; if we have bartered the substance in our bootless pursuit of the intangible shadow; if we have become lost in chasing the rainbow's pot of gold, and the *ignis fatui* of fashion, fame, folly and "frenzied finance", it is not the fault of the Creator, but of our own selfish ambitions and wanton proclivities. The world has changed; the heart of man has been pilfered of its pristine purity; the paths of humanity have shifted from their given course, and the world as it Was lives only in the tragic history of the world that Is.

But the woods are still unchanged; the birds are singing the same sweet songs today that they sang in the days of Homer, Virgil, Ovid or Horace. The same sweet flowers that Anthony wreathed upon the snowy brow of his Cleopatra—aye, the roses of which Ovid sang in his Epistles and Amours—the laurels and sweet forget-me-nots of Isis and Osiris, and all the fragrant blossoms whose redolence made sweet the nuptial cots of Egypt's forgotten kings, are blooming today as pure and tempting as in the prehistoric ages of the mystic past. The same old mountains rise upon the far blue horizon, calling us to canons deep, and woodland quest. The same old brooks and rivers babble and roll upon their seaward journeys, bidding us hasten to the haunts of the finny families. The same old forests croon to the vagrant zephyr; the same old peaks and valleys call us to the wild. It is still God's world—the same old happy world that He first made it; but we, the money-maddened creatures of sin and folly, have been alienated from our natural habitats. From the Tree of Knowledge, in that ancient Garden of Eden, which once embraced the world, what a road we have had to travel!—what a journey we have led!—what a goal it has brought us to!

Ministers, pious folk, the stoical scientists and the apathetic prudes of our so-called "civilized" communities laugh at us—at the few of us—who have taken up this cry, "Return to Nature!" Just the other day I asked a Methodist minister if he had ever read a copy of "Western Field." His reply? I believe he felt sorry for me. I could see the pity, mingled with the dignity, shadowed in his eyes. He assured me that he never had, so I dropped the subject, merely saying that I believed the magazines devoted to outdoor life were doing as much good in the world as any of the religious tracts, or gospel-spreading monthlies. Confidentially, I believe they are doing more, but I did not tell him so. The mission of the sportsman's magazine, of the type of "Western Field," is one of untold virtues—the uplifting of humanity from the sloughs of weariness and despond; the infusing of verve and happiness into the jaded spirits of the gutter-steeped and heart-racked mortals of strife and sorrow; the inculcation of higher and nobler sports than those, so called, of the mephitic dive and bar-room; the leading back to Nature, and into all of her grand phases and inspiring features, of the struggling slaves of sin who have forgotten that there exists for them the balm of mountain breezes, the solace of silence and solitude, the rejuvenating pleasures of the rod and reel, of the camp and wood, of the rifle hunt and river boat. While the Church is crying "Cease your sin," the sportsman's magazine is saying "Get away from it. Go out into the fastnesses of the wild; hie you to the hills, to the forest's

edge, to the tent in the lonely canon. Return to Nature. Flee from the vain and hollow struggles of the human maelstrom. Be the man that Nature intended you! Breathe the pure air of the mighty mountain-top; inhale the fragrance of the valley flowers; drink from the snow-born crystal waters of the brook; bathe your shame-seared soul in the beauty and joy and freedom of the wild. Expand your chest, invigorate your limbs, bring back the vanished color of your cheeks."

And yet there are many Christian homes that would not entertain the idea of a sportsman's magazine. The woman who sings in the front pew and denounces the wholesome sport of game-hunting, twice or thrice a year gives material, financial encouragement to the wholesale slaughter of the innocent, beautiful-plumaged birds whose meat is left to rot and whose songs, if allowed to be sung, would make our sad old world yet happier by a thousand fold! Every time she pays a stiff price for a hat on which appears the wing or breast of a bird, she is abetting this wholesale slaughter. She should look but once into the forests of India, Brazil and Central Africa, where millions upon millions of these birds are annually sacrificed to the fashionable art of millinery.

It is when I get to thinking along these lines that I want to sneak off somewhere and forget that I am human. It is a relief, for a few brief minutes, to try to imagine that one is—say, a dog. It seems so much better, so much loftier. But at these times I fancy it is really an insult to the intelligence of the dog. I have seen dogs so superior to some degenerate specimens of the *genus homo* that I wonder, frequently, why the Creator did not make the man to be owned by the dog, rather than the dog by the man.

If I were a millionaire, or even worth a dollar-fifty, I would buy a sack of flour, a can of baking-powder, and see how long I could stay in the Rocky Mountains. When the flour and baking-powder gave out I would try to adapt myself to the manners of my antediluvian progenitors, i. e., I would endeavor to live on hand-made cereal-pastes, devoid of the baking-powder, and, if possible, keep away from civilization as long as it kept away from me. Honestly, boys, I believe a fellow could really learn what life is like that way, and that in time he could be supremely happy. A breech-clout, a pair of blankets, any old hut of twigs and branches, a pair of moccasins, and a gun and ammunition! What a heaven it would be! Just think—no more of this boiled-shirt business, and aesthetic dress, and nicey-nicey etiquette, but just a let-'er-rip and devil-take-'em life of ease and comfort, stretched in the dirt before a crackling camp-fire, or wandering in peace among the fern-embowered woods, or squatting with a pole upon some mossy rock by the river side. For me it would mean positive rapture. I wouldn't have to lie in bed while my wife was sewing buttons on the only pair of pants I had; or I wouldn't be crying for ice "in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after." I wouldn't be eating "sen-sen" to get rid of that terra-cotta taste, or find myself sneaking down the side streets next morning wondering how many good fellows I had borrowed money of, and if any of the policemen were after me for something I couldn't explain.

Camping in the rugged Rockies! I remember a summer I spent, two years ago, in the regions of Colorado. I wish my whole life could be as was that one brief, golden summer. From Littleton, at an altitude of 5300 feet, I journeyed to Larkspur, Castle Rock and Palmer Lake, to an altitude of over 7200 feet, and what a trip I had!—a trip of panoramic varieties and inspiring unfoldments—a trip, such as only the true sportsman could appreciate. Timber, scenery, climate, fish, game, solitude, and no restrictions. This tells the story in a nutshell. But there is more that can never be told—more that language cannot describe, more that pen cannot attempt. It is a region of exquisite wonders, a land of unutterable delights and nameless possibilities. Who has wandered amid the silent paths of beautiful Glen Park, or angled in the crystal waters of Monument Creek, Stone Canon, Cook Creek, or Palmer Lake, or hunted the big game of those pine-robed peaks, that did not return from his experiences a better and happier man?

And from Salida to Wellsville, six miles east of the Arkansas River—what an incomparable trip it is! Where can one surpass the sportive resources of the wonderful

North Fork country, eighteen miles beyond Salida? Where are there more delightful mountain hamlets than Salida, or Poncha, or Wellsville, or Nathrop, or Twin Lakes, or Red Cliff, or Minturn? Where can one find better fishing than in the cold, clear waters of the Arkansas, or Chalk Creek, or Cottonwood Lake? You must, indeed, go far to find it, reader. When you reach this section of Colorado, put it in your pipe that you have struck the red man's "happy hunting grounds," and the angler's paradise—the green Valhalla of the sportsman. It is useless to wander farther. All the rest of Colorado is beautiful, and teeming with possibilities that may be just as great, but none of it is better.

I have hunted on Eagle River, I have wandered for days along the dreamy banks of the emerald Piney Lake; I have camped long stretches over 8800 feet above the sea, in sight of the Mount of the Holy Cross, in the Valley of the Eagle. I know the State as well as one may know a book, and never once has it disappointed me in a single quest of pleasure, game or pastime. I have climbed her rugged mountains over many a dangerous path and formidable height; I have forded her icy streams, and camped upon many of their banks, and rowed upon many of their bosoms, and always have I found her what she promised me. There are some countries whose virtues are of the woof and warp of an advertiser's fabric; there are others that are spasmodically good. Colorado, always is the same—a haven of retreat and rest.

OCTOBER

THERE'S a heartache in the song
That the robin trills today,
And the blue bird lingers long
Where the dells are turning gray,
And there's sorrow in his lay,
And his lyric holds a tear
For the silver of the year
That bedecks the autumn way.

There's the requiem of fall
In the rhythm of the brook,
And each leaf becomes a thrall
Givèd in some crimson nook,
There's a grumness in the look
Of the opalescent sky—
Scarlet pages flutter by
Out of autumn's tragic book.

There's a stillness to the air
That bespeaks a time to be,
When the winter winds will fare
Through the dale and over lea,
With their song a symphony
In an eerie minor strain,
As the pallid, spectre rain
Rides the pale gusts fearlessly.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE TRAIL OF THE LOP-EARED HARE

By Francis Steel.

THE forest is wrapped in silence. The night air bears the biting chill of winter. Through the naked branches of the trees the moonlight sifts brightly down upon the white blanket of fluffy snow. From the the shelter of a snow-laden fir tree leaps a rabbit. Like a ball of cotton carried along by the wind he drifts lightly out into the silvery moonshine of a little glade, and begins to frisk about in silent enjoyment. In the pale moonlight it can be seen that one of the cottontail's ears is slightly torn and lops down curiously. Now a second rabbit leaps into the open and joins the play, then another, and another, until soon the little glade is alive with frolicking, downy forms, which whirl back and forth like little eddies of snow. Around and around, in and out, they spin until the eye becomes dizzy from watching them.

Suddenly in the midst of their gambols, the lop-eared rabbit strikes the ground sharply with his hind foot. Immediately the frolic ceases. Each rabbit sits erect upon his strong hind quarters, waving his long ears slowly, and nervously twitching his nose. Then at a second thump from the lop-eared leader the playful band vanish like wisps of mist. The leader hesitates a second at the edge of the thicket, then he also disappears into the brush. The moonlight sleeps placidly upon the snowy expanse of the deserted glade.

A few minutes later the sinister form of a mink glides out from beneath the snow-laden pine tree. With his nose to the ground, the silent prowler begins swiftly to trace out the labyrinth of three-cornered footprints that mar the smooth surface of the snow. There follow some minutes of fruitless efforts to unravel the hopelessly interwoven tracks in the center of the glade. Then the dark form slips quickly to the edge of the brush, and swiftly circles part way around the outskirts of the opening until it strikes a trail leading out into the thicket. It chances to be that of the lop-eared leader.

With the persistence of a sleuth hound the sable pursuer follows the track of his timid, white quarry. He runs, not in light leaps like the rabbit, but in long, low, sinuous bounds, bending his lithe back almost double, and straightening out again like a steel spring. His slender trail in the soft snow, overlapping that of the pad-footed fugitive, is singularly innocent looking, and gives no indication of the cruel power of its maker except where the snow is deep, where the marks of the sinewy body and tail may occasionally be seen.

On speeds the fleeing hare and on speeds the pursuing mink. Through thickets and underbrush, down long forest aisles, and across broad open spaces they fly, the rabbit putting forth every effort to distance his pursuer, while the mink, sure of his methods, pauses not even to look ahead, but grimly keeps his eyes and nose occupied with the fresh trail of his prey.

Finding his speed unavailing the fugitive doubles swiftly back upon his own trail, leaps sideways to a log which has been bared of its snowy covering by the wind, and after running along its length resumes his headlong flight through the woodland.

The mink reaches the place where his quarry has circled back. He is for a moment baffled, but soon his keen and experienced craft penetrates the timeworn ruse of the fugitive, and setting straight across the doublings of the trail he picks it up again with relentless precision at the point where it emerges into the opening.

Now the rabbit is in full view, still running bravely, but not with the same springy lightness that at first marked his flight, for although his speed is somewhat greater than that of his dogged pursuer, his endurance is far less. Now he takes to diving into thick brush piles and to hiding in hollow logs, but at each succeeding ruse the lean, black shape of his foe draws nearer.

At last, when his limbs drag heavily beneath him, the tired rabbit reaches the edge of a weedy pond. Here he hesitates a mo-

ment, quivering with fear and fatigue. The pond extends too far on either side to be circled, and to turn back now means certain death. As he remains undecided, the sable form of the mink darts from the thicket just behind, and his long bounds fairly eat up the few yards that separate him from his trembling prey, while his little ferret eyes flare red with the murderous light of the kill.

One hasty look into those glowing orbs turns the balance. With a quick leap the frightened rabbit plunges into the icy water, and swims desperately out into the dark pool, breaking the thin coating of ice as he goes. A dozen seconds later the infuriated mink reaches the edge of the pond, and crouches there for fully a minute with just his forepaws in the chilling water. Then he turns, and darts stealthily along the bank, watching the course of the struggling hare, and calmly waiting for the freezing cold to drive his doomed prey to shore.

The weary rabbit painfully fights his way through the ice-covered water toward the opposite shore. In spite of the disabling numbness that is creeping over him he struggles gallantly on to gain the apparent safety of a grassy point, which rises blackly before him. But alas for his hopes! That weedy point even now conceals the slinking form of his relentless foe, and certain death lurks where freedom seems to call. Nearer and nearer comes the unsuspecting prey. The lean, black form among the bushes becomes rigid as steel, while its eyes redden, bloodshot with baleful fury.

Suddenly a hollow ominous *whoo! whoo! whoo!* breaks the deep stillness of the night. The mink starts fearfully from his tense position, and the red glow of fierce triumph in his eyes changes swiftly to the pale light of terror. Out in the pond the timid rabbit, its limbs quaking with fear, awaits the expected pounce.

There is a hushed rustle of soft wings, a screaming snarl, half of demoniacal rage, half of abject terror; then the big owl rises heavily from the grassy point. In its great talons writhes the slim, black body of the mink.

When the trembling hare has at length recovered from his double fright, he drags himself painfully from the icy water, and sinks down among the sheltering weeds upon the bank, exhausted but safe.

THE DEAD MONARCH

(Suggested by the death of a giant moose.)

HE WAS monarch undisputed of the woodland and lagoon,
Victor of a thousand battles fought beneath the harvest moon;
He had answered every challenge that was sounded from the hills—
Oft his angry cry had echoed through the crisp September stills—
And the clash of mighty antlers as he met the alien foe
Often woke the forest sleepers in the cedar vales below.

He had known no fear nor danger till the hunter-people came,
Dealing death without a warning in a sudden burst of flame;
Skulking wolves had let no terror in the long dark winter night
When the herd for safety huddled 'neath the pale aurora light;
Strong of heart and strong of sinew, others followed where he led,
Till the cruel bullet found him and the gallant spirit fled.

Pæons for the dying soldier have been chanted o'er and o'er,
And a nation sits in mourning when a monarch is no more;
But this brave and valiant ruler of a kingdom wild and free
Dies without a word of sorrow or a tear of sympathy.
Wait! a God who deals in mercy and whose justice reaches all
Has seen the fatal bullet—He, who notes the sparrow's fall.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*

AT THE RIM OF THE WORLD

By Mary H. Coates

TO FIND the Rim of the World, take the right-hand path at the meadow gate where the road ends—the drive-no-farther termination of a straggling street in a little village seventy miles out in the country. The path turns into a pasture and leads to a quaint two-by-four ranch which, seemingly, wandered off and got itself lost at the foot of a series of round-headed sagebrush hills, rising one above another like steps in a stairway, a part of the unbroken wild of the mountains beyond them.

"What freedom for foot and eye!" exclaimed Jarvis the moment he laid eyes on the place. "World's end and life's beginning. Right here we camp all this blessed summer." Down on the ground went his hand-grip with an emphatic thud, and skyward sailed his cap even more vigorously.

The deserted little hacienda was once a neat, pretty homestead, but now all that remains is the tiny weather-worn house, a clothes-line post, an olive tree loaded with ripening olives, and a big, sprawly, ragged fig tree; there is neither fence nor any other keep-off-the-grass barrier between the sun-brown, herby yard and the hills, odorous with thymey-scented Artemisia and white-flowered buckwheat, with clumps of bear grass; and sometimes on the nearest hill, showing sharp against the horizon, can be seen a deer.

"I say, Frances, how about this?" Jarvis glanced at the big canvas bundle which contained his ideas about screened ventilation and a duck floor stitched tightly to the tent walls. "Oh, the house is all right, but we'll sleep in the tent. Shall it be set up here?" walking to a sunny spot above the fig tree.

Behind the house, in the cosey southwest angle, is a leveled-off square. "Truck garden," observed Jarvis. "No, thank you; not in my line—not this summer," stretching his arms indolently. All the same, the square was destined soon to be neatly smoothed down and cared for regularly by him, and would represent the source of a food supply.

* * *

It began with the crumbs from the table, tossed into the yard; but as an established thing its inception sprang from a thought of the linnets' needs. How could a sociable redhead and his dear demure little mate sip the temptingly-purple, plum-like, bitter, bitter ripe olives! But before that was the meanness of a certain mocker, who would sneak swiftly to the fig tree, snatch a fallen fig if he could find one, fly with it to the roof where he whack-whacked it against the shingles, endeavoring to pick out the sweet, seedy pulp; it was often a tolerably dry fig, hence a loud knocking noise, which sent the family to the front door only to find no one there—not even the mocker above, for at the first hint of approach he would scud off out of view.

After the family had done a little detective work of the ghost-hunting order Mr. Mocker's trick was discovered; and forthwith they devised the "Bird's Restaurant," otherwise the bare spot of ground directly in front of their dining-room window. In the shade of a big rose geranium gone wild they set up a marble drinking pool, made of an inverted soup tureen lid in disguise; and before the window a birds' hammock of a dry, twiggy fig limb.

At first the whole institution was eyed with suspicion, even with disdain by the yet-to-be patrons, who seemed to doubt the honesty of its promoters. But Mr. Mocker's love of good victuals conquered his fear of some hidden base motive, and he began by making calls of the: "Guess-I'll-try-a-coffee-and-sinker;-I'm-in-a-hurry," sort.

"He hustles off without giving the

table waiters a nod or even a chirp for a tip," said little Jean, whose mother had sent her up from the city to get a healthy tan on her face.

The linnets came next, and then the birds' eating house must have received some sort of wireless telegraphic advertising which reached far and wide, for the list of boarders increased amazingly.

"Getting to be a regular cosmopolitan lunch counter," laughed Jarvis.

"Who's the latest arrival?—where's the register? Oh, here." Making a book of her open hands, Jean pretended to read: "Bluebird (he flirts at the table); wild canary (he's decidedly greedy); white-crown sparrow (eats and runs)"—making side comments as she read. Of all the motley throng of feathered patrons the blackbird, out-and-out gentleman that he is, dined in the most matter-of-fact, leisurely fashion.

During the interval between nesting and flocking the blackbirds chummed with the larks, though, to be exact, it was the other way; the larks did the chumming, and in an amusing manner, too.

The blackbird is bold, and the breakfast business brought him within three feet of the open screened window. The lark is timid, and he's wise, or he thinks he is, for while his bill was engaged in picking up food he kept one eye on the window and the other on a blackbird, and that blackbird was between himself and the window. No matter how restlessly the chum trotted around, always the lark used him for a shield.

The best-beloved is a family of three dozen quail which, since flocking, roam the nearest foothills and at sundown often come feeding to the edge of the yard; softly, daintily stepping with little feet ever ready to run away, they pick the scattered wheat.

The most ostentatious diner is Mr. Mocker, and he likes his supper at the last minute before dark. Swooping down with wings wide spread, he alights, runs three or four hop-and-skip steps, bringing up with a sharp halt at the table. After critically inspecting the food he picks up a mouthful and bolts it down with a positive sort of gulp that says: "I'm not beholden to you for any favors," as he tosses a glance at the window.

One night he had a feather-breadth escape, too; he was very late and seemed quite fussy about which grape he wanted; but suddenly he dropped what he had selected, utted a croak of dismay, and scrambled off as fast as feet and wings combined could take him.

"What could have frightened him?" asked Jean, peeking around the corner of the house. "Look!" pointing to the clothesline post, which had, all at once, grown a foot higher. "An owl!"

The owl came on many an evening afterwards, probably for the mice which also visited the birds' table at twilight. But Mr. Mocker, himself, is just as bad, for he ends the career of dozens of big black ants. Equally heathenish are the tiny lizards which come in the warm afternoon and snap up flies sipping sweet left-overs. Early in the morning before anyone in the house is astir, Big Innocence, a jack rabbit, takes breakfast here; and in the afternoon two or three little cottontails usually venture down from the covert of sagebrush to get carrot parings.

Up the slope, four hundred feet away, is a hole in a little bank under a big, brushy buckwheat. The doorway is large enough to admit the body of a fox-terrier, and there are toe tracks a-plenty around it; but you may watch it all day, and never a thing will you see coming out or going in. Ah! but wait a little longer—till the moonrise filters over the ridge—then, out of the hole slips a tawny, dust-colored form. Down the slope he comes right to the birds' dining hall. He walks all over the square, hunting the sweet grapes which were purposely scattered; but always he keeps his nose and ears sharply pointed in the direction of the distant, barking village dog.

It is a thrilly moment, for he is distinctly of the wild; and, too, his presence depends on a price—not a noise nor a movement, nor a light in the house. He approaches within four feet of the unscreened closed window, so he is easily seen. What splendid suppleness as he turns, drops down, rises and swings his long, beautiful tail; it is a freedom and grace of movement never seen in the doings of a caged fox.

He dines all too quickly, and glides away from the open square; and the instant he reaches the nearest grass he's gone, for he seems to melt into it; lost to view even be-

fore he reaches the herbage of the hill, whence, at any time, may come other creatures, but who, or how, is always a wondering, pleasant surmise.

When Jean's birthday came she chose to celebrate it with a moonlight picnic on the hills. "We're to cut the cake at 11 o'clock, for that stands for the birthdays," she said. So it was very late when the happy, tired picnickers returned. The lunch basket was deposited in the tent to save time, and everybody tumbled hastily, sleepily into bed.

"Get out!" It was Jean's voice which broke the first nap. "There's a dog nosing around. He's smelled the scraps of my picnic, I guess, and is hunting for the basket. He nudged my elbow just now." Then, a few minutes later, "What a funny bark that dog has," as the *yac yac* of a coyote sounded from the nearest chaparral around the Rim of the World.

THE AGING YEAR

THE merry leaves dance on the breeze,
The meadow lands are sere and gray;
And, autumn-robbed, the plainting trees
A mournful cadence now essay;
The dryad hides herself away;
The fall-bound poplars humbly bow;
And sad the robin's rondelay—
The year is growing older now.

Now mad the wild wind's graceless glees;
Fall's crimson kisses thrall the day;
The careless cat-bird's harmonies
Are woven to a simple lay,
While shrill the quirp of gibing jay
To pallid Winter's sneering vow
(He woos the blushing autumn); aye,
The year is growing older now.

And, sadly vexed, the grumbling bees
Are wrested from their homing way
By errant breezes born to tease;
The brook is dashed to silver spray;
A thistle-down is cast astray;
The sun betakes a cloudy brow,
And nature stands in red array:
The year is growing colder now.

L'ENVOI

Autumn, o' gipsy grace, and gay;
To *thee* this lyric I endow:
My humble homage to convey
The year is growing older now!

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

KOONIE

By James E. Sawyers

KOONIE, a clumsily built creature lying flattened along the thick branch of a tall fir, a hundred feet above the ground, looked contentedly down the mountain side into the peaceful valley where the Umpqua wound its course leisurely along until it disappeared through the abrupt mountain defiles in the far distance. She cast many sharp glances about, and her keen, inquisitive black eyes seemed to glow with a new lustre as she realized her wild freedom. It was March, but the warm sun had shone all day and many indications of spring's reawakening were in evidence. As she was looking over the rolling hills from her place of vantage—a vast mountain sea spread out before her, all tinted in purple—the sun disappeared in a sea of gold. The slow hesitating call of the evening grossbeak, the deer coming out to feed on the new herbage and buds, and the shadows of night gently creeping over all nature reminded her that the night's hunting time was at hand, so she shambled to the big tree trunk and slowly descended in her deliberate way, wondering why she was less nimble than other wood-dwellers.

The winter had been unusually severe, and she had spent the long cold spells sleeping in the cavity of the tree, and these periods of hibernation had depleted her system, causing her appetite to demand a diet rich in nitrogen. The impetus of spring's awakening life everywhere had caused myriads of bugs, snails and small reptiles to come forth from their winter's seclusion and these she promptly added to her menu as she wandered down the mountain side. Those that still abided under stones, loose bark or other debris were quickly detected by her keen nose, and her cunning paws scratched them out.

The croaking of frogs down in the farmer's swampy pasture caught her attention and she made for the point of invitation, waddling in her bear-like way, alert with all the wariness the memories of boys, dogs and traps had taught her. Koonie was well aware of all the dangers incident to foraging in the settlement, and as she followed down the mountain brook, a bright piece of tin clamped on the pan of a trap attracted her attention. Ordinarily she would have amused herself pawing and striking at it, for shining as it did in the moonlight it was very fascinating, but experience had taught her the lurking dangers of man's glittering ornaments and she avoided it.

In another of her favorite haunts a piece of corncorb with a few grains sticking to it and a goodly quantity of shelled corn scattered around appeared very tempting to Koonie; and in the edge of the pond a greenwinged teal sat leisurely on the water. She felt suspicious about the promiscuously scattered corn, but her little brain could not fathom the mystery of the live duck, for she had never known ducks to roost there. The sweet warm scent from the duck tickled her nostrils and made her anxious to attack it but the unlikeliness of the situation made her most cautious; and a little more investigation showed that the duck's wing hung unnaturally as if it were broken, which fact impressed her and made her more fearful. But the strong odor of a rusty trap and of man on the brush made her believe that a hidden danger lurked about the duck, for she had a pretty clear idea about man's devices which are used to trap her kind. Prudence, therefore, forebade her making any further exploration. Then she turned away, and continued her foraging, hunting along the brooksides, ponds, and through the timbered places, which afforded abundance of eatables agreeable to a 'coon's palate.

Koonie had wandered further than usual in her night hunt, perhaps because of the thrilling spirit of coming spring, which was unfolding nature's hidden life. The salmon tint in the east and the gray of approaching day brought fear to her, for she had hunted long after the hours of safety, and should have been back to her den before break of

day. A rooster, perched somewhere near the farmer's barn, crowed long and loud until his brothers in the hen house answered in chorus. She knew that this meant that all would soon be astir about the farm, and the crisp morning wind sweeping westward would certainly carry her scent to the farmer's hounds that were free to go at will where they pleased.

It was obvious that peril was near, and something told her that she must avert the coming danger. These hounds were woodswise and formidable; she had watched them many times from her high perch trailing lynxes, cougars and bears that had committed occasional depredations among the farmer's flocks. She ran boldly across the open to the fringe of timber along the river bottom, then followed along under a great drift pile to a big tree, climbed it and listened a moment, then descended, retraced her steps and crossed the slough on a partly submerged log to the river. Thence she crossed the river and went some distance before recrossing to seek safety in a crevice in the rocks that projected over the river. It was a cold, disagreeable place, but her instinct prompted her to seek safety at any price.

Scarcely had she reached her place of safety, when a bell-like baying in the distance came melodious, yet menacingly to her alert ears. She listened most uneasily to the unwelcome sound and wondered if their owner was aware of the chase. She dreaded him far more than she did the hounds, for he was a master in woodland lore and knew much about the subtle ways of the wild folk. It was not the keen scent of her pursuers but the artifice of man that alarmed her.

From the crevice in the ledge she could observe the movements of her tireless foes; and she watched them cold-trailing through the swampy places and meadow and she felt certain that her trail was being gradually worked out. Her trail, intricate as it was, failed to foil the hounds, for now she saw them running along the river bank. Koonie watched them eagerly as they followed the shallow river, expecting to see them follow the main bank, but they were coonwise, so leaped from rock to rock, following among sedges, but making brief pauses to examine the drooping willows—and always showing marvelous skill in working out the broken trail.

Arriving at the point where Koonie had swam the river the baffled hounds paused and made a wide circuit, sniffing about the trees and logs. She felt certain that her ruse had succeeded, but finally the big spotted hound plunged into the river and came across, followed by his companion. The pair hunted diligently, scrambling over the ledge and at times hunting along the mountain side, but their instinct or knowledge of coons told them that the quarry was hidden in the crevice of the ledge, and their keen noses soon detected her scent, so they bayed until their master came to assist them, their outcries also attracting other men to the place.

These men cast great chunks of burning pitch wood into the crevice which soon filled it with black smoke and flames, compelling her to squeeze to the further end of the crevice to avoid suffocation. Koonie remained in a cramped position, patiently awaiting the departure of her enemies, and after a hopeful silence she began to feel easy. This was soon broken by the ring of steel drilling for the blast, for the men had decided to blow off a portion of the ledge, hoping thereby to reveal her hiding place. For sometime the *clang-clang-clang* of the heavy sledge striking on the drill rang viciously, then after a silence too brief for hope there followed the roar of the explosion and its appalling concussion left her insensible, but failed to reveal her.

When she became conscious the stars were shining brightly, and a few hours later, when the moon hung like a silver disk in midheaven, Koonie, though tired, crawled out and slowly worked her way back to the old fir on the mountain side. For several nights she confined her hunting to the locality near her home, for it was sometime before she recovered from the effect of this experience. When she was able to hunt far and near again, she proceeded with utmost caution, always bearing in mind her eager, persistent foes, returning to her den long before dawn. She soon changed her habitation from the old fir to a new locality—an almost inaccessible cliff—where she felt safe from annoyance, and whence she could have an unobstructed view up and down the river.

Here she raised her family of four little ones. At first they were blind and helpless and so small that they gave but little promise of ever being very large. She was most solicitous for their welfare, for her family of

the last season had been captured by a wandering lynx.

Her den was one hundred and fifty feet above man's nearest approach, and she reached it by climbing up a tall fir that leaned against the ledge, then following along the shelf-like projections and passing under a torrent of water that tumbled over the cliff. Beyond the falls was a nice clover glade which was seldom visited by any living thing, and just back of it a cavern in the rocks—the home of her young. Here, though she felt quite secure from invasions by the four-footed kind, she feared the winged things—the big hawks and eagles that circled in the blue above her home.

In a short time the eyes of the youngsters were wide open and they began to show that unrest characteristic of wild children—a desire to know the wide world. Koonie realized that new dangers must be guarded against until they grew larger and more cunning, and when they slyly stole out of the den to frolic on the open space before the den or scamper among the shrubs she warned them of the lurking dangers ever present.

One morning a mixed, pungent scent was wafted up from the valley by the wind and Koonie was wide awake in an instant, most apprehensive for the safety of her little ones. She uttered a soft warning call and the young coons scurried into the den, each little heart beating wildly with fear. Koonie crawled out upon the overhanging ledge and looked cautiously below for a glimpse of the menacing creatures. Voices came up from below, soft and clear, but bringing something dismaying in the sinister sweetness of the wild music. Although she felt safe from intrusion of man and dogs, yet she never forgot man's subtle ways and his scent always filled her with dread—the more now that her young were dependent on her. She saw hounds working out a trail and watched them anxiously. Presently she saw a grayish-tawny colored animal slipping through the undergrowth and on arriving at the butt of the tree it began climbing. Fear caused her heart to beat faster, but she remained flattened on the rock determined to fight for her young should the lynx attempt to enter the den as an avenue of escape; but the beast on reaching the ledge ran past the den in his hasty flight.

The hunters arriving at the tree made a hasty examination and were convinced that the lynx had left the tree and followed along the ledge. They were enraged to think that the wary game had eluded the hounds by such a trick, and as this same ruse had deprived them of their game many times before, they decided to burn the tree down. So, soon after they left, a faint whitish-blue smoke curled upward, increasing in denseness until the whole tree was enveloped in smoke, and angry red tongues of fire were licking it up while the blaze roared like distant thunder, the flaming tongues leaping from tree to tree in their wild consuming fury until the whole belt of timber below her was left a blackened waste. She slipped back under the shelter of the rocks and watched the wild play of destruction licking up the magnificent stretch of timber, while a favoring north wind carried the heat and smoke away from the den. The little coons in the lair were panic stricken and when the wind ceased the balsamic smoke settled into the cave and the cinders irritated their eyes and nostrils. Koonie crawled into the den soon after the fire had spent its fury, but her young refused to nurse, because of the stupefaction and the appalling alarm, and their terror deepened her fear of man and made her realize more fully his varied and extensive menace.

At the farther end of the ledge a maple with shaggy top and rough trunk stood on the brink of the cliff. It was a large tree. About thirty feet above the base was a cavity—just the kind of a place favored by coons for a habitation. To this new home she decided to take her family, although they were hardly strong enough to make the journey and climb the tree. That night she led her little ones slowly to their new home, but as they moved cautiously onward in the darkness a new terror fell upon them, for a great owl swooped down and carried one away. The rest reached the cavity in safety, but the swish of the winnowing wings of the king of the night, and the screeches of the little victim, filled them with a new and lasting fear. In this strange place they remained several days, scarcely peeping out, so great were their fears. Thus these lessons in this school of experience stimulated them in that wild caution which makes their kind so timorous.

The three young coons grew rapidly in size and strength, exhibiting all the cunning of their kind. The mother continued to hunt

by night and occasionally brought a beetle or mouse for them. When the days grew longer and the early rays of the sun fell upon the cliff they would creep out and play while Koonie watched anxiously lest some hawk or eagle might pounce upon them. What fun these chaps had, rolling and racing about the roots of the old tree, sometimes pretending to catch phantoms or imaginative victims, but always manifesting a tendency to develop the hunting instinct, always acquiring new ideas about the world and its wonders.

Once they were startled by the call and quick movements of their dam as she slid off the big root and coyly stole to a clump of brush. They watched her most curiously until she paused, almost concealed, and remained silent. Then a brownish-grey object appeared near her, advancing slowly until within reach of her paws, when she seized it. A flutter of wings, a quiver of muscles, then silence—the grouse was dead. Koonie dragged it under the edge of the cliff and uttered her familiar call and the little creatures rushed to her; the smell of the warm blood caused them to quarrel for the possession of the whole bird, and they fell upon the victim and growled and fussed until it was devoured. The warm flesh and taste of blood gave them a strong appetite and stimulated their hunting instinct, and they became more restless with the desire to leave the den when the shadows settled over the cliff. This inclination almost overcome their instinct to remain in the den while Koonie was off hunting.

Mornings and evenings they hunted along the glade, and on these trips they found many birds' nests among the ferns and grasses. How they would fight and scramble for these riches! Many times when one would be off alone he would find a lizard or helpless young bird and greedily devour it. Thus they learned to forage and became familiar with the stealthy methods of approaching wary game. But instinctively they watched the heavens for the demons of the air, lest sharp claws and talons might prey upon them.

As they grew older the little coons spent more and more of their time outside, familiarizing themselves with the attractions of the great and fascinating world. Their keen curiosity and humorous disposition brought them each day closer to nature's heart. The old tree was a source of unlimited pleasure to them; they climbed among the branches in their playful way and soon learned to imitate their mother's habit of lying stretched at full length, unconsciously acquiring this valuable lesson of self-preservation.

But nothing amused the little coons quite so much as a bright sardine can that had rolled down the bluff and lodged on the glade. This they played with, and even fought over it again and again. When one was alone he would paw and maul it until satisfied. It is strange what a fascination any bright object has for some animals. A hole in a rock or tree just large enough to admit their paws furnished them any amount of amusement. Yet with all their proverbial curiosity and meddlesome disposition they had wise heads. A most cunning intuition seemed to detect dangers. Even the things that appealed most to their taste were avoided with utmost fear when their suspicions were aroused.

There was much good hunting about the glade and the little fellows soon mastered the art of turning over small rocks, pieces of bark and capturing the bugs, snails and lizards, with an occasional mouse or snake. Sometimes they seemed restless and manifested a desire to wander off. Koonie noted their growing independence with some apprehension, for their heedlessness was likely to attract the attention of their enemies. While they had been frightened occasionally, yet no great danger had ever come to them to impress the necessity of constant watchfulness. This fact alone made Koonie hesitate about taking them out on foraging expeditions.

One morning when the young coons were rollicking about in their humorous way, a great cracking and swishing sound overhead followed by a thundering crash, startled them and they scattered and scurried under the projecting shelf of the cliff. Hardly had they disappeared when a great fir tree slid down the bluff from above, roaring in its mad flight, stirring up great clouds of dust and crashing into the timber below, tearing asunder great trees, in fact plowing a deep furrow to the river. The frightened coons remained concealed all day. After dark they came out in answer to Koonie's anxious call, but were so dismayed that the big world seemed to hold nothing more for them. After this event Koonie's warning always filled them with fear. But after a few days they moved about less cautiously, although they considered the giant firs towering above the

cliffs with wonder and fear; yet their instinct seemed enlarged and they comprehended in a vague way the protection of the forest.

It was now that the keen-witted, crafty young chaps felt that power of instinct that was to direct their energies in the fight for existence. They had learned to hunt the limited amount of forage about their den and select herbage suitable to a coon's menu. The salient things beyond their habitation seemed to draw them irresistibly; and uncontrolled impulses seized them in the dim twilight evenings of early summer, while the liquid voice of the river below called ceaselessly; and the subtle voice of the forest murmured to them to enjoy their heritage.

Koonie, too, felt that the call had come to them, and when the light faded into darkness she murmured a soft, low, whimpering call and they shambled to her quickly, and she pressed her head against their bodies fondly, in some way making them understand what she meant.

Her actions brought them boundless delight, for it was their instinct responding eagerly to their innate desire to hunt through strange places with the broadening conceptions of the future. She led her little family down the sloping crevice in the ledge to a big log which they followed to the mountain brook. Following their mother in single file, they made a quaint procession. The eager youngsters with nostrils quivering and ears pricked forward, moved cautiously through the vines, halting at every sound, and were apt scholars. By chance one pawed a crawfish out of the brook. Quickly the others imitated his example but with less success, while the lucky one, obedient to instinct, washed his victim before eating it. Continuing the hunt they found many things agreeable to a coon's taste. But the most exciting incident was the surprising of a woodduck and her brood, each coon by the stratagem of their mother securing a duckling.

In this way the big world began to reveal to them the real provender of the quest. Little by little they learned to stalk their alert quarry with patient stealth, their keen noses always aiding them; their alert ears always detecting the least shuffle in the vines and brush; and the least piping of a young bird, or squeaking of a mouse, although scarcely audible, escaped not those inquisitive ears. In the edge of the forest they hunted diligently and were delighted with the soft, boggy places. They would thrust their noses into the wood moss, and root hog fashion, in this way finding many morsels.

This night hunting was not all pleasure, for strange ominous sounds came to them betimes, causing them to crouch in concealment or to shamble into a favoring covert. There was something sweetly sinister and strangely fascinating for them in this method of hunting, but with the coming of dawn these weary young hunters returned to the old maple on the brink of the ledge. They lay all day on its big limbs, flattened lengthwise, looking down upon the scene of their first foraging. They no longer depended on their mother's milk, but felt a certain air of independence, yet the family tie held the group together.

In their nightly wanderings they followed the water courses, learning how to flip the unsuspecting fish out with their paws; and creeping through the shrubbery, spying the birds at roost. Even the squirrels nesting in the tall timber were not free from visits by these crafty wood-people in their nightly prowls, for they would travel from tree to tree by walking on the limbs in the thickly wooded places, where they were as much at home as if on the ground. Frequently they traveled great distances without descending. However, much as they enjoyed wandering they were not rovers, but confined their hunting to the locality near their den, so that they could return by dawn.

Thus they continued their nightly hunting, growing stronger and more sagacious as their experience broadened. But with the coming of fall new and delicious fruits were found; also, that supreme appetizer for coons, corn, and in their greed to forage on this excellent food they invited a new and graver danger.

The farmers in the settlement, discovering signs of depredations in their corn fields and in the prune and apple orchards, called the trapper and his hounds to aid them to even scores. So, one clear night when the white light of the moon shone upon the settlement and the coons were feasting in apparent security, the weird tone of hounds sounded clear and threateningly, and the hearts of Koonie and her family were filled with grave apprehension. They ran into the timber quickly but before they reached a place of safety

the hounds were upon them and Koonie climbed a tree at which one dog stopped and barked while the others followed the retreating young. The hunters soon arrived and one of them ascended the tree and shook her out. A muffled growl, a short scuffle and Koonie lay still. Her sacrifice saved two of her kittens, but the other was hunted down and killed.

The survivors escaped, not because of their strength, but of a clever stratagem, for they crawled under a root in the brook and worked back to a place of safety and remained concealed until the following night. This triumph in a hostile environment where swift vengeance deprived them of mother and brother,' filled them with intense fear of man and dogs, and added another chapter in the lore of their kind.

They remained together the next night, hunting homeward, avoiding the corn fields and orchards. This, their first great sorrow, soon wore off, but the experience was never forgotten. Their cunning grew sharper and their instinctive caution amounted almost to human calculation. And in their hunting they took advantage of every cover, creeping on their bellies like cats and rushing their prey with a wild fierceness that caused instant panic.

When the fall began to fade and the scarlet and gold of autumn fell in showers upon the brown earth, these young coons obedient to instinct sought the fat-producing foods, for the coldest periods of winter must be spent in sleep in the cavity of the old tree. So, guided by the instinct that protects the wild folks, they conducted their foraging with a single purpose—that of clothing themselves with a thick layer of fat, which would enable them to lie for a season curled up in their den without food.

There was a wild sweetness in their lives now. This joy was no doubt due to their slyness, which had so long saved them from annoyance. But a time came when they hunted less, and a sense of lassitude—a sort of a drowsiness—crept over them, while leadened clouds gathered in the heavens. Yet they lay flattened on the limbs and watched the storm's increasing fury. Far down the valley they saw a great white film driven before the wind, which shut out everything beyond. Slowly the snowflakes began falling and the surroundings were concealed by the scudding flakes; and presently as the storm went softly on, covering all nature with a white mantle, this pair of coons crawled into the cavity of the old maple and curled themselves up to sleep, while the old tree, now garbed in white, stood guard over these wild wards like a solitary sentinel.

AT EVENTIDE

THE toil of the day is ended,
The mountain peaks are gleaming
The gloaming tide sets in,
The light and the dark are blended
Like life with its joy and sin.
The valley lies in its shadows
Its mantle of purple spread;
The low of kine from the meadows
Is a ghost song of the dead.
The bird to its mate is singing
Love's joyous coronal;
The mission bells are ringing,
To the better self they call.
The mountain peaks are gleaming
With the last pure light of day—
'Tis the promise of hope redeeming
For the wanderer's weary way.
Then into my soul comes stealing
The joy of the better man,
The light on the mount revealing
The truth of the great world plan.
When the journey of life is closing,
And the dark death night is nigh,
May I see the light reposing
On the peaks of the eastern sky.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

MARVELS OF NATURAL SCIENCE

Dumb Creatures that Hunt and Prey upon Others with all the Cunning and Ingenuity of Man

By Max Renz

THERE are many perplexing problems in the study of Natural Science—problems so deep and intricate that even the professional student of its phenomena must utterly fail in his attempts to dispel the mystery. Bonnet, Pouchet, Leuwenhoeck, and others, many more great and scholarly, find in the spheres of fauna and flora a vast replica of the higher development, such as suggested to Darwin the famous theory of physical evolution by descent and metamorphosis. In truth, the fundamental idea of many oriental religions, including the Persian creed of reincarnation, has directly sprung from the phenomena of Natural Science as they are there explained.

From the so-called transmigrations of such creatures as the drone-fly *(Eristalis tenax)*, the dragon-fly *(Libellula depressa)*, and the Emperor Moth, in the insect world, have been derived at least three popular conceptions of immortality which have revolutionized the world of man. Yet, if it is true that the animal world is a replica of the higher, it is also true that many of the lower animals are as an epitome of their greater and more powerful master—Man. Wherever we delve into the vast arcanum, the riddle of the Sphinx confronts us; marvel upon top of marvel; mystery added to mystery; yet not a link has been forged to the chain of understanding. As our observation of the phenomena proceeds, our knowledge lessens. Greater than the wall between man and beast is that which looms between the man and his Maker.

Among the innumerable marvels of the animal kingdom we find creatures which, though governed entirely by instinct, seem to possess unusual reasoning faculties. Reaumur, I believe, once declared that man, in his primitive state, as judged by contemporary specimens in the African wilds, was utterly unable to bear comparison with many of the seemingly inferior beasts, birds and insects surrounding him. But when we remember that man, as a savage, is governed by the same subtle intelligence of nature which today baffles us when we seek to overcome it, we must cease to wonder at the cunning and ingenuity of the lower animals. Nature, after all, is—er—nature. There ends the ultimate deductions of philosophy. When colleges, schools, academies, charts, tomes and rostrums have told their discoveries, the total is summed up in the one word, "failure," and the chasm is still unbridged.

Those who teach the automatic nature of insects ought to study them in earnest, watch them in their haunts, rather than base their conclusions upon the ambiguous descriptions of the hand-book. The greatest of modern naturalists assigns, even to the smaller insects, high intellectual faculties. A number of instances have been called to the writer's attention.

Nature has imbued most living things with a feeling that prevents them from injuring the bodies of the dead. In some animals, as occasionally in man, this feeling becomes a lost sense—a result of psychological phases too complicated to explain—but the fact is recognized. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but the exceptions include such creatures as are intended by Nature *to* devour the dead, such as the vulture, the ghoul-fly, etc. As most animals will shun the dead, either through the sense of dread or disgust, it is no uncommon thing for many creatures to feign death to protect their bodies from injury. "A carnivorous animal," says Pouchet, "grown hungry, stands by the river bank viewing the shelly larva of the *Dytiscus*. The latter, perceiving his enemy, immediately becomes soft and repulsively flaccid. Of course the animal believes he has found merely a dead body, and what were otherwise a feast is shunned as loathsome food."

The possum also frequently saves itself

from death by practicing this deception. In Texas, several years ago, I came suddenly upon one of these animals in the woods near Waxahachie, while looking for pecans. The possum lay at my feet, with all four feet stiffened out, its body bloated as if poisoned; and, when I kicked it, there was no sign of life. I really believed that the animal was dead—imagined in fact, that the body was decomposed. But when I had gone fifty yards from it I saw it running for a tree in a way that would have made many self-styled "bear-hunters" pale with envy. The possum I have mentioned was a "ring-tail," now said to be nearly extinct. The bear, itself, has been said by authentic nimrods to occasionally feign death; but I have never witnessed the deception, so I do not know.

We all know how the Lily *Crioceris* covers its larva with spiderwebs and filth in order to disgust the bird that might wish to prey upon it. Similar to this is the *Reduvius Personatus,* a hemipterous insect which conceals itself under a disguise said to be quite as deceptive as that of the *Crioceris.* This insect employs any tenacious substance in effecting the mask, and then conceals itself, invariably, upon something exactly of its color, there to watch for passing prey. A *Reduvius* will lie for three weeks in one position without moving a single member of its body; but when a fly perches sufficiently close to be easy prey it bounds with lightning-like rapidity upon it. I have heard that it eats but once. After catching its victim the *Reduvius* immediately discards its disguise and soon perishes.

Nature, in the mystic wisdom shown in her color adaptations, is peculiarly impartial. She makes the one the victim of the other. "The eagle plucks the raven, and the raven plucks the jay," thus on to infinity. The tiger of Bengal, the leopard of India, etc., are no more cleverly colored and adapted to their arborescent environments than is the minutest insect, or animalcule. Even bacteria, it is said, have their individual color adaptations. But there is something about all of them that sounds a warning, or betrays their presence. That is where nature compensates. The rattlesnake must sound its rattle before it can strike; the adder must hiss before its fangs fill with poison. The tiger, and leopard, etc., betray their presence in the day time to all skilled hunters by numerous traits and characteristics; by night their eyes become as fire, gleaming with phosphorescent lustre. This calls to mind something concerning the cougar, of which I was recently informed.

An old hunter of Montana, where the cougar is almost as plentiful as in Mexico, states that the animal is of a most cowardly nature. "The cougar," said this hunter, "will never spring upon a man or beast while on level ground, but invariably gets upon a cliff, or prominence, above the road-side, and springs upon his prey when least expected. Should he miss the intended victim, failing to light upon him, he will run back, steal ahead of him, and wait upon another cliff till he passes. If he does not get you by the throat, or knock you down, he can be counted upon to run."

It is known that crocodiles will wait for a whole week without moving, in order that their prey will banish all suspicions and venture near them. A crocodile in the Everglades of Florida was once known to lay as if dead for nine days, finally capturing a crane, with which it darted proudly back into the water. This is also the way with the dread python, which sometimes twists its body in such a way as to resemble the limb of a tree, which position it maintains until something desirable for food passes underneath it.

In Asia the wild dogs gather in great numbers to hunt the larger game. Tigers, leopards, and even lions are their prey; but when one of these dogs is alone it is said that he will run from a rabbit. Like man, the wild dog realizes the advantage of numbers, and when he becomes hungry starts through the forest baying loudly. Immediately he is joined by another, and another, and so on, until from fifty to a hundred of the dogs are banded together, like coyotes or wolves. They then proceed in a semicircle in quest of gazelle, antelope and other mammals, falling upon everything that comes within their course. In their fight with panthers it is said that the latter, by a single blow of the paw, are enabled to kill the dogs, but as the numbers of the former are constantly increasing the panther is soon tired out, and is finally devoured. It is said that these wild dog hunts of Asia are conducted with the greatest system possible, their method of coursing being much more ingenious than that of wolves or foxes. A recent writer, who spent several years in India and Africa,

says, however, that wolves are unusually intelligent in their hunts. Speaking of their methods, he says: "In most cases the wolf will hunt with his mate. But when he wishes to take a roebuck, for example, the male follows it and directs the chase so as to make the prey pass near a place where the female is hidden. She then springs forward and continues the race while the male rests. It is a veritable organized relay race. Of necessity the strength of the roebuck is exhausted, for he cannot equal the ardor which his pursuer, quite fresh, displays in the chase."

But cunning and ingenuity are not confined to beasts and insects. One sees it even among fish. The toxote of the rivers of Malaysia is there known as "the archer." Although aquatic, it is, like many other well-known species, fond of winged insects. It hovers near the river banks, watching for a fly perched upon the overhanging limb of a tree or bush; and when its prey has been sighted the fish immediately fills itself with water, swims close to the surface, and with unfailing accuracy spouts the water in a straight, strong stream at the insect. Needless to say, the insect "takes a tumble," and before it can escape from the water is enjoying Jonah's experience with the whale. A recent traveler in Java declares that the douche of this fish is one of the greatest mysteries of natural science, or at least of the ichthyological branch of it. "The toxote," he says, "does not use its eyes in aiming at the prey, yet never fails to hit it." How shall we account for that? The chelinous, of which much has been written, is very similar to the toxote, using a like douche, but not with the same infallible accuracy.

The baudroie is one of the most interesting of fish, catching its prey by decoy. Nature has provided this finny creature with a natural "bait," closely resembling an insect, which is fastened to its nose by a slender gelatinous thread. The baudroie buries itself among mosses, mud or other substance, allowing only its decoy appendix to be visible above it. Other fish, seeing the animated "bait," immediately hover around, but before attempting to swallow it the big-mouthed baudroie has issued from the ambush and is devouring the smaller fishes at the rate of one a second. How's that for angling?

But there are so many phenomena among the creatures of the animal kingdom that it would require volumes to enumerate them. I have only mentioned a few. They suffice to reveal to us the wonderful wisdom and all-pervading generosity of nature. And, after all, man is the greatest mystery. Well must we agree with the old philosopher who said: "The final deed, the master stroke, the culmination of it all, was man—man the indomitable, the invincible, the ineffable, the eternal—man."

THE EAGLE

SOAR across unbounded mountain lands,
The rivers wind like ribbons far beneath;
I see the sweep of forests in dark bands
Across the earth, and draw a deeper breath.

I sail o'er prairies vast and the sad moan
Of winds that never rest, caress my ear;
Through barren fastnesses I sail alone,
In time with music mortal cannnot hear.

God's noble sky is mine—eye has no gaze
To pierce the blue I fathom in my flight,
Nor can the mind of mortal ever trace
The glories won from my enduring height.

—Grace G. Bostwick.

THE BIRD'S HOUR

By Harriet Williams Myers

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the children's hour."
—Henry W. Longfellow.

HAD I the rare gift of Longfellow, I would sing, not of the twilight hour which is eminently fitted to be given up to the children, but of the early morning—between the dawn and the daylight, when the darkness is first giving place to light—and I would call it the bird's hour, for that time more than any other, it seems to me, belongs to the birds.

To me the early morning is the most interesting time of the day. When the world lies shrouded in slumber, a calmness, a solemnity pervades the air that gives one an awesome feeling, and though in reality surrounded by humanity, one is inclined to feel almost alone. And yet no one could feel alone, for the solemn quietude is broken by a most ecstatic chorus of bird music. There is nothing like it—that morning chorus of the birds. To the bird lover it equals the finest opera. As I listened to one of these symphonies not long ago, it seemed to me that the birds must be assembled in one great chorus and, unguided, were pouring forth their morning anthem. Perhaps, however, there was a leader among them. The mocking bird, if he saw fit, could be such a one, for his confidence in his own ability is sufficient, and being able to imitate all their notes he could direct this medley to produce the best results.

In reality, I suppose each bird was doing his singing in his own locality, and the united efforts of these many songsters wafted to me from the distance made it seem like one grand assembly.

In my own yard a song sparrow was singing his cheery song close to my bedroom window. It was not the song that had enlivened us all winter long but quite a different one. In fact, there were more than one of these new songs. I was delighted to find that the bird had such a varied repertoire and would not be obliged to sing one song all summer as he had done throughout the winter.

The hooded oriole was also in the yard, extracting the nectar from the eucalyptus blossoms and chattering as he worked, while just outside the yard an Arkansas kingbird was saying an early good morning to his mate brooding in the electric light pole.

The mocking birds, whose nest occupied my climbing rose bush, were wide awake, scolding a stray cat or dog who dared enter into their domain, or singing a glad strain, as the occasion demanded.

On the bank of the Arroyo Seco I found more birds, all busy at work. I first gave my attention to the pair of bush tits whose nest I had discovered a few weeks before swinging from the branch of a live oak tree. Though not as long as these birds some times build still it was probably not less than eight inches in length. Near the top was a small, round hole which gave access to the hanging apartment below. The outside of the nest, particularly near the top, was covered with the dried tassels which had made the oak trees beautiful a few weeks before. The inside of this wonderful nest was lined with willow down—or some other cottony looking material. I knew, because I had watched the tiny builders come with their mouths full of it; and having seen them disappear through the opening, I had marked the progress of this work by the movement inside the nest.

The little builders themselves are among the smallest of our resident birds. They are brown-gray in color and are distinguished

by their long tails which nearly equal the entire length of the body. They raise as many as three broods of from five to eight nestlings, which makes quite a family. During the winter the restless little midgets go about in parties of fifteen, twenty, or more, foraging among the trees and vines for minute insects of which they are fond. They do an immense amount of good by this persistent foraging. It is most interesting to watch a large flock of them, for they are veritable little acrobats, swinging up-side-down as easily as right-side-up, all the time keeping up a good natured *tsip, tsip,* as they work.

The morning on which I watched the two there were babies in the nest. I could not help but feel sorry for the helpless little things that were tucked away in the dark at the bottom of that long nest. The old birds were continually bringing food for the young, their presence always being announced by a *tsip,* and also a tinkling, bell-like note. The elderberry bushes that grew were loaded with the pretty creamy blossoms which those shrubs bear, and a good share of the food brought to the nestlings, while I watched, consisted of these blossoms. It seemed queer food for baby birds though much preferable, from a human standpoint, to the long worm-like insects that I saw go in at that hole. If I had felt sorry before for the helpless nestlings, my heart bled for them now as they lay completely at the mercy of parents with such barbaric tastes.

On one occasion there came near being a collision between the two parents. One of them came bobbing along and disappeared in the nest. He was greeted with vociferous, yet tiny, calls from within. Before he was ready to come out the other bird appeared at the nest and started to go in. She met her mate on his upward trip and quickly backed out and waited, good naturedly, on a near-by twig until her mate had come out and started for another mouthful.

Near the bush tits' nest, among a dense clump of the oak leaves, another nest had lately been built. What bird it belonged to I did not know, but I hoped on this morning to see the owner go to it. When I first saw it a gorgeous hooded oriole was foraging near it—in fact he had gone right up to it—and though it did not look like an oriole's nest I had hoped that the pretty fellow might claim it. The palms and eucalyptus trees are favorite building sites for these orioles, but birds, like human beings, are not always to be depended upon to do just what they ought to do or usually have done, and so, as I say, when I saw the oriole inspecting this nest I had hopes. Later, a towhee, a linnet, and a song sparrow paid it a visit and were away again, and the mystery was still unsolved. This morning as I watched the tit's nest, a bird slipped into the oak tree near the other nest. The high crest proclaimed it a phainopepla and I started with delight as I saw her (for it was a female) approach and inspect the nest. Could it be possible that these beautiful birds had been good enough to build where I could so easily watch their home life? Alas, my hopes were soon dashed to pieces and I was filled with surprise and amusement by the phainopepla's next move. Leaving the nest of the unknown, she flew to the hanging cradle of the bush-tits and clinging onto the outside she filled her bill with building material stolen from the long nest of these tiny birds. I felt like crying out "Hold, thief!" as I saw her, for I had watched the tits working on that nest and knew something of the many trips it had taken to bring it to its present state of beauty. However, surprise at the audacity of the bird, and delight that I should have found the high-crested, distinguished-looking phainopepla getting her building material in such a way, kept me silent. The bush tits were nowhere in sight, but I wished that they might appear in time to see this pilferer. It would have been interesting to see what these midgets would have done in a case of this kind. They are such good-natured, peaceable little spirits that it is hard to think of their even scolding. They were not given an opportunity, for the phainopepla got what she wanted and flew away before their return.

As I glanced into a sycamore tree beyond the oak of the bush tits' nest, I caught a glimpse of a Western tanager. It was the first one that I had seen during the season and probably would be the last, as these birds do not nest here but simply pass through on their way farther north. They are canary-yellow birds, having black on wings, tail, and back. They are made very showy by brilliant red heads and necks. I am often asked by bird lovers familiar with the Eastern birds if we have the scarlet tanager in California. Those of you who know it will remember

what a brilliant red the scarlet tanager is, its black wings and tail only seeming to accentuate its brilliancy. This scarlet bird is not found in California, the Western tanager being the common representative in the southern portion of the State.

My tanager soon disappeared into a sycamore tree and I turned as a liquid note sounded on my left. There, in a mulberry tree, were a pair of olive-backed thrushes. These thrushes are summer visitors only, the draft hermit being the winter representative of the family in this locality. I hoped that I might hear the thrush song, as in sweetness it is thought to rival all our singers, but this pair soon flew away and the soft call note was all they deigned to give me. Perhaps the next time that I venture out so early in the morning I shall be rewarded with a song.

A pair of wood pewees—small brown birds who are also summer visitors, only—were flying about together, occasionally darting out after some insect and returning to the branch from which they flew, in true flycatcher fashion. Their call is a most weird, uncanny one and its dismalness was accentuated by the stillness of the early morning.

In contrast to the call of the pewee was the clear, whistling song of that handsome bird, the black-headed grosbeak.

Those familiar with the rose-breasted grosbeak of the East will recall the beautiful rose-red on the breast and under wing coverts, which, standing out against the white that surrounds it, makes the bird a beauty, indeed, as he flies past. This bird comes no farther west than Colorado, and in Southern California the black headed takes his place. Though our bird has the black head and upper parts with white markings of the rose-breasted, it has none of the rose color, deep cinnamon-buff coloring the breast, rump, and collar, and making a very beautiful bird costume. Florence Merriam Bailey in her "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States," is of the opinion that the plumage of the rose-breasted grosbeak is the handsomer of the two, but says his song lacks the exquisite finish of the Westerners. For my own part, it is so long since I have seen the Eastern bird that I would not like to pass judgment upon either. I only know that as I watched our representative of the family I felt perfectly contented with him.

Two California jays—flat-headed, dull plumaged birds as compared with the Eastern bluejay—slipped into a live oak tree, and though an occasional harsh call escaped them, they were unusually quiet. I felt that without doubt somewhere in the trees there was a nest that they were guarding.

From various parts of the Arroyo came the ringing call of quail, *Who-are-you?* and an occasional *Who-who?* in an emphatic peremptory way that made me feel almost as if I were an intruder in their domain.

A pair of pretty little warbling vireos flew by and I heard the whistling song of the male as they foraged in a near-by pepper tree.

As I watched all these various feathered folk at work so early in the morning—and they would keep it up all day long and far into the twilight—I realized better than ever before what the birds are doing for mankind. Here it was not daylight yet they were hard at work. As they worked they sang, filling the early morning with this glorious melody —this matchless chorus. Yea, verily, the early morning is the time to enjoy the music of the birds.

KLONDYKE CAMP TALES

By G. L. Holmes

PART I.

THE old man came in last night from an unsuccessful afternoon's fishing, during which he had succeeded in ducking himself in an attempt to cross the creek on a fallen log. The ducking had chilled him through and he was cold and cantankerous; but a hot supper, preceded by the usual appetizer, and the genial warmth of the big fireplace, had brought back his good humor and he sat in the ingle and smoked contentedly and gazed into the flames in an abstracted manner for some time.

Finally he broke out with: "Funny how I cum to git inter the creek ter day! I never wuz much on a log, nohow. Now, when old John and I wuz up north that time, I see that French George do some of ther slickest business I ever see in the way of log walkin'. Funny how them Canucks seem ter be born with ther knack o' stickin' ter a log in the merriest kind o' white water, but this 'ere George, he had 'em all skun out an' their hides on the door. Brought up down Lachine way he said—and I guess they got some pretty stiff riffles there from ther way he talked. Anyhow he knowed all the tricks of any bit of swift water he ever cum across jest as soon as he set eyes on it.

"They was a bit of swift water on ther upper river that John an' I had ter git through some way, and a feller we knew was goin' down about ther same time we wuz. He had a scow kerryin' about fifteen ton of mixed freight—grub, tools, patent gold washers with scrubbin' brushes in 'em that turned with er crank!—durn fool contrapshuns ter sell ter tenderfeet—an' Ole John an' I had a twenty-foot bateau an' our outfit.

"When we got down ter the bad place—now you know what bad place I mean, an' it ain't ther one you'r' thinkin' of neither—there was a bunch of fellers camped there that made a business of takin' tenderfeet through the rapids. 'Pilots,' they called themselves, but piruts would be better. They knew that railroad trick you wuz tellin' about—that 'all the traffic wud stand' business—an' they could size up yer bank roll by the look of yer outfit an' they could get it purty close, near enough fer me anyhow. This 'ere French George came erlong in a dinky canoe about ther time we had made arrangements fer pilotin' through, an' they tried ter get their hooks inter his poke, too, but he jest laffed an' he sez as how if any of them fellers could git through alive he guessed he could; and by jing, yer otter hear the stories they put up tryin' to skeer him inter payin' pilot fees.

"Finally erlong came another scow, so with four pilots ter each scow an' one in our bateau they wuz all engaged, an' they let him do as he durn please atter warnin' him that he'd go belly-up, sure, if he tried it alone. Frenchy he sez nawthin' but he wuz stowin' his stuff low down an purty well forward in ther canoe when we pulled our freight, ther bateau fust, an' the scows a follerin' about ten minutes apart—an lucky it wuz they wuz that much time atween 'em, fur we no sooner got ther bateau through an' ashore an' a rope handy, when erlong came ther first scow; she'd hit somethin' an' sprung a leak an' we'd no more an' got her pulled along shore and started ter unload ther freight so's ter git it dried, when the other cum through an' she was durn near sinkin'—had a whole plank ripped off 'er stern an' she was awash ter the gunnel.

"We gets a line out to her an' pulled her to the bank an' rigged ther falls ter pull 'er up high, when erlong cum French George in ther canoe an' he cum through ther last race like a streak o' lightin', swung aroun' inter the still water in an eddy an yells out: 'Hay youse! You cappen! You call that bad watter? I doan' ever get my shoes wet. By Gor, that no swift watter. You come down Lachine way sometam' I show you swift watter! I ride this one some tam' jus' fer fun on log maybe.'

"Wal, he came ashore an' ole John got a fire goin' an' started the kettle bilin', while

the rest of us pitched in an' got all the stuff out of them two scows an' spread it out ter dry. Then we turns in an' eats like we had been grub struck fer a week, an' while we was sittin' aroun' ther fire this 'ere George keeps twittin' ther captain about the rapids. One word leads to another an' fust we knowed they each had a hundred dollars up an' George was startin' up stream over the trail, ter ride 'em on a log like he said he could.

"Now ther timber up there is purty small an' he had some work findin' a stick ter suit him; but he got one an' cut it an' rolled it inter the water an' then he gets a saplin' fer a pole an' starts out. Yer want ter remember that he had a pair o' buckskin moccasins on his feet—no spiked shoes in ther country then—an' that his pike pole had no pike on it, but he cum through jest the same, an' smilin' like a dancin' master. He runs out inter the eddy below, reaches out fer the bank with the pole and shoves across ter our side, an' then the cuss throws his pole ashore an' begins ter hurl that log with his feet, makes her spin, too, an' while he's doin' it he's all ther time yellin' 'Hay, you cappen, I got two hunner dollar now, I bet you I ride heem on two log, one fer each foot, an' I doan lose eider log, you bet me?' But ther captain had had enough of that man's game an' he wouldn't a bet that his grandmother wuz a woman if George had tuk the other side.

"Ther pilot bunch started off home feelin' kinder sore. Yer see, havin' wrecked ther two scows, they got no pay fer pilotin' 'em, that wuz ther 'greement; an' while they'd made twenty dollars offer John an' me, they'd lost a hundred off'n French George, an' it had cut 'em up. When they'd gone we turned in' fer we wuz purty tired. I wuz the fust one up in ther mornin' an' I woke the others up a laffin', fer the fust thing I see when I rolled out 'er the blankets was shore enuff funny.

"The last scow had erbout two hundred suits 'er blue jeans in the hold, an' 'er deck load wuz grannerlated sugar an' it had got wet an' them overhauls wuz soaked an' they'd dried out as stiff as if they wuz starched an' as white as snow with the sugar that wuz on 'em an' they'd blowed down from ther bushes we'd hung 'em on an was layin' eroun' every where.

"Ole John an' I stopped over there fer a week ter fossick eroun' an' the rest went on along; but I run across French George later, an' we went about tergether fer quite a bit, an' he wuz one of ther best fellers I ever camped with—present company of course bein' excepted. Ole John wuz a good feller ter camp with, too, but if yer had ter take ter boats er rafts to save walkin' he wasn't sure of himself, an' he got scared easy.

"Ther time we wuz in Alaska tergether—I allus remember it 'cause it wuz so durn funny—we wuz camped on Bennett Lake jest below ther bridge over ther crick where Linderman comes in, an' we wuz buildin' a boat an' waitin' fer the mush ice ter run out. There wuz a lot of fellers buildin' a couple of scows ercross the pond frum us, an' one afternoon I see them gettin' ready ter launch. I calls Old John out er the tent to watch it. Ther fust scow slides off ther ways and makes a splash like a liner; there wuz a big feller in a yeller mackinaw suit on her, an' as he casts off ther stern line an' starts runnin' forrad ter get ther bow line he trips an' goes in among ther float ice kersplash! He comes up a blowin' an' cussin' an' strikes out fer shore like a big dog, pullin' a long overhand stroke. He climbs up the bank an' shakes hisself an' gets aboard number two; she takes the water like a duck, he casts off ther stern line and starts forrad, stubs his toe again' and kersplash he goes. Jest then I reckernizes him an' I ses ter John—'that's old Bill from Blackfoot, by gosh!' 'Hay, Bill,' yells I, as he climbs out on ther bank an' shakes hisself again, 'you don't hatter fall in every time yer launches a scow!' Bill he looks over at us, an' he don't know us an' he shakes his fist an' cusses some, but when I goes in an' gets the bottle an' holds it up where he can see it he reckernizes that an' he comes roun' an' over the bridge on a dog trot. Atter we'd shuck han's all 'round an' he'd had a good pull at ther bottle we tells him as how scows could be launched proper and nobody drounded doin' it, but he didn't 'pear ter relish the talk as much as he did ther likker, so we let up on him.

"Old John an' I pulls out of Bennett one Friday night 'bout 4 o'clock, there wuz a good breeze blowin' down ther lake an' we had a big square sail up. It wuz the top an' sides of a government 8 by 10 tent an' it wuz about 20 feet high an' 10 feet wide. Ther win' kep' a comin' stronger all ther time an' when we'd been out about half an'

hour it wuz blowin' a gale. John wuz some skeered, but he said nothin'; his teeth wuz a-rattlin' 'till he couldn't, so we kep' on 'till we wuz near the foot of ther lake, then we made shore an' camped.

"Atter supper John wuz fust one in blankets an' I follered purty close, but somehow I couldn't sleep. I lay purty quiet an' bimeby I hears John get up an' move down by the boat an' I could hear him doin' somethin', so I looked out quiet like .an' there he sat cuttin' about four feet off ther bottom of that sail, with a big sheath knife an' sewin' her to the boom again.

"Nex' night we wuz just above Tagish Post an' he did ther same thing again, after he thought I wuz asleep. The next afternoon we passed Big Windy Arm, an' it did blow some, an' at night he took off another four foot an' by the time we hit Lebarge that sail wuz only 8 feet high an' it wuz still 10 feet wide. I joked him once about how that canvas kep' a-shrinkin', but he wouldn't joke back very hard. John never could see a joke when it wuz on him.

"I remember one time down by Schock's roadhouse, at Upper Lebarge, we wus tryin' ter be comfortable durin' the last of the spring rains an' there wuz an Injun come erlong that had a two-pound fish stickin' out of his pocket, an' John he sees it an the palaver went somethin' like this:

"'You sellum fish?'

"'Ugh.'

"'How much ketchum?'

"'Dollah.'

"'Dollar be d——d! I'll give yer two bits.'

"'Dollah.'

"'What! a dollar fer a fish like that? I'll give yer thirty cents,' and so on.

"Now there's no use talkin' about cents an' bits ter a Yukon Injun; the smallest he savveys is 'dollah' an' dollah means most any thin' from a couple o' hardtack ter a spoonful o' sugar, but John didn't know—an' truth told, no more did I. After chewin' ther rag fer a bit John finds out as how ther wuz a' Injun store two miles up a little trail an' they had fish ter sell, an' his stummick wuz er hankerin' fer fish ter kinder break ther spell o' sowbelly we'd been havin', so off he starts.

"I goes up ter ther roadhouse ter mail a letter, an' ther buck follers erlong with his fish. Ther wuz a Swede girl keepin' house while ther men folks had gone ter Bennett fer the year's grub, an' she gets ther fish fer a couple o' tack an' a spoonful o' sugar.

"'Bout four hours later John comes puffin' an' blowin' down ther trail without any fish, they had one at the store but wanted two dollars, ther two miles ter ther store wuz Injun miles, too, an' he wuz dead tired. I was a tellin' him about ther Swede gettin' ther fish, an' what she give fur it, when the Injun comes erlong an' John sails inter him:

"'You sellum fish. Yer a dern fool; I'd a give yer a dozen tack an' a whole handful o' sugar! Yer got to hev a dollar fer it, an' yet ye trade it off fer fi' cents' worth er poor grub! You don't know much. Why I'd a give yer some terbacker beside.'

"'You sellum knife?' says ther Injun sizin' up the skinner John wuz a slicing ther bacon with.

"'No,' sez John, 'I won't sellum knife. I wouldn't sell that knife fer the hull store up there,' an' he goes on cussin' about that fish.

"When he gets up off ther chuck box ter put ther skillet on ther fire the Injun spots his footgear, which wuz the biggest an' the yellowest pair of lace boots that ever came out er 'Frisco.

"'Where ketchem boots?' sez the buck.

"''Frisco,' sez John.

"'Where 'Frisco?'

"'Long ways off, down there, whole moon,' sez John. The Injun sorter ruminates fer a while an' then he asks:

"'How much ketchum boots 'Frisco?'

"This give John a chance ter put an Injun price on 'em and he sez, 'fifty dollars.'

"Ther Injun's face wuz a pictur' ter look at. He sized up ther boots then he sized up John, grunted out 'Ugh! eight dollah, Skaguay' (right figger fer 'em there, too), an' he starts off up trail lookin' es disgusted as er feller that's jest lost a jackpot on four kings.

"An' say, fer a month after that if I wanted ter bring Ole John back ter earth all I had ter say wuz 'Eight dollar, Skaguay' and he'd come all right. 'Leven o'clock, an' I been settin' here gabbin' till my throat's cracked, an' my pipe's out, an' I orter been in ther blankets an hour. Here ye hawg, quit that, I thought yer wuz pourin' out that night cap fer me! Well, here's hopin' ye'll hev' ther fire goin' by ther time I wanter roll out."

(To be Continued)

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

AN OBJECT LESSON WITH A MORAL

IN a commonwealth where out-door sports constitute a strenuous population's favorite recreation; where sport-loving men are as plentiful as leaves in Vallambrosa, and as jealous of their dearly cherished privileges and opportunities as Cain was of Abel, it behooves even the most selfish and audacious of political egotists to sit up and take notice of the wishes and requests of those self-same sportsmen and to accord them a wise and careful—yea, even equitable consideration.

For there inevitably comes a time when votes are a prime necessity to even the most strongly intrenched boss, and it is a vain and weary task to try and explain away bad faith, unscrupulously broken pledges, and contemptuous ignoral of the fair and just desires of the men who have the precious votes to dispense. Suave, evasion, polite pettifogging, selfish sculduggery, and even specious mendacity will occasionally alike fail with men who, impatient and indignant with repeated deceits and humiliation, will sometimes assert themselves at most inopportune moments and topple over the schemer's house of cards, no matter how cunningly built out of the resources of a seemingly impregnable hand. In plain words, even the Governor of a State has got to "make good" on demand, or—well, not to further mince the matter, he fails of renomination.

There are some things that are stronger than party prejudice and denominational bias, among them being the love of a sportsman for his sport, and his all-absorbing devotion to its conserval and improvement. Touch him in the pocket—that spot so close to the soul of most men—and he will not even wince; but touch his sport with even so slight a menace and he is up in arms in instantaneous resentment and invariably hits back hard. The present Governor of this State can give relevant testimony as to the forceful effect of the blow. That high official, ignoring incontrovertible testimony of gross malfeasance in office on the part of an underling in the employment of a high commission appointed by him, stubbornly refused to investigate the charges which were formally and insistently made by the sportsmen of the whole State. As a consequence, these sportsmen, through their retaliatory work in convention, administered a stinging rebuke that left him not a shred of the vanity which constituted his largest stock in trade. It is an almighty great man who is bigger than the forty thousand sportsmen of California—and his measure has not yet been taken.

The moral is this—and he who runs for gubernatorial honors in this State will do well to read: The Pacific Coast sportsman may be donkey enough to be cajoled into voting *once* for a man who ultimately hazards an ungrateful jeering at his ears, but he is not confirmed ass enough to stagger under a second load of contumely and selfishness.

When the Augean stables get too putrescent, it pays to flood them—even if from merely selfish reasons of personal comfort

and aggrandizement. Sportsmen have peculiarly sensitive olfactories and are endowed, besides, with a certain bluff directness that hesitates not at the extremity of forcibly demanding that even so dignified and eminent a body as the State Fish Commission renovates its official premises when the odor gets unbearable. Our present governor elected to superciliously ignore the fair and just petitions of our forty thousand sportsmen with—to him, at least—disastrous results. Maybe his successor will be wise enough to profit by his example.

THE SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION

THE coming convention of the California State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Monterey in November should be attended by every man interested in game and its protection. This convention is one of an essentially open and public character; there are no "star chamber" methods employed in its conduction, and a full and free expression and discussion of the whole people's views and ideas is earnestly solicited by the delegates who long ago appreciated the fact that no one man or set of men knows all there is to be known about the best ways of protecting game or enhancing the pleasure of its pursuit. The object of the convention is not, as some of our sensation-mongering "yellow" dailies maliciously assert, the selfish one of framing up and lobbying a system of class legislation "for the especial benefit of a few wealthy sportsmen to the detriment and prejudice of the worthy poorer classes," etc., *ad infinitum nauseam.* The fact is that ninety-nine per cent of the members of the association are men of very ordinary means, representing every plane and calling in life, from the humblest unskilled laborer to the eminent professional specialist. It is a gathering of the whole people, not of a class or clan — unless the sinew, brawn, brains and mental, moral and physical health of California's best men place them in a class above the conception of the emasculated space writers who grind out rot for decent people to gag at.

This convention is held by the people for the benefit of the whole people of the State at large. The game birds, mammals and fish of a State constitute one of the State's most valuable assets. Its conservation means health-giving and otherwise profitable amusement to all alike; it means the furnishing of avocations for thousands engaged in the manufacture and merchandizing of the thousand and one items of sporting paraphernalia; of other thousands who are engaged in the transportation, feeding and clothing of sportsmen on their trips afield. It means millions of dollars put yearly into circulation by the sportsmen, expended solely for sport requisites.

The sole object of this convention is to discuss ways and means as to how best preserve this asset to our people. Its deliberations are courteous, dignified and sensible. The offices of the Association are all honorary, so there are, in consequence, no individual axes to grind. Its work never embodies even the slightest possibility of graft of any kind; it has no designs upon either private purses or the public treasury; it advocates and exacts only that the appropriations annually set aside by the State for the purpose of protecting and enhancing the supply of game and fish be wisely and judiciously expended for the purpose intended. It *makes* no game or other laws; it simply weighs facts and conditions and so evolves sensible suggestions as to the requirements of good and consistent laws, which suggestions are merely presented to the State Assembly for its action thereon.

So, by all means attend this convention if you can. By corresponding with the Secretary of the Association, Mr. E. A. Mocker, Capitola, Cal., you can obtain special railway and hotel rates that will prove attractive.

AN UNFORTUNATE REVERSAL

IN the course of human events most everything has a beginning and an end—or, in common parlance, "a head and a tail." This is true even of the California State Fish Commission, whose present head seems to be not the honorable President of the Commission, but a certain junior accession to the board, to whom has been seemingly relegated (or who has egotistically assumed) the grave responsibility of

elucidating just how little he knows, and how little the Commission seemingly cares, about the duties which they were appointed to perform.

The tail of this queer agglomeration is a functionary called a "Chief Deputy," for whose official existence there is no warrant either by law or necessity, yet who, strangely enough, has been invested with the power of wagging both body and head of the incongruous creature. Every time the tail wags the head vociferates volubly, and the more eccentric the wagging the more ludicrous the vociferation. That the head talks in written characters is the humorous part of it, for it does not seem to appreciate the fact that its absurdity will be perpetuated in cold print, whereas merely spoken ludicrosities would be dissipated into thin air and mercifully absorbed by aerial sewers.

The Commission really occupies the responsible position of watch dog of the State's game and fish interests. It has had an unequalled opportunity to be a good guardian, for in its honest work it has been backed and fortified by the press, the people, and the State's finances. Therefore its action in allowing a very insignificant caudle appendage to wag its whole body politic is a reversal of accepted conditions which, to say the least, is in very questionable form. There has been comedy enough in this connection—in fact it has degenerated to a screaming farce and the sportsmen are tired of it. If the two senior Commissioners have neither time nor inclination to attend to the duties of their office, they have but one obvious alternative. But if these duties must necessarily be relegated to subordinates, why, turn them over without further circumlocution to the irrepressible "Tail" and subservient "head" until the inauguration of a new Chief Executive of the State affords relief to our overworked risibilities.

And, just to avoid possible future contingencies, it might be as well, in the interim, to lay in a new stock of whitewash and an extra pair or two of immaculate wings. It won't be necessary to go to the expense of a halo; the sportsmen will attend to that very shortly.

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. **BLACK—Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail. — *25 in one day.*
Ducks. — *50 in one day*
Deer (male) — *2 in one season*
Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs. total weight) in one day.

	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.)									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law).
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Compiled by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Wild Turkey	Dove	Plover[1]	Snipe[2]	Woodcock[2]	Rail[2]	Duck[2]	Goose, Swan[1]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 16			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[3]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[5]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[6]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[8]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[9]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[11]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[12]	Mar. 1-July 16	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[13]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[14]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 15[6]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[15]	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[16]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[17]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[18]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[18]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[19]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[20]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[21]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 16	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[22]	May. 1-Sept. 1[23]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[24]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[24]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 2-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 15[25]	Apr. 16-Oct. 15[25]	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[26]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[27]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[28]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[28]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[29]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[30]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[31]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[32]	Jan. 1-July 20[32]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[33]	Jan. 1-July 20[34]	Apr. 1-Oct 16[35]	Apr. 1-Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 16	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 16		Apr. 1-Oct. 1[36]	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[36]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[36]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1906			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[37]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[37]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[38]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[39]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[40]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[40]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 10, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[41]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2		Jan. 2-Sept. 1[42]	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[42]	18
	19	Indiana[43]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[44]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[45]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[45]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[46]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[46]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 15, 1909	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 26, 1908	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[47]		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[48]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[49]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[50]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[50]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[51]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[52]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[53]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[54]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 16				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[55]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 15-Sept. 1[56]			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[57]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1						Oct. 15-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[58]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[59]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[1]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 15-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 10[60]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[61]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[61]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	13 local laws		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	13 local laws	13 local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[62]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[63]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[64]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Mar 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			May 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[65]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[65]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[66]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[67]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[68]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[68]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[68]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[68]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[68]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[69]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year			All the year				39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[70]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct 1[71]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 16			Mar. 1-Oct. 16		Mar. 1-Oct. 16			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 16[72]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 16[73]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[74]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 16		Nov. 2-July 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	June 1-Sept. 1	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 16	Mar. 1-Aug. 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[75]	May 1-Sept. 1[76]	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[77]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Sept. 13, 1909[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[78]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[79]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[79]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 10				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[80]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 10[81]	Feb. 1-Sept. 10	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	All the year[82]	53
	54	Yukon[1]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	Alberta[1]		Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 16			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 16			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[83]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	To Sept. 11, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[84]		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[85]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[85]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1-Oct. 1[1]					Mar. 1-Aug. 30[1]	Mar. 1-Aug 30[1]		Mar. 1-Aug 30[1]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl		To Oct. 1, 1909				Jan. 1-Aug. 30	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 20[86]	Nov 10-Sept 15[87]	63
	64	Newfoundland[88]		Jan. 13-Oct. 1				Jan. 13-Aug. 21	Jan. 13-Aug. 21			Jan. 13-Aug. 21	Jan. 13-Aug. 21[89]	64

MAMMALS.

		State	Deer[1]	Elk[2]	Moose[3]	Caribou[4]	Antelope	Sheep, Goat[5]	Squirrel[6,7]	Rabbit	Introduced Pheasant[8]		Birds Protected in a few States only.	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 16	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1913	1	PHEASANT.	
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2		
	3	Vermont	Exc. to Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3	Nebraska	All the year.
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	4	Colorado	All the year.
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct 1	6	New Mexico	All the year.
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Local laws	To 1910	7	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[9]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9	Yukon[2]	Jan. 13-Oct. 1.
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 16	10	Alberta[3]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 16[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[1]
	13	Dist. Columbia[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13	Nova Scotia	All the year.
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15		
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 15[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[1]	All the year	16	SAGE HEN	
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[1]	To Nov. 10, 1909	17		
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov 10[1]	To June 16, 1910	To June 16, 1910	To June 16, 1910			Dec. 1-Oct 15		To 1910	18	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	19	Indiana[11]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	To Feb. 24, 1911[1]	19	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 28, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1906	20	Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21	Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1.
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22	California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23	Nevada	Feb. 15-July 15.
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug 15.
	25	Kansas				To Mar. 19, 1908			All the year[1]		To Feb. 28, 1907	25	Idaho	Dec. 1-Aug 15.
	26	Nebraska	Nov 15-Aug. 16	All the year		Nov. 15-Aug. 16			All the year		All the year	26	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1		To Jan. 1, 1911		Dec. 1-Nov. 1[14]				27	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911		All the year[15]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28		
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29		
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1919			Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[16]			30	PEABODIN.	
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 23	To Nov. 1, 1907		To Oct. 15, 1907		To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[17]		All the year	31		
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1							Local laws		32	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	33	South Carolina	Jan 1-Sept. 1[1]									33	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	34	Georgia[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1									34	Delaware	Feb. 2-Sept. 1.
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov 1									35	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	36	Alabama	Local laws							Local laws	Local laws	36	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[18]
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15									37		
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907						Mar. 1-June 1[1]		To Nov. 1, 1907	38	CURLEW.	
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913	39		
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40	New Jersey	Jan 1-May 1.
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov			To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[19]				To July 1, 1909	41	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 15.
	42	Oklahoma	All the year			All the year					Jan. 1-Dec 1	42	Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year		To Mar. 15, 1910	All the year[20]				To Mar. 15, 1910	43	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year		To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year				To Mar. 1, 1911	44	South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[21]	All the year		All the year	45	Nebraska	All the year.
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906	46	Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
	47	Utah	To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[1]			All the year	47	Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[1]
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 6, 1909	48	Montana	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 16	To Oct. 1, 1916	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15		Jan. 1-Oct 1[1]	49	California	Mar. 1-Aug. 15.
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907						Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50	Nevada	May 1-Sept. 15.
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			51	Utah	May 1-Aug. 28.
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 10	52	Alberta[3]	May 5-Aug. 26.
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 15-Sept. 1			53	Saskatchewan	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	54	Yukon[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1			54	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 31.
	55	Alberta[3]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1		Dec. 15-Oct. 1			55		
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[22]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[22]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[22]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[22]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1		Dec. 15-Oct. 1			56	CRANE.	
	57	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1			Apr. 1-Dec. 1			57		
	58	Manitoba[1]	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1909	58	Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
	59	Ontario	Nov. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[1]				Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1913	59	South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						60	Colorado	All the year.
	61	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16					All the year	61	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 16.
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 16	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov 1	All the year	62	Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
	63	Pr. Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		63	Alberta[3]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
	64	Newfoundland[23]		To Jan. 1, 1919	To Jan. 1, 1913	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[24]						64	Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
													Yukon[25]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 16-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 10 counties to Mar. 11, 1908. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1907; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 16-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except rail, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 16, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, in 1908, Sept. 8-15. 22. Sec. 608, ch. 199, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 9, 14, 16. 24. Except brant, Long Island. May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 15-Oct. 1. 26. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

(Revised to August 1st, 1906)

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville; H. A. Greene, Monterey, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; William S. Tevis, Bakersfield; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; W. W. Richards, San Francisco, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, Redding, and C. L. Powell, Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly, Los Angeles; C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ——————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Burns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Bancroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

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Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

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San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

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Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbra, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

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Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

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Sacramento County—A. Hertzey, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

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Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River F. and G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

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Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By Storey Buck

MISS BEATRICE McBANE of Spokane has landed the prize trout of the season, the catch weighing eight and three-quarters pounds and measuring thirty inches. The fish was caught in Smelter lake, near the international border, north of here, and put up a stiff fight, but was landed in the boat and brought to Spokane. Miss McBane was accompanied by M. R. Marlow and Miss Marlow of Grand Forks, B. C. The Fish and Game Club of Spokane will entertain Miss McBane at its fall banquet this fall.

Reports from Newman lake, northwest of Spokane, are to the effect that black gamey bass are biting fly hooks better than in years. Large bass are also being taken from the Spokane river, some of them weighing 24 ounces.

H. Tweed and a party of friends from Kennewick, Wash., south of Spokane, caught 144 salmon, averaging 20 pounds each, with two casts at the mouth of the Yakima river. The river is low and fish are unable to ascend a great distance.

Indians of the Flathead reservation, east of Spokane, are preparing for their annual hunt, and several hundred will leave for the head of the Clearwater river in a few days to hunt big game. The tribesmen will go into the interior of the Coeur d'Alene and the Bitter Root mountains, returning shortly before the Christmas holidays, when there will be a great feast.

Mrs. H. B. De Long of Spokane has the honor of being the first woman to kill a bear in this district this season. She encountered bruin on the Pend Oreille river, near Iona, Wash., and when the animal showed fight Mrs. De Long whipped out a big revolver and sent a ball into the bear's skull. The pelt has been sent to Spokane and will be mounted.

The Oregon fish law is to be tested in the Federal court, in a case which involves a ruling that will mean thousands of dollars to the people of that State. It follows a petition for a writ of habeas corpus by Joseph R. Dejeiro, a citizen of Italy, a resident of Black Diamond, Cal., who was arrested and fined $25 for illegal fishing in the Columbia river. The argument in the main is that the law is unconstitutional, and if it is upheld it will mean that fishermen who have not resided in Oregon, Washington and Idaho for six months preceding cannot fish in the Columbia river and other streams in Oregon.

John L. Riseland, State Fish and Game Warden, announces that the Spokane hatchery will empty 90,000 trout fry into the Spokane river in a short time. He also says that during the coming year 75,000,000 salmon will be hatched in the Washington hatcheries.

Russ Hudlow of Coeur d'Alene, who has been repeatedly arrested for hunting out of season, ran the legal gauntlet again a few days ago in the Idaho court, and was fined $25 and costs, the jury finding him guilty after less than a minute's deliberation.

THE DESERTED CABIN

BLEAK it stands in the weed-grown clearing,
Bleak and gray with a sagging door
That shudders and sways at the wild wind's mercy,
While the dead leaves drift on the broken floor.

Once it was blessed with a human presence,
Once it rang with a child's glad mirth;
Once it was bright with a glowing fire—
Now a squirrel starts from the empty hearth.

—*Grace G. Bostwick.*

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone"
—Byron.

THE VENICE DOG SHOW

THE Venice Dog Show might be paradoxically characterized as both a success and a failure. Financially it was a success, being well patronized by that well-to-do, idle society element that spends its time during the summer and early fall months in the surf and on the sand beaches of Venice and Ocean Park during the day, and at the cafes and dancing pavilions in the evenings.

The Venice show was held in the dancing pavilion, a grand, imposing structure standing upon cement piers along side of the wharf and opposite that Kinneyesque freak, known as the "ship hotel." This dancing pavilion is of a beautiful composite architecture, whose lines, faithfully drawn in electric lights at night, present a picture at once brilliant, fascinating and fairy-like. Handsome and imposing as is its exterior, it is no more attractive than is the highly ornamental and beautifully decorated interior. This grand pavilion has a dancing floor in its center that must be fully 100 feet square, with an arched ceiling fully 50 feet high, surrounded by loges and galleries.

On three sides of the dancing floor, and separated from it by fancy railings, is a space some twenty feet wide, ordinarily filled with chairs to be occupied by spectators and those resting from the "tripping of the light fantastic." Within the two opposite sides of these seating spaces were arranged the benches for the dogs. The whole interior of this grand building is bespangled with electric lights of varying colors, so connected that the room can be lighted with the mingling hues of the rainbow or with either of the separate colors at the caprice of the electrician handling the keys. During each evening of the show the band played and merry feet kept time to the waltz and two-step, while the restless dogs barked and howled an accompaniment and the many colored lights bathed both dogs and dancers in the rich hues of their ever changing colors. Thus the visitor could, within a few minutes, see in the same stall a white, pink, blue or purple bull terrier, and that too without the least suspicion of any cross with the "pit type."

The show was unique. Unique in the beauty of the building in which it was held, unique in the effect of its ever changing lights; unique in the dance connected with it, and more than all unique in its innovations in judging. In all these respects, and the fine attendance which averaged over one thousand paid admissions each day, the show can well be termed a success—a beautiful success; but in the number and quality of the dogs shown —if one expects the animals on exhibition to be representative of the higher and best types of the several breeds—and in much of the judging, it must be termed a failure.

While the show was nominally held under the auspices of the Southwestern Kennel Club, the officers of the club had little to do with its management, and it was sparingly patronized by the members. This, I am told, was caused by the ever occurring factional friction that seems to be a parasite attacking root and

branch of the show clubs of the Pacific Coast. This, let me add in parenthesis, is the inevitable outgrowth of mixing professionalism with legitimate sport—in other words, of allowing professional breeders and dog brokers to take part in the conduct of the clubs or shows, or officiate as judges, or enter the judging ring in any official capacity whatever. Not that I would accuse all professionals of dishonesty or trickery; but there is always enough of it plainly in evidence at every show to disgust the one-dog exhibitor who shows purely on account of his love for the dog. Thus dissatisfaction creeps into the club to be soon followed by dissension, to the detriment alike of the breeder, the broker and the fancier, driving away from the shows the very element that can make them successes.

The show was held on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 20th to 22d. The Bench Show Committee was composed of Paul Peipers, Chairman; J. W. Brooks, Secretary; Dr. L. W. Young, W. K. Peasley and James Ewins. W. E. Chute was the superintendent and Dr. L. W. Young the veterinarian. The judges were Phil C. Meyer, for St. Bernards, wolfhounds, and cockers. The other breeds allotted to him, Great Danes, Chesapeakes, mastiffs, foxhounds, bloodhounds and greyhounds having no entries. John P. Brown judged the fox terriers, Irish terriers and Airedales. C. F. Herr, the Boston terriers, and G. S. Halliwell the other breeds. These gentlemen were all novices, none, I am told, ever having officiated before. To these gentlemen is due the credit of the new innovation of the judge entering the ring with a catalogue in his hand and using it to identify the dogs before the prizes were awarded. While this is certainly a new system of judging, it is certainly a very safe one for the novice, for it prevents him from making the unpardonable award of placing a good young dog over an old broken down winner, an act the novice is very much afraid of committing; especially when the old duffer is the property of a member of the Show Committee, or the inmate of a big kennel.

MR. MEYER'S CLASSES.

Phil Meyer had an easy job with the St. Bernards. They were a very ordinary lot, and shown in very bad condition. Several of them should have been refused admittance by the vet. The puppies were all young, one barely over six months and the other two a little over seven. There was but little choice in them, though I liked Queen, the youngest of the lot, the best, for she is of a type that may develop into a fairly good one. Silver Slipper, alone in novice bitches, is weedy and quite light in bone. Countess Beulah, though light in substance and weak in head, was rightly placed over her only competitor, Queen Bess. "Champion" Queen Regent—save the mark!—must have won her championship in the same company found at this show. She was shown in bad condition, but even at her best she is not more than a third rater. She was properly given the winner, with Countess Beulah reserve.

In the smooth coats, Lady Snow did well to get a third, without competition, in the novice class. Sir Violet, Jr., a fairly good smooth, was alone in limit dogs and his sire, Sir Violet, was also alone in the open class. The younger dog was properly placed as the winner, with his sire reserve. A brace of very good Russian wolfhounds was shown. The dog, Kubulik II, is of good size with a typical head and nicely turned body. He was not in the best of coat.

COCKER SPANIELS.

In this breed there were but two dogs and two bitches shown in six classes. The quality was very poor and Mr. Meyer did right in withholding first in the puppy and novice classes for dogs. Rags, a fairly good one, was alone in the limit. He was given a winner's ribbon with the reserve withheld. While Dot, a weedy bitch, was given a first in the puppy and the novice classes, even Phil's big heart could not expand enough to pass her out a winner's ribbon. Nor did he give the other one any mention.

MR. BROWN'S CLASSES.

Fox terriers had six dogs and three bitches shown in eight classes. Peter Pan won easily over his only competitor, British M. P., in puppy dogs, but in all probability it is his last win, for he is already thick in head and has little to recommend him back of it. Sabine Rebus, a pretty good all round dog, had a walk-over in the novice class against the same M. P., shown in the puppy. In Limit dogs, Cigars was alone, and Mr. Brown, failing to see any quality either in the wrapper or the filler, withheld first and second. I am of the opinion that his conscience suffered a

severe strain in giving him third. In open dogs, Wandee Resist, when brought into the ring, set the type and stood like an oasis in the desert of poor quality that had preceded him. There are better dogs than Resist, but he is a good one and will not miss the money often even in the hottest of company, if true terrier type is considered. Resist was the winner with Sabine Rebus reserve. Of the three bitches Sabine Favor was the best, though of the light type of head and light in bone. She was properly returned the winner. Of the other two, Hampshire Catherine, a puppy, easily scored over her competitor, Kascimo Lovette; neither however were fit for good company.

There were but two Irish terriers entered, Mickey O'Toole and Belfast Rose. Mickey is a puppy but a little over eight months old. The decision placing Rose over him was well enough at his age, but it is not likely that the bitch will ever win over him again when he is fully developed. In the Airedale terriers there were four dogs and three bitches, two of the latter being six-months old puppies. Of the dogs Soldier of Fortune, Monte Cristo and Rock Prince were each in a class by himself, but in open dogs Rock Prince came against Endcliffe Royalty, a dog of very good type, though but little if any better than Rock. Royalty, however, was returned the winner. A reversal would have been as good if not a better decision. Of the bitches, the two puppies were quite promising. Endcliffe, alone in the open, is quite a good one and easily took first place in the winners' class.

MR. HERR'S CLASS.

Mr. Herr judged only the Boston terriers, but he had the largest class of the show, there being twelve dogs and eleven bitches. In the puppy dogs Col. Billie should not have beaten Glenwood Playboy—a better dog at all points, except that his ears were not cropped. To cropped ears Mr. Herr must be very partial, for he not only placed Col. Billie over Playboy but he placed El Mondo Ben, a much poorer dog, over him also. In novice dogs Mr. Herr had an easy task and got them right, but in the limit he again erred in placing Endcliffe Quaker over Conqueror, a dog with the best head in the show and as good as the very best in body color and general appearance. Nor would he have made a mistake if he had placed Conqueror over Bayside Chauncey in the winners' class. The Bostons were by no means a good lot. Most of them were badly marked, coarse, and lacked in the true refinement, characteristic of the best specimens of the breed. Miss Checkers, the winner in the puppy class, is a nice little bitch with rather a plain head. This class was right-placed. Among the rest of the bitches there were only three that deserve much mention. These were Endcliffe Dorothy that carried off the winner's ribbon, Jersey Lily reserve and Anna Gift, competing with the former two in the open class. There is little choice between Dorothy and the Lily and they were well enough placed. Anna Gift shows plenty of quality, but is spoiled by her size. A large Boston terrier always reveals the mongrel origin of the breed. Unless the breeders of these dogs stop the tendency to large dogs, that neat refinement characteristic of the best small specimens of a few years ago will soon be lost forever.

MR. HALLIWELL'S CLASSES.

There were but two dogs and one bitch in the pointer classes. Faith II is really a good one fit for any company. In head she is very typical, with a nice clean neck carried into well shaped shoulders. Her front is nearly all that can be desired. She has a nice chest, well sprung ribs and especially well put together at all points in her driving power. Laddie Mac, the puppy, would not be a bad one if he was not so very coarse. Baldy is quite a neat dog in general appearance barring his head.

Like the pointers, the English setters had but three entries, two dogs and one bitch. The time was in Southern California when the setters and pointers were nearly half the show, but the lovers of these breeds have been driven away by the rank decisions of men who never saw a working dog in the field and have no conception of the anatomical conformation necessary to the hard, enduring work these breeds have to perform. And, until show committees learn to select judges for these breeds that understand the necessity of this conformation, it is just as well for the breeds that they are kept away. Togo Spy, alone in the puppy class, was bad in head but fairly good in body. Dr. K., alone in the open, is a dog of a good deal of merit. He has a nice head, clean

neck, fine chest and well sprung ribs and fine barrel. His hips, stifles and hocks are strong and well shaped, with his hocks well let down broad and strong. His shoulders are quite good but his fore legs might be better. Bonnie, the only bitch, is another good one, outside of her head there are but few points where she can be found fault with.

Irish setters had six entries, four dogs and two bitches. They were like most of the Irish setters seen on the bench—almost devoid of Irish setter character—long legged, coarse in head, and lacking in that rich mahogany colored coat that belongs to the breed. To describe the dogs shown as Irish setters, as really belonging to that breed, is an impossibility. Even the so-called "champion," Shandon Ben, has hardly a feature of the real Irish setter. The worst decision of the show was the giving to Shandon Ben the cup for the best setter over either Dr. K. or Bonnie.

There were nine collies shown, forming the poorest class of this breed that I have seen for a long time. Southport Philosopher is a fairly good dog, but he was shown in bad coat, and a collie without a coat is like the play of Hamlet without the eccentric Dane. Dos Roble Towser, a seven-months-old puppy, was very properly reserve in winners to Philosopher. In the bitches Southport Sphinx, like her kennel mate, Philosopher, has a good head but poor coat. The less I say about the rest of the class the better their owners will be pleased.

I have now come to a class that I would like to skip, the Dalmatians. There were sixteen of them all told. The pedigrees of nearly all of them were given as Coach-Spot, and of these two as unknown. This was very evident by a glance at the colors. Many of them had the black head of a black and white pointer, with large black spots on the body; some with tan on the cheeks, and several with white eyes. One that was very largely white could have been made into a fairly good Dalmatian with the use of a paint brush. For the benefit of the breeder I will say that a Dalamatian must be evenly marked with no large black or white spots, nor must the spots run into each other.

The bull dogs were well represented in numbers and averaged good in quality. Glenwood Boatswain, quite a good puppy, was alone in his class. In novice dogs Boston Monarch, a big coarse dog with but little to recommend him outside of a good mask, should not have beaten Endcliffe Baron, a dog of good type and character and better at almost all points than Monarch. Togo, third to these two in the open, is also quite a good dog except in front. Glenwood Eda, in the bitch puppy class, is quite a good one that promises well in her development. Naelcam British Lady, alone in novice bitches, was a very nice type barring the fact that she is a bit light in head. Uxbridge Marguerite shown in limit and open bitches, was a good evenly balanced bitch of nice type. She was awarded the winner's ribbon with Marguerite reserve.

Bull terriers were a good lot with fourteen entries. Two quite good puppies were shown in Mighty of the Lake and Chief, winners respectively of first and second. The Comet, first in novice dogs, was not given his due in the winners. He is certainly better than the puppy, Mighty of the Lake, and he loses but little if any to Tedcote Wonder, the dogs returned as the winners. The Comet is a clean cut dog with a nice, clean shapely head, while Wonder in this particular is thick and coarse. Silkwood Marguerite, shown in all four bitch classes, made a clean sweep. She is the right type of the breed, well made in body and legs, with a fine front and almost ideal type of head.

There was a fairly good lot of dachshunds with nothing remarkable in quality.

The rest of the show consisted of one in each class. These were a pug, a questionable poodle, a Maltese terrier, a King Charles spaniel and a little long haired yellow dog shown as a Chihuahua. It is really amusing to see the various types, colors and kinds of the canine family that find their way into the shows under the name of Chihuahua dogs, not one of which has the least resemblance to the breed. Every Mexican who can get hold of a little dog or young puppy that is not too large, meets every train on the Mexican Central from Juares to the City of Mexico until he palms it off onto some unsuspecting tourist as a Simon pure Chihuahua. Even our old friend and popular bench show judge, the late John Davidson, was nicely bunkoed at Juares some years ago. He brought his little treasure with him to San Francisco, feeling very proud of his luck in securing such a fine specimen of this rare breed. When I told him to give it away to the first boy

that would carry it off he questioned my statement. But a few months later he wrote me that the puppy now weighed about twenty-five pounds with good prospects of becoming a real Jumbo. There is but one species of the Chihuahua dog. It is a little animal rarely attaining a weight of over two pounds. It is built somewhat on the lines of the black and tan toy terrier, but shorter in leg and slimmer in head and not pop-eyed. Ears erect. The only colors that I have ever seen are lemon and white and blue and white—the blue considerable lighter than a blue Dane. Usually the white predominates and they are never solid in color. It is one of the few species of the canine family native to the American continent, and was quite common with the Chihuahua Indians at the time of the conquest of Mexico. They are now very scarce even in their native country.

HARRY T. PAYNE.

CHICAGO MOTOR BOAT SHOW

By Joseph E. G. Ryan, Press Representative

The newest and most rapidly growing of all high class sports, motor-boating, will hold the focus of public interest in Chicago the first week in January, when the Motor Boat Show, with exhibits sufficient to fill the great building, will be held at the Coliseum. H. A. Cochrane and F. W. Payne, who will direct the show, and have been indefatigable in their efforts, promise one of the greatest exhibitions of power craft and all the adjuncts to motor-boating, that has ever been held in this country.

Besides the Coliseum building, the managers of the show have secured the First Regiment Armory. While motor boats and sundries of every description are being displayed in the big Wabash avenue building, meetings of manufacturers, club members and others interested in motor-boating, will be held in the armory. Builders of power boats in all parts of this country, as well as many Canadian firms, have applied for space in the Coliseum. Moreover, many motor boats specially and privately built will be on exhibition.

All the leading yacht clubs in this part of the country have come forward to join with Messrs. Cochrane and Payne to make the show a huge success. For several years it has been as hard to get a sailor to take interest in a motor boat as it was for a horseman to fall to respect an automobile. But times have changed. Even the enthusiastic yachtsman has learned that the motor boat has come to stay. At first he accepted this truth with grumbling regret; later he became somewhat interested in the speedy little craft which slid by him as he lay becalmed, and finally he felt a touch of genuine enthusiasm for the boat which does not have to wait for wind. In the fleet of all the yacht clubs in the vicinity of Chicago today there are many power boats. Among the members of the clubs there are many who know nothing about sailing, but devote all their time and attention to motor craft.

The growth of motor boat racing as a sport on Lake Michigan and other of the great lakes and smaller inland bodies of water, has been phenomenal in the past year. From time to time shows have been held in the larger cities of this country, including New York and Chicago, but none of these hav been all that its promoters desired. Boat and engine builders from San Francisco to New York will be represented at the Coliseum. Managers Cochrane and Payne have been constantly receiving applications for space. With the added interest of rivalry in club displays, the show will offer novelties bound to attract every owner or prospective owner of motor-craft. It is the purpose of the managers of the show to have an exhibition of airships and engines for driving airships in connection with the display of motor boats. This part of the exhibit will be carried on under the auspices of the Aero Club. If the weather permits a race between airships and tests of different engines in air-craft will be the novelties of the exhibition.

SONG FROM THE SMOKY RIM

WILD ducks may fly the season 'round,
O'er dark grey marsh or dancing sea,
But on my calendar there's found
One single day they fly for me.

And that's the day the morning sun
Bewildered in a leaden haze,
Scarce tells me that the day's begun,
Tho on the dark pond soft light plays.

The day the canvasback fly in,
Away from wild wind-worried bay
And wing against the rushing air
On sheltered pond in peace to stay.

The morn the twisting, turning teal,
Rush past the blind on whistling wings—
A coming storm the wild things feel—
Not e'en the red-winged blackbird sings.

The day the plover flying high,
Above the whisperings of the storm
Sent far to earth their lonely cry,
Like plaintive signal of alarm.

Faint honking of a wedge-shaped band;
The willits cry from yonder bar;
Two widgeon wing o'er grey lowland;
A sandhill crane slow turns, afar.

Wild ducks may fly the season round;
But one lone day they fly for me,
And on that day I shall be found
By dark grey marsh or dancing sea.

—*Tom Veitch.*

THE GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Bulletin of Progress Published by the California Promotion Committee

SEPTEMBER has been a notable month in the progress of San Francisco toward recovery from the effects of the big fire, and also in the progress of the State in all industrial and commercial lines. Reports from all railroads entering California show that traffic has increased enormously, both on colonist and tourist tickets. All parts of California are feeling this infusion of new settlers.

Labor supply is still inadequate to meet demand, both in city and country districts. There is great need of ordinary laborers in San Francisco, and the demand for skilled artisans in building trades is constantly increasing.

San Francisco's population is about at a standstill, owing to lack of housing facilities. Estimates based on computations of military authorities place it at 370,000.

Every school building in the city is crowded to its limits, the enrollment being 29,803. It is estimated that with proper facilities there would be at least 15,000 more ready to enter.

Careful investigation shows that cost of living in San Francisco has not increased except in rents. Provisions of all kinds and clothing are at same prices as before the fire. Rents have increased on dwelling houses about an average of 15 per cent.

Of the $208,000,000 insurance on property in San Francisco, destroyed by fire, $150,000,000 has been paid policy holders.

All interior cities report heaviest business in all lines in their history.

The following summary shows conditions in San Francisco:

September building permits issued, 1050. Value, $5,902,000.

Building contracts recorded, 316. Value, $3,252,090.70.

Real estate transfers, 1045.

Bank clearings, $198,712,503.47; September, 1905, $168,329,716.22.

Per cent increase, 18.04.

Oakland bank clearings for September, $14,354,516.17.

Permits for permanent building, 607.

Total permits for permanent buildings to date, 1,318.

Number of men doing construction work, 35,000.

Average number of cars of debris removed daily, 125.

Information has just been received at the headquarters of the California Promotion Committee, in San Francisco, of the details of the establishment of its Eastern Bureau in its new, permanent quarters at No. 9 East Twenty-third street, New York. This is at Madison Square, the great central point of New York, just across from the new office being the famous Flat Iron building, which is probably the best advertised building in the world.

In the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, in which the new offices of the Eastern Bureau are located, is a subway station, a magnificent sub-station of the New York Postoffice, and through the arcade of the building thousands pass hourly. There is an entrance to the office of the bureau from this arcade.

It has been arranged to provide a place where visiting Californians may go to get all sorts of information, or to meet their friends. An information bureau has been established concerning New York and its environs so that all visiting Californians may get all necessary information.

There has been much complaint regarding the inability of visitors to New York to obtain information about the city, and the Eastern bureau will try to remedy this so far as California visitors are concerned. All Californians are cordially invited by the California Promotion Committee to make use of the facilities of the Eastern Bureau. They will find a desirable place to rest, to meet their friends, to read their home papers and magazines, which are kept on file, and are assured of a genuine California welcome every time they go.

YACHTING

THE ANNUAL YACHTING REGATTAS OF 1906

By Arthur Inkersley

EVER since its foundation in 1886 the Corinthian Yacht Club has held its annual regatta on Decoration Day, but the disastrous events of April caused its abandonment this year. The question of holding a handicap race for the trophy presented to the Corinthian Yacht Club by the Elks was discussed, but it was decided to let this event go over till 1907.

The annual race for the Wallace Trophy was set down on the schedule of the California Yacht Club for Sunday, July 15th, but was postponed for two weeks. The race is a beat out and a run home, the total length of the course being estimated at twelve nautical miles. On Sunday, July 29th, the race took place under the management of the Regatta Committee, consisting of August R. F. Brandes, Bernard McManus and F. V. Du Brutz. Four yachts took part, viz., Commodore Robert Vincent's yawl Iola, sailed by Louis T. Ward, J. J. Sherry's sloop Perhaps, winner of the trophy in 1905, T. Kendall's sloop Alert, sailed by her owner, and the Gresham brothers' yawl Gypsie, sailed by Frank Gresham. The Regatta Committee gave a time allowance of one minute for each foot of racing length, the yawl Iola being the scratch boat.

A preparatory gun was fired at 11:55 a. m. and the starting gun at 12 noon. At that time the tide was flooding and the breeze was light. The course was across a starting line drawn from the outermost dolphin of the southerly pier-head of the Alameda Mole to a stakeboat anchored about 400 feet to the southeast; thence to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the finish between the lighthouses at the entrance to Oakland Creek. The yachts crossed the line at the following times: Sloop Perhaps, at 12:00:09; yawl Iola, at 12:01:09; sloop Alert, at 12:01:27, and the yawl Gypsie, at 12:01:28. The light wind and smooth water were favorable to the sloop Perhaps, which is a shallow, flat boat, of the skimming-dish type, with long overhangs fore and aft. As the start was a one-gun start, the time of each boat was taken from 12 noon. The yachts worked up close to Goat Island, in order to get into the back eddy, and for some time Perhaps held her own. After the yachts got out into the channel and met the full strength of the flood tide, the wind freshened and Tom Kendall's Alert began to gain, with the flagship Iola hanging on close. Sherry's Perhaps, which had only recently been put into commission, did not display much speed. In the channel the breeze was strong and steady.

The sloop Alert rounded Presidio Shoal Buoy first at 1:45:00 p. m., the yawl Iola at 1:50:00 and the sloop Perhaps at 1:53:00. Spinnakers and water sails were set after rounding the mark. The run home was accomplished in quick time, Alert finishing first, Iola second and Perhaps third. T. Ward fell from the yawl Gypsie off the foot of Hyde street and picking him up caused considerable delay. The race was won by Tom Kendall's Alert, which sailed much better than she had previously done, the iron shoe put on a few days before the race improving her speed and making her steer better. The yawl Iola was scratch boat; the sloop Alert received an allowance of 4:42 and the sloop Perhaps an allowance of 6:22. The details of the race are shown in the table:

CALIFORNIA YACHT CLUB: WALLACE TROPHY RACE.

Yacht	Sailed By	Racing Length	Start H. M. S.	Finish H. M. S.	Elapsed H. M. S.	Correct'd H. M. S
Alert	T. Kendall	31.67	12.00.00	2.32.50	2.32.50	2.28.08
Perhaps	J. Sherry	29.98	12.00.00	2.40.53	2.40.53	2.34.31
Iola	L. T. Ward	36.35	12.00.00	2.36.00	2.36.00	2.36.00
Gypsie	F. Gresham	29.62	12.00.00	*		

* Time not taken.

The annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association was held on Monday, September 10th, the 9th being a Sunday. It turned out a most successful event, the breeze being strong and steady. Though only two competitors entered in each of the three smaller classes, there were four contending yachts in the 36-foot class and five starters in the 44-foot class. In the 20-foot special class Stevens' sloop Ruby crossed the line off Powell Street Wharf 40 seconds and Peter Lamb's sloop Vixen 53 seconds after the gun. Ruby kept increasing her lead and won the trophy pre-

sented by Herbert E. Law by a margin of 17 minutes 57 seconds, corrected time.

In the 25-foot class J. McLaughlin's fin-keel sloop Discovery beat the sloop Neva, owned formerly by S. B. Stevenson, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, but now sailing under the colors of the Golden Gate Yacht Club, by a margin of 7:02, corrected time, and won the Macdonough Trophy for 25-footers.

In the 30-foot class ex-Commodore W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger of the San Francisco Yacht Club was the only entry, and, walkovers not being permitted, she was obliged to start with the 36-footers. In the special yawl class ex-Commodore J. W. Pew's Truant and Commodore Robert Vincent's yawl Iola were the only starters. Truant gained 2 minutes 15 seconds at the start and crossed the finishing line 2 seconds ahead of the Iola. As Truant had a time allowance of 5:31, she won by a margin of 5:33, corrected time, the time of starting of both yachts being reckoned as 12:20:00 p. m.

In the 36-foot class the sloop Presto, sailed by Frank J. Stone, Vice-Commodore of the Corinthian Yacht Club, obtained a lead in the first leg and rounded the Presidio Shoal Buoy 2:41 ahead of the Harpoon. On rounding the leeward mark Presto had an advantage of 4:08 over Harpoon, which was 4:59 ahead of Challenger. In the second beat out and the run home Presto increased her lead, beating Challenger by a margin of 8:17, corrected time. Harpoon lost second place to Challenger by only two seconds, corrected time. T. M. Kendall's sloop Alert was unlucky, her topmast being split on the second leg to windward.

The 44-foot class included the old rivals. Speedwell and Nixie, with the addition of Annie and the new sloop Yankee. The sloop Yankee, owned by D. Abecassis, was sailed by Carl Westerfeld, and covered the full course in 2:36:34, the fastest time of the day. Yankee crossed the starting line 14 seconds, Speedwell 20 seconds, Annie 1:12, Nixie 1:37 and the schooner Caprice 2:40, after the signal. The schooner, a new boat built for George Storey, did not sail well and retired after rounding the leeward mark. Yankee obtained the lead and kept it throughout, beating Tom Jenning's sloop Speedwell, 6:34 corrected time. Speedwell beat Nixie 7:05 and Nixie beat Annie 6:02, corrected time.

Truant, Presto and Yankee won the trophies presented by ex-Commodore J. M. Macdonough in the special yawl, 36-foot and 44-foot classes respectively. Yankee covered the full course in the fastest time, but Frank Stone's Presto required only 2:47 more to cover it, though she is only just above the limit of the 30-foot class, while Yankee has a racing length of 40 feet. Yankee had been in commission only a few weeks before the regatta and proved herself a remarkably able boat. It is a pity that her owner is going to the Eastern States and wishes to sell her.

The regatta committee consisted of T. J. Kavanagh, William Sutherland and R. R. l'Hommedieu, who found their hands full. No steamer or launch having been chartered, the committee conducted their work on the Powell Street Wharf. The full details are shown in the table:

PACIFIC INTER-CLUB YACHT ASSOCIATION ANNUAL REGATTA SEPT. 10, 1906.

Yacht	Owner	Club	Racing Length	Time All'ce	Start H. M. S.	Finish H. M. S.	Elapsed H. M. S.	Corrected H. M. S.	Place
TWENTY-FOOT SPECIAL CLASS									
Ruby	T. Stevens	Golden Gate	19.71	Scr.	12.00.00	1.04.05	1.04.05	1.04.05	1
Vixen	P. Lamb	Corinthian	19.66	Scr.	12.00.00	1.22.42	1.22.42	1.22.42	2
TWENTY-FIVE FOOT CLASS									
Discovery	J. McLaughlin	Corinthian	23.04	Scr.	12.10.00	2.32.43	2.22.43	2.22.43	1
Neva	.....	Golden Gate	21.71	2.00	12.10.00	2.41.45	2.31.45	2.31.45	2
SPECIAL CLASS FOR YAWLS									
Truant	J. W. Pew	Corinthian	32.50	5.31	12.20.00	2.30.42	2.10.42	2.04.51	1
Iola	R. Vincent	California	40.35	Scr.	12.20.00	2.30.44	2.10.44	2.10.44	2
THIRTY-SIX FOOT CLASS									
Presto	F. J. Stone	Corinthian	30.08	3.42	12.30.00	3.09.21	2.39.21	2.35.39	1
Challenger	W. G. Morrow	San Francisco	30.01	3.51	12.30.00	3.17.47	2.47.47	2.43.56	2
Harpoon	J. H. Sharpe	Corinthian	32.90	Scr.	12.30.00	3.13.58	2.43.58	2.43.58	3
Alert	T. M. Kendall	California	31.04	2.27	12.30.00	3.34.06	3.04.06	3.01.39	4
FORTY-FOUR FOOT CLASS									
Yankee	C. Abecassis	Corinthian	40.01	5.33	12.40.00	3.16.34	2.36.34	2.31.01	1
Speedwell	T. Jennings	Corinthian	36.22	9.20	12.40.00	3.28.55	2.48.55	2.37.35	2
Nixie	F. G. Berry	Corinthian	40.68	5.31	12.40.00	3.30.11	2.50.11	2.44.40	3
Annie	Dr. E. Rixford	San Francisco	47.62	Scr.	12.40.00	3.30.42	2.50.42	2.50.42	4

The annual race for the Vincent Handicap Cup, presented by Commodore Robert Vincent of the California Yacht Club, was held on Sunday, September 30. There being no wind, the yawls Iola and Idler, with the sloops Tigress and Alert, were towed down Oakland Creek by the launch Augusta. The start had been set for 12 noon, but was postponed till 1 p. m. At 12:55 p. m. the preparatory gun was fired from ex-Commodore George M. Shaw's Idler and at 1:00 p. m. the starting gun was given. The sloop Sea Fox, formerly owned by ex-Commodore Allen M. Clay, crossed the line off the southerly pier-head of the Alameda Mole at 1:00:30, followed by the sloop Alert at 1:01:00, the yawl Iola at 1:03:00 and the sloop Tigress at 1:03:30. As the start was a one-gun start, the starting time of all the yachts was reckoned at 1:00:00. The wind was light at starting but freshened, until it became quite strong. As the race was on an ebb tide, there was a pretty heavy sea in the channel.

The course was across an imaginary line drawn from a point on the Alameda Mole to a stakeboat anchored about 400 yards to the south southeast, to windward of Goat and Alcatraz Islands, to and round Southampton Shoal Lighthouse, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to the finishing line between the Key Route pier and the yacht Idler anchored to the westward. The distance being recokoned officially as fourteen miles and including a beat, a reach and a run. This course was laid out by the Regatta Committee, consisting of August R. F. Brandes, F. V. Du Bretz and Bernard McManus and was used for the first time on September 30th.

Tom Kendall's sloop Alert went to the front from the start and won easily, the rest being distanced. Alert also won the Wallace Trophy race described earlier in this article. The details are shown in the table:

RACE FOR VINCENT HANDICAP CUP, SEPTEMBER 30, 1906.

Yacht	Sailed By	Start H. M. S.	Finish H. M. S.	Elapsed Time H. M. S.	All'ce M. S	Correct'd Time H. M. S.
ALERT	T. M. Kendall	1.00.00	3.16.15	2.16.15	Scr.	2.16.15
SEA FOX	J. Hudec	1.00.00	3.55.30	2.55.30	26.00	2.29.30
IOLA	L. T. Ward	1.00.00	*			
TIGRESS	E. S. Broadwater	1.00.00	*			

* Did not finish.

THE AUTOMOBILE GYMKHANA AT DEL MONTE

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY

THE first gymkhana ever held by the Automobile Club of California took place at Del Monte on Saturday, August 11th, and was highly successful. Most of the visitors at the Hotel Del Monte went out in automobiles to the race track, and witnessed the sport from the polo field. The townspeople from Monterey occupied the grandstand. The programme began at 2:30 P. M., and was carried through without a hitch. As usual, L. P. Lowe, chairman of the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California, was the moving spirit, the members of the Tours and Runs Committee, in whose province the management of such events properly falls, being conspicuous by their absence. R. R. l'Hommedieu of the *Chronicle* staff, acted as judge, John S. Haug as timer, Alexander E. Beyfuss as clerk of the course, and William Harrington as starter. The programme as originally drawn up comprised ten events, but the number of competitors made it necessary to divide several of them into heats. Two events were added to the programme, making a round dozen in all. The most successful contestants were M. E. Silva, who operated the Packard car of William H. Hanson of Redwood City; J. A. Landsberger of Alameda in his Franklin car, and Dr. G. Meredith Freeman in a four-cylinder Locombobile.

The first event was a half-mile speed-judging contest, the operator running nearest to a rate of ten miles an hour to be declared the winner; speed-recording devices on the car to be covered. This was won by C. A. Miller in a Franklin, in 2.34, a rate of 10.34 miles per hour. Harold Munn, also in a Franklin car, was second, his time being 2.47, a rate of 10.78 miles per hour. Other starters were R. Wm. tum Suden, in a St. Louis; George A. Turner, in a Rambler; J. Parker Whitney, in a Pope-Toledo; J. A.

Landsberger, in a Franklin; Dr. G. Meredith Freeman, in a Locomobile; M. E. Silva, in William H. Hanson's Packard; W. Bogen, in a Renault; B. F. Edwards, in a White steamer; H. H. Dana, in a Stevens-Duryea; John Fleming, in a Pierce-Arrow, and Charles Polhemus in a Winton.

The second event was a speed-judging contest over one mile, the operator running closest to twenty miles per hour to be the winner. There were fourteen contestants, the winner being Dr. G. Meredith Freeman in a Locomobile car, time 3:03, a rate of 19.67 miles per hour; M. E. Silva in the Packard was second, time 3:03½, a rate of 19.66 miles per hour. Other contestants were G. A. Turner, C. A. Miller, W. Bogen, H. H. Dana, R. tum Suden, J. A. Landsberger, J. Fleming, J. Parker Whitney, C. Polhemus, B. F. Edwards, J. A. Stoner in an Acme, and George D. Shadbourne, Jr., in a Stevens-Duryea.

The third event was a 100-yard dash from standing start, and was won by J. A. Landsberger in a Franklin; time 10 1-5 seconds. M. E. Silva in the Packard, was second, and the other starters were G. A. Turner, Harold Munn and J. Fleming.

The fourth event was a 100-yards dash from a standing start to the 100-yards line (the front wheels of the car to cross the line); then reversing and backing fifty feet. This was won by John Fleming in a Pierce-Arrow; time 22 3-5 seconds. M. E. Silva in the Packard was second in 23 3-5 seconds. Harold Munn, J. A. Turner and J. A. Landsberger also started.

The fifth event was a brake test, in which the car was to run 100 yards, then come to a dead stop as nearly as possible at the 100-yard line, and not more than one yard from it. It was won by J. A. Landsberger in a Franklin, whose time was 15 seconds, and who stopped his car six inches from the line. John Fleming in a Pierce-Arrow was second, his time being 15 seconds, and his car being stopped thirty inches from the line. C. A. Miller, H. H. Dana, Harold Munn and M. E. Silva also started.

The sixth event, 100-yards dash, turn and go back to the starting line. This brought out M. E. Silva, who won in 26 2-5 seconds; John Fleming, who was second in 29 1-5 seconds; Harold Munn, J. A. Landsberger and H. H. Dana.

The seventh event was named "Track the Track," and consisted of a dash of 100 yards with one front wheel running along a hundred feet of narrow wooden pathway. M. E. Silva, in the Packard, won this, in 11 4-5 seconds; Dr. G. Meredith Freeman, in a Locomobile being second, in 14 2-5 seconds, and the other starters being Harold Munn, J. A. Landsberger, R. tum Suden and J. Fleming.

The eighth event was a 100-yards race and back, passing alternately obstacles placed in the track. All the competitors avoided the obstacles. the winner being M. E. Silva, in 46 1-5 seconds. J. A. Landsberger was second in 46 3-5 seconds. Harold Munn, C. A. Miller and J. Fleming also took part.

The ninth event was a sort of latter-day version of the mediaeval and knightly sport of "tilting at the ring." The competitor, holding a billiard cue in his hand, and running his car at a rate of not less than twenty miles an hour, endeavored to carry off six rings suspended over the track. The contestants were M. E. Silva, J. Fleming, J. A. Landsberger and Dr. G. Meredith Freeman. In the first trial Dr. Freeman and J. A. Landsberger tied, with two rings each. In the next two trials neither speared a ring; in the third Landsberger scored two and Dr. Freeman three rings.

In the tenth event the competitors traversed one hundred yards of the track, coming and going, endeavoring to dodge a stuffed sack thrown in front of the machine. The contestants were John Fleming, Harold Munn, J. A. Landsberger and M. E. Silva. The last won in 27 seconds, John Fleming being second. Neither of these "struck trouble."

The eleventh event was a "Ball and Bucket" race, in which contestants, driving at a speed of at least twenty miles per hour, from a standing start, were required to drop stones into buckets placed at intervals along a 100-yards course. M. E. Silva, C. A. Miller, Dr. G. Meredith Freeman, Harold Munn, J. A. Landsberger, J. Fleming and F. Moon (in an Oldsmobile) started. The contest turned out much harder than it seemed to be, for none of the competitors but one succeeded in dropping a single stone into a bucket. The winner was J. Fleming, who more by accident than good judgment, threw the last stone into the last bucket, and won the event.

The twelfth and last event was a 3-miles race for touring cars in road condition and carrying four passengers. There were two heats, the winner of the first being M. E. Silva, in the Packard, in 4:35 1-5, and the other starters being Arthur Hull, in a four-cylinder Cadillac; J. A. Landsberger, in a Franklin, and J. A. Stoner, in an Acme. The second heat was won by John Fleming, in a Pierce-Arrow, in 4:12, beating W. A. Rarig, in a National. The final heat was won by J. Fleming, in 4:06 2-5, M. E. Silva being second, in 4:18 4-5.

Cuyler Lee, owner, and Arthur Hull, driver of the four-cylinder Cadillac car that was beaten in the first heat by M. E. Silva in the Packard, believed that the Cadillac, if given another chance, could travel faster than the Packard. So a wager of $25 a side was made, and the officers of the meet consented to manage a 5-mile race for the automobiles. On Saturday the Cadillac had carried Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. David E. Skinner and Clarence Ward, with Arthur Hull as chauffeur. In the Packard were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hanson of Redwood City, Judge H. C. Gesford of Napa, Mrs. and Miss Gesford, with M. E. Silva as chauffeur. On the day of the match race the chauffeurs only were in the cars, though the tonneaus were not removed. The Packard car of Mr. Hanson is a 40-45 horse power, 1906 model, and the Cadillac car is a 1907 model, rated at 30 horse power. When the signal was given for the standing start the Packard car got away in the lead, and covered the first mile in 1:34, the Cadillac being about five seconds behind. The Packard covered the second, third and fourth miles in 1:21 apiece, Hull keeping up almost exactly the same pace. The last mile was covered by the Packard in 1:20, making 6:57 for the five miles. The Cadillac's time was 7:04½ so that it was beaten by a margin of 7½ seconds. The rate was about 43 miles an hour, which is not bad for a car in touring condition on a grass-grown track not adapted for very high speed. R. R. Hommedieu was judge and S. C. Buckbee, timer.

In the afternoon nearly all the motorists at the hotel made the circuit of the famous Seventeen-Mile

Drive, some going afterwards to Carmel-by-the-Sea and the picturesque old Mission Church at Carmel. On Monday most of the automobilists returned by road to San Jose, Oakland, Alameda or San Francisco.

Among the automobilists who attended the meet were R. P. Schwerin, president of the Automobile Club of California, who brought Andrew Carrigan and Captain A. H. Payson down with him from San Mateo in his Winton car; William H. Hanson of Redwood City and party; Cuyler Lee of San Francisco and party, W. A. Rarig, Mrs. W. A. Rarig, R. H. Peale and Mrs. R. H. Peale, in a National; W. R. Benet, Mrs. J. W. Benet and Miss Laura Benet, H. P. Umbsen, Mrs. H. P. Umbsen, Miss Umbsen, L. J. Scooffy and R. E. Hunter (chauffeur); R. E. Miller, Mrs. R. E. Miller, E. Cluin, Mrs. E. Cluin and R. Rathbone (chauffeur); Colonel George Stone, Miss Stone, Miss Leona Stone, Miss Lorine Stone and chauffeur; George A. Thiel and Mrs. George A. Thiel of Redwood City, who have attended almost every meet and run of the Automobile Club of California since its foundation; George Shadbourne, S. H. Smith and Dr. William Edwards; R. tum Suden, Mrs. Otto tum Suden, Otto tum Suden and Miss L. tum Suden; J. A. Stoner, Mrs. J. A. Stoner, Stuart Gayness, C. Kirkpatrick and W. R. Gorham; Herbert Choynski, Mrs. Herbert Choynski and A. Ricker (chauffeur); F. H. Moon of San Jose, Mrs. F. H. Moon, Miss Madeline Aug, Miss Ellis Moon and Leslie Moon; E. P. Lion of San Jose, Mrs. E. P. Lion, Paul Lion, Gus Lion, Mrs. Gus Lion, Morrell Lion and Hortense Lion; George B. Polhemus, Mrs. George B. Polhemus, Charles B. Polhemus, Mrs. Charles B. Polhemus, H. H. Marten and Mrs. H. H. Marten of San Jose; L. P. Lowe, Mrs. L. P. Lowe, Mrs. John S. Haug and Thad Haug; Josiah W. Stanford and Mrs. Josiah W. Stanford of Warm Springs; Frank W. Marston of San Francisco, Mrs. F. W. Marston, Colonel and Mrs. Boaz and D. Pike; Mrs. Marie Bon, Mrs. M. E. Chauche, Miss Helen Bon, Miss Claire Bon and Billy Berry (chauffeur), in a Peerless car; W. H. Dana and party; Dr. G. M. Freeman, Mrs. G. M. Freeman and Dr. G. Meredith Freeman in a four-cylinder Locomobile; E. S. Heller and party; J. Alfred Marsh, in a Pierce-Arrow touring car; F. Marsh Jr., H. W. Bogen, W. Bogen, Mrs. W. Bogen and J. Fleming; H. M. A. Miller of Oakland, C. A. Miller and Paul L. Miller; J. Parker Whitney and party; A. S. Tubbs and party; A. J. Condon and Mrs. Condon; Edward J. Hamilton, Mrs. E. J. Hamilton, E. J. Bowes and Judge Lawlor.

* * *

THERE was much talk last year among the members of the Automobile Club of California about an endurance run from San Francisco to Los Angeles and return. L. P. Lowe, chairman of the executive committee of the club, went to great trouble about the proposed event, going over the route in his car and preparing a careful statement of grades, condition of the road, etc. It was arranged that the route, which is about five hundred miles each way, should be divided into four portions of as nearly as possible 125 miles each, the stopping places for the night to be Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The San Francisco motorists were to be the guests of their Los Angeles brethren for two or three days, and then the return journey was to begin, the Southerners coming to San Francisco for a day or two and then completing the round trip. After much discussion and the preparation of full regulations for the contest, it was found impossible to induce enough automobilists to enter and the event was deferred till the present year. The events of April last caused its second postponement.

Now it seems not unlikely that an endurance run to Los Angeles may be held next year, for Chester N. Weaver, the agent of the Studebaker car, has offered to present a handsome trophy for such an event, to be held under the management of the Automobile Club of California. The trophy will probably be accepted.

The first endurance run ever held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California took place last month and proved an unqualified success. On Friday morning, September 14th, about thirty cars started from the garage of the Auto-Livery Company, at the corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues, San Francisco, the first being Dr. G. M. Freeman's four-cylinder Locomobile, which left at 8 a. m., being followed by the others at intervals of a few minutes. Each car carried an observer and a green and yellow club flag, bearing the letters A C C in white. The route was along Golden Gate avenue to Devisadero street; south on Devisadero street to Fell street; along Fell street to Stanyan street; south along Stanyan street to Frederick street; west along Frederick street to H street; along H street to Nineteenth avenue; south along Nineteenth avenue to Ocean avenue; east along Ocean avenue to Mission Road; south along Mission Road through Colma, past the cemeteries and Uncle Tom's Cabin (formerly the Fourteen-Mile House); and along the County Road to San Jose. A stop of one hour for luncheon and re-filling tanks with gasoline and water was permitted in San Jose.

As it was only 11 a. m. when the cars began to reach San Jose, some of the motorists, thinking the hour too early for luncheon, did not stop until they reached Gilroy. Among these were Dr. G. M. Freeman and party and C. A. Hawkins and party. The latter spent one hour and fifteen minutes in Gilroy and were disqualified, the rules permitting a stop of only one hour. One or two operators stopped in San Jose for luncheon and in Gilroy to get gasoline, some copies of instructions reading: "Gilroy, where you can buy gasoline from Geo. E. Tice on Monterey street." These were disqualified, though they thought it rather hard.

Of course, any one accustomed to the exact use of language would understand that the statement, "you *can buy* gasoline" does not imply that you *may* do so; it merely states that gasoline can be bought at such and such a place; and it is, no doubt, absolutely true that Tice sells gasoline.

From Gilroy the route was to San Juan de Bautista, over the San Juan grade to Salinas, by a temporary bridge over the Salinas River (the suspension bridge having been damaged by the earthquake); and thence to Del Monte. No car was permitted to reach the main entrance of the Hotel Del Monte in less than seven hours running time

from San Francisco without stop; or eight hours, including the stop of one hour allowed at San Jose. Anxious to have time to spare, many of the motorists reached Salinas so early that they had to loaf all along the road between that town and Del Monte and run around in circles at the entrance to the hotel grounds. Forty-seven motor cars were at Del Monte during the meet, but only twenty-six of these took part in the endurance contest.

The committee, consisting of C. A. Hawkins, C. C. Moore and Dr. J. Underwood Hall, awarded perfect scores to the following thirteen cars: A. Van Valin's 20-horsepower Studebaker; Cuyler Lee's 10-horsepower Cadillac and 30-horsepower Cadillac; Dr. G. M. Freeman's 30-horsepower Locomobile; E. M. Hecht's 25-horsepower Stevens-Duryea; J. A. Landsberger's 30-horsepower Franklin; Burrell G. White's 30-horsepower Winton; Max L. Rosenfeld's 40-horsepower Peerless; A. K. Rarig's 30-horsepower National; Hovey-Boushey Co.'s 40-horsepower Pope-Toledo; E. J. Bowes' 16-20-horsepower Locomobile; C. C. Moore's 50-horsepower Thomas Flyer; and J. H. Baxter's 50-horsepower Thomas Flyer.

The following cars incurred penalties: J. W. Leavitt's Reo, 1 point, stopped at San Jose for luncheon and at Gilroy for gasoline, through misunderstanding the rules; E. P. Brinegar's Winton, 1 point, stayed ten minutes longer than the rules allowed for lunch; M. Schmimetschek's Winton, 1 point, stayed fifteen minutes longer than the rules allowed for luncheon; J. W. Leavitt's Reo, 1 point, stayed too long at San Jose; C. A. Hawkins' White car, 1 point, stayed fifteen minutes beyond one hour at Gilroy; F. B. Floyd's Stevens-Duryea, 1 point, stopped at Gilroy for gasoline and water, after stopping at San Jose for luncheon; J. W. Leavitt's Reo, 50 points, oil-feed and ignition troubles; E. P. Brinegar's Oldsmobile, 4 points, made two stops; J. W. Leavitt's Corbin, 7 points, tire puncture; J. A. Marsh's Pierce-Arrow, 18 points, tire puncture; W. H. Hooper's Stevens-Duryea, 35 points, tire and spark-plug troubles; H. W. Bogen's Darracq, did not finish within the time-limit; C. N. Weaver's Studebaker, no report made by observer.

It being impossible to award the trophy to thirteen persons, the committee decided to have their names engraved on the cup, which will be retained by the Automobile Club of California and presented at the next meet held by the club.

On Saturday, September 15th, the morning was spent in short runs around Del Monte and in getting the cars ready for the Gymkhana. As this term seems utterly new to my journalistic and automobilistic friends, permit me to say that it is a Hindustani word introduced into the English language by Anglo-Indians, and that it means a meeting for athletic games and sports, especially races and games on horseback; and also the place where such a meeting is held. It may be spelled "Gymkhana" or "Gymkana," but has no philological connection with "gymnasium," though its spelling may have been affected by a supposed kinship with that word. It is evidently tautologous to speak of "Gymkhana races and games," inasmuch as the word means a "meeting for races and games." Of course, automobilists are not supposed to be philologists, but men who write for a living should make an effort to use words correctly. After this short excursion into the little-trodden field of philology, I will return to my subject.

The fact that fifty per cent of the cars finished with clean scores shows that the automobile has now become a trustworthy vehicle and that any car of established reputation, if properly handled, can make a run of 130 or more miles in a day with ease. It is likely that, in future endurance runs held by the club, the regulations will be changed somewhat, so as to make them clear beyond the possibility of mistake. Also, that economy of fuel consumption will be an element in determining the result. It is obvious that a test which half the competitors meet is too easy to enable a single winner to be declared.

The Auto-Gymkhana was held on the Del Monte race-track in the afternoon, beginning at about 2:30. The results were as follows:

First Event.—Speed-judging contest, ½-mile, at the rate of ten miles per hour: Max L. Rosenfeld, in Peerless, first; time, 3 minutes, 1 second· A. Van Valin, in Studebaker, second; time, 3 minutes, 3 seconds. The other competitors were J. A. Landsberger in a Franklin; T. Nichols in a Franklin; Cy Hewson in a Locomobile; A. H. Piepenburg in a White steamer; Dr. G. Meredith Freeman, in a Locomobile; L. W. Kneisley, in a Pope-Toledo; N. R. Cooper in a Reo; C. C. Eib in an Oldsmobile; J. Anthony in a Corbin; E. M. Hecht in a Packard; F. B. Lloyd in a Stevens-Duryea, and W. H. Hooper in a Stevens-Duryea.

Second Event.—Speed-judging contest, 1 mile, at the rate of twenty miles per hour; won by J. Fleming in a Pierce-Arrow; time, 2:59; A. Van Valin, in a Studebaker, second; time, 2:51. Kneisley, Piepenburg, Eib, Freeman, Landsberger, Nichols, Hecht, Bowes, O. A. Jones, Rosenfeld, and A. H. Jones also competed.

Third Event. — 100-yards dash; won by A. H. Piepenburg; time, 8 2-5 seconds; Kneisley, second; time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Fourth Event.—100-yeards dash, turn and return to starting line; standing start; won by A. H. Piepenburg; time, 23 2-5 seconds; C. C. Eib, second; time, 24 seconds.

Fifth Event.—"Track the track," 100-yards dash, running with one front wheel over a board track for 100 feet at a speed of not less than twenty miles per hour; won by M. E. Silva in a Packard; time, 11 1-5 seconds; C. C. Eib, second; time, 11 4-5 seconds.

Sixth Event.—Omitted.

Seventh Event.—Race for the Del Monte Cup, 5 miles, open to any touring car of twenty-four or more horsepower, to be driven by owners; won by Max L. Rosenfeld in a Peerless; time, 6:45; Frank Miner in a Locomobile, second. The winner's time by miles was: 1:26 1-5, 2:46, 4:06, 5:25 2-5, 6:45.

Eighth Event.—100-yards dash from standing start to 100 yards-line, reverse and back 50 feet; won by A. H. Piepenburg; time 17 4-5 seconds; J. A. Landsberger, second.

Ninth Event.—Obstacle race; 100 yards and back, passing alternately obstacles placed on the track; won by C. C. Eib; A. Van Valin, second.

Tenth Event.—2-mile race for touring cars of less than twenty horsepower: Cy Hewson, first; time, 3:17; A. Van Valin, second.

Eleventh Event.—Brake test; 100-yards dash, coming to a stop as near as possible to the 100-yards line and not more than one yard from it; won by M. E. Silva; A. Van Valin, second.

Twelfth Event.—Ring-spearing at a speed of not less than twenty miles per hour—6 rings. This event produced several ties and proved almost interminable, but was won at last by Tony Nicols, C. Hewson being second.

Thirteenth Event—(throwing balls into buckets) was omitted.

Fourteenth Event.—5-mile race for touring cars—winner of the Del Monte Cup not eligible. Won by J. Fleming in a Pierce-Arrow; time, 1:21, 2:23 3-5, 3:45 1-5, 4:58 3-5, 6:12; A. Van Valin, in Studebaker, second.

The officials in charge of the Gymkhana were: C. A. Hawkins, referee· J. W. Leavitt, starter; R. R. l'Hommedieu, clerk of the course; C. C. Moore, Judge W. P. Lawlor and G. A. Boyer, judges; Paul Cowles, Dr. H. F. Wilson and J. S. Hanna, timers.

After dinner at the Hotel Del Monte, Judge W. P. Lawlor presented the trophies to the winners, taking occasion to comment on the great services rendered by the automobile during the trying days of the earthquake and fire in San Francisco and on the trustworthiness of the motor-car as shown by the endurance run just held.

Later in the evening Max Rosenfeld filled one of his trophies with champagne, of which C. A. Hawkins, myself and others partook. Before retiring a match for $1000 a side was made between the White steamer, 30-horsepower, 1907 model, and the Peerless car, 40-45 horsepower, 1907 model, 10 miles, on the Del Monte track, flying start; owners to drive or nominate drivers; race to take place at the next meet of the Automobile Club of California. Frank Miner, with a Locomobile, and The Hovey-Boushey Co., with a Pope-Toledo, also wanted to enter the contest. The departure of Messrs. Hawkins, Rosenfeld, Miner and others to witness the Vanderbilt Cup race caused the postponement of the whole matter.

It is possible that an informal run to Santa Cruz, Del Monte, or some near place, may be held by the Automobile Club before the close of the season, but it is pretty certain that no endurance run, race-meet or contest of importance will take place till the rainy season is over. Tournaments of any sort involve a great mass of details, and the Committee on Tours and Runs is not disposed to make arrangements for an event that might have to be postponed on account of the bad condition of the roads or the weather. The Gymkhana held in September attracted a large number of automobilists and was highly enjoyed. Some experience that will be useful in perfecting the details of similar events was gathered, and the next reliability run held under the auspices of the club will be even better than the first.

AN OVERSIGHT

The portraits of C. T. Crocker, H. Warner Sherwood, the winners of the Mixed Foursomes for Miss Hager's trophies, L. S. White and H. Spens Black, published in our September issue, were reproductions from excellent photographs by Arnold, the Del Monte photographer. Credit was unintentionally omitted.

AT THE TRAPS

THE P. C. T. S. A. TOURNAMENT

THE Third Annual Tournament of the Pacific Coast Trap Shooters' Association was held this year, September 2nd and 3rd, on the grounds of the Vallejo Gun Club, at Flosden Station, Vallejo, California. The Association was the guest of the Vallejo Gun Club, and the Vallejo shooters did all in their power to entertain the members of the Association. This tournament was postponed because of the San Francicso catastrophe, and, contrary to expectations, was a success in every way—attendance, weather conditions, etc.

A banquet was given by the Vallejo Gun Club on September 3rd in the Leader banquet Hall, and goodfellowship prevailed. The present officers were re-elected. Fifty-one shooters participated in the tournament.

The high average in the six regular events each day was made by Dan Daniels—211 out of 240. J. W. Bradrick was second, 209 out of 240.

The 100 Bird race was won by Emil Holling, 97 out of 100.

The L. C. Smith race for the gold trophy charm was won by Fred Stone of Fresno, who shot off a tie with Clyde Drake of Vallejo. Each broke 37 out of 40, 20 singles and 10 pairs. On the shoot-off, Stone broke 35 to Drake's 32. This was a very interesting race.

The team event participated in by Vallejo, Santa Rosa, Golden Gate and Union Gun Clubs was won by the Golden Gate Club. A. J. Webb, shooting with the Golden Gate Club, was the only one to score 25 straight.

E. Hammond was the high gun in the merchandise event, scoring 20 straight.

SCORES.

Pacific Coast Trap Shooters' Association Tournament. Vallejo, Sunday, September 2, 1906:

Events—	1	2	3		4	5	6	
Targets	Yds	20	20	20	Yds.	20	20	20
H. T. Hoyt	16	11	15	17	43	14—16	18	15—49
F. J. Stone	16	18	17	16	57	16—18	15	15—48
F. Feudner	16	14	16	19	49	16—18	19	18—55
J. W. Elias						14—13	8	18—39
H. A. Hoffman	16	16	15	16	47	16—18	19	15—52
J. T. Lynch	16	15	15	18	48	16—12	8	17—37
Frates	16	16	17	17	50	14—15	15	18—48
G. Barber	16	12	10	13	35	14— 8	16	14—38
W. O. Shreve	16	15	6	14	35	16— 9	7	9—25
E. C. Hammond	16	17	16	17	50	16—20	18	20—58
Clyde Drake						16—..	..	17—..
W. Chappelle	16	18	18	15	51	18—15	17	15—47
J. V. O'Hara	16	16	15	17	48	14—17	15	15—47
S. Mayfield	16	17	12	17	46	14—18	15	16—48
M. A. Clarke	16	14	14	17	45	14—15	19	16—50
Bert Patrick	16	15	16	16	47	14—15	17	13—45
H. P. Jacobsen	16	15	17	16	48	16—14	15	16—44
W. Murdock	16	17	15	19	51	18—19	17	14—50
T. L. Lewis	16	12	15	12	37	14—14	17	13—44
A. Roger						16—11	9	11—31
J. Bradrick	16	17	17	20	54	20—20	17	14—51
L. Hawxhurst	16	20	19	20	59	20—12	17	18—47
E. Holling	16	20	18	16	54	20—19	18	19—56
M. J. Iverson	16	17	16	14	47	14—16	18	20—54
G. Sylvester	16	18	17	18	53	18—15	15	17—47
Ed. Schultz	16	17	16	17	50	16—16	13	17—46
T. Prior	16	17	20	18	55	20—12	15	15—42
Edg. Forster	16	19	19	20	58	20—17	13	18—48
A. J. Webb	16	18	18	14	50	16—18	18	17—53
W. E. Greene	16	17	16	17	50	16—18	16	18—52
C. L. Wisecarver	16	11	14	11	36	14—12	17	18—47
E. McGregor	16	5	3	..	—			
M. Burnell	16	16	18	12	46	14—13	19	17—49
M. E. Mann	16	14	14	14	42			
Capt. Black	16	14	16	16	46	14—12	16	16—44
E. Hodge	16	7	7	4	18	14—14	11	10—35
H. W. Cradwick	16	8	9	12	29	14—12	13	11—36
D. Daniels	16	18	17	19	54	20—19	18	17—54
Chas. Reams	16	17	14	16	47	14—16	17	17—50
Bruston	16	10	7	7	24			
J. B. Hauer	16	12	11	15	38	14—15	16	13—44
F. Houpt	16	13	14	17	44	14—19	15	18—52
P. Magistrini	16	16	11	12	39	14—11	14	14—40
F. A. Hodapp	16	15	17	16	48	16—15	17	12—44
W. Hansen	16	16	16	13	45	14—17	16	14—47
F. Moore	16	18	16	14	48	16—13	17	16—46
G. A. Adams						16—19	18	16—53
S. Holdsclaw						16—15	16	17—38
F. L. Carter						16—17	20	17—54
I. H. Burnett						16— 9	12	12—33

Event No. 7, L. C. Smith Trophy race; 20 singles, use of both barrels; 10 pairs—

Stone 37, Drake 37, Bradrick 36, Carter 34, Greene 34, Webb 33, Holdsclaw 33, Hawxhurst 33, F. Feudner 32, Frates 32, Hammond 32, Iverson 32, Prior 32, Daniels 32, Schultz 31, Clark 31, Forster 31, Holling 30, Sylvester 30, Adams 29, Hoffman 29, Chappelle 29, O'Hara 28, Jacobsen 27, Hauer 26, Hoyt 25, Lynch 25, Houpt 25, Hansen 25, Reams 21, Lewis 17, Roger 16, Elias 13. Tie score, 20 singles; 10 pairs—Stone 35, Drake 32.

Event No. 8, 100 Bird race, 100 targets; entrance $5; targets extra—

Holling	19	18	19	20	20—96
Bradrick	19	20	19	19	18—95
Webb	20	17	20	16	20—93
Iverson	19	19	17	18	19—92
Hawxhurst	17	17	16	20	18—88
Stone	15	17	19	18	20—89
Hammond	15	19	18	19	17—88
Drake	16	19	17	18	17—87
Sylvester	18	16	16	19	19—88
Schultz	17	18	16	17	16—84
Greene	17	16	20	17	18—88
Daniels	19	19	14	16	19—87
Elias	13	7	7	17	12—56
Lewis	9	13	13	9	12—56
Hauer	11	14	14	12	wd.

Pacific Coast Trap Shooters' Association. Vallejo, Monday, September 3, 1906—

Events—	1	2	3		4	5	6	
Targets	Yds 20	20	20	Yds.	20	20	20	
Carter	20—15	18	17—50	14—	13	19	16—	48
Chappelle	14—18	16	18—52	18—	13	16	17—	42
Clark	16—12	17	17—46	14—	17	18	15—	50
Feudner	20—14	13	15—42	14—	15	17	19—	57
Bradrick	18—16	20	17—53	18—	18	16	17—	51
Daniels	20—15	14	17—46	14—	18	18	20—	56
Frates	16—17	15	15—47	14—	15	15	14—	44
Forster	16—17	18	20—55	20—	14	15	15—	44
Hansen	—..	..	..—..	..—	17	19	20—	56
Greene	18—14	15	15—44	14—	15	15	17—	47
Gregory	14—13	17	17—47	16—	10	13	17—	40
Hoyt	16—15	16	13—44	14—	13	16	18—	47
Hoffman	18—17	16	17—50	16—	18	14	18—	50
Hammond	20—14	15	17—46	14—	13	17	20—	50
Hawxhurst	14—18	18	17—53	18—	14	12	17—	42
Holling	20—19	19	19—57	20—	19	19	17—	55
Hauer	14—12	15	16—43	14—	12	15	17—	44
Houpt	18—15	17	17—49	16—	12	15	15—	42
Iverson	20—18	15	15—48	16—	17	20	16—	53
Jacobsen	14—13	17	17—47	16—	18	17	17—	52
J. Lynch	14—11	15	13—34	14—	12	10	15—	37
Lewis	14—15	9	14—38	14—	12	10	10—	32
Murdock	16—13	15	17—45	14—	16	17	16—	51
Magistrini	14—12	13	15—40	..—	..	..	..—	..
Mohr	—..	..	..—..	..—	17	16	17—	50
O'Hara	14—12	14	16—42	14—	17	17	16—	50
Patrick	14—15	14	16—45	14—	12	18	13—	43
Prior	14—19	19	18—56	20—	16	13	12—	41
Shane	14—13	13	15—41	14—	..	..	..—	..
Reams	16—13	15	13—41	14—	..	..	..—	..
Chappelle	14—18	16	18—52	18—	..	..	..—	..
Stone	16—20	19	19—58	20—	13	14	15—	42
Sylvester	14—18	19	18—55	20—	18	15	16—	49
E. Schultz	14—19	18	15—52	18—	18	18	18—	54
Sesserego	16— 7	8	w—..	..—	..	..	..—	..
Wisecarver	14—15	16	16—47	14—	..	..	..—	..
Webb	18—13	14	20—47	14—	16	18	18—	52
Mann	14—14	18	18—50	16—	15	11	18—	43
Nauman	18—18	16	19—53	18—	18	16	17—	51
Adams	18—15	15	16—46	14—	12	16	17—	45
Cole	14—10	16	13—39	14—	..	..	..—	..
Mayfield	16—11	16	17—44	14—	17	17	14—	48
Burnell	16—19	20	18—57	20—	12	15	13—	40
McPhail	16— 0	0	4—..	..—	..	..	..—	..
Hodge	14— 8	7	7—22	14—	2	11	8—	21
Black	14—16	15	16—47	14—	17	10	18—	45
Chadwick	14—16	14	12—42	14—	10	14	13—	37
Hodapp	16—11	15	14—40	14—	..	..	..—	..

Event No. 7—Five-man team match; high teams $5 entrance, $25 added; 4 moneys; trophy, and 40 per cent, 30 per cent, 20 per cent, 10 per cent; 25 singles per man—

Golden Gate Gun Club—Webb 25, Schultz 24, Forster 24, Nauman 21, Prior 20; total 114.

Union Gun Club—Holling 23, Iverson 23, Hawxhurst 22, Bradrick 21, Sylvester 21; total 110.

Santa Rosa Gun Club—Daniels 24, Burnell 22, Stone 21, Carter 20, Jacobsen 20; total 107.

Vallejo Gun Club—Clark 21, Chappelle 21, Mayfield 20, O'Hara 16, Hirschell 16; total 94.

Event No. 8—Merchandise shoot, 20 targets; entrance $1; high guns for choice—

Hammond 20 Daniels 19, Sylvester 19, Webb 18, Schultz 18, Prior 18, Hawxhurst 18, Feudner 18, Chappelle 17, Bradrick 17, Forster 17, Hoyt 17, Mohr 17, Black 16, Nauman 16, Stone 16, Clark 15, Hansen 15, Holling 15, Iverson 15, Jacobsen 15, O'Hara 15, Adams 15. Burnell 15, Houpt 14, Lynch 14, Magistrini 14, Dodge 13, Chadwick 13, Murdock 12, Elias 11, Gregory 11, Hauer 7, Lewis 4.

The tournament was arranged by the efforts of Thos. L. Lewis, chairman of the Tournament Committee, and the secretary-treasurer, Geo. W. Lewis. The grounds were put in condition by Mr. Clarke of the Vallejo Gun Club. Mr. Forster managed the shoot at the grounds.

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

THE second annual Interstate Association Pacific Coast Handicap at Los Angeles on September 8th, 9th and 10th, was originally intended to be shot off at Ingleside in this city, but the great calamity made its removal to the most available point a necessity. Los Angeles naturally was the selection and the shoot was therefore arranged to be held under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club. The committee of arrangements was Sam R. Smith, C. D. Hagerman and Chas. Van Valkenburg, and to these gentlemen much is due for the pleasant sojourn shooters enjoyed in the beautiful "City of the Angels."

The feature of the meeting was the Pacific Coast Handicap, at 100 targets; open to amateurs only. The handicaps were figured by S. R. Smith, Guy Lovelace, C. Van Valkenburg and H. P. Jacobsen, assisted by Manager Elmer E. Shaner and met with the hearty approval of the contestants.

The heaviest handicap was 19 yards, at which

place Otto Sens of Houston stood when he fired the opening shot. The handicap was shot in four sections of 15 birds and two of 20. At the close of the first 60 targets the contestants were those who had scored 50 or more. The weather, at 12 o'clock, when the race started, was very favorable, but as the shoot progressed irregular gusts of wind played hob with many promising scores. Fred B. Mills closed his gun with 89 targets to his credit. This score was surely thought to be a winning one. As the contest proceeded and the dangerous men gradually dropped out, Mills' prospects assumed a brighter hue. The dangerous man up to the last section of 20 birds at No. 3 trap was Fred Feudner. No. 3 trap was his downfall for his trophy chances. When the race was over the runner-up was H. McCullough, who had 87 breaks.

This event is looked upon now as an annual certainty by coast sportsmen and San Francisco will be in readiness for the next Interstate Association shoot at Ingleside.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner in a pleasing and appropriate address presented Mills with an elegantly designed silver tray, properly inscribed. Mills was greeted with applause and congratulated by everybody on his victory.

Following this episode Mr. Shaner, introduced by request Captain Marshall, who in an apt and characteristic little speech captured the well wishes of his audience. The Eastern visitors, W. R. Crosby, H. C. Hirschy, Walter Huff, Rollo Heikes, are all good fellows and liked by all coast sportsmen.

The trade representatives were alive to the wants and comforts of visiting shooters and all won golden opinions for their unstinted efforts in making the shoot a success. The U. M. C., Winchester and Peters' tents were the headquarters of many shooters and visitors at many club trap shoots.

The office force, and they did clever work too (for results in totals and money awards were posted almost as soon after the last shot in an event as the cards could be tacked up), was composed of H. P. Jacobsen, compiler of scores; H. L. Powell, clerk, and Fred W. Thatcher, cashier.

The arrangement of every detail and the perfect unison of the working parts of the tournament was practically an object lesson in running a big shoot. Visiting gun club members carried away many new ideas and wrinkles that will, no doubt, soon be in vogue. Various events were shot through without loss of time or bother to the contestants or office corps, a happy desideration for which the shooters are indebted to the extraordinary executive abilities of that master of blue-rock tournaments, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner.

The grounds were fitted up with three Leggett traps. Chas. A. North of the Chamberlain Target Company supervised the arrangement and construction of the traps and bulkheads. This accounted for the smooth running of this end of the shoot.

The men went up in squads of five, Sargeant system. The birds were at No. 3 trap. This bulkhead was in slightly lower ground than the others and there was a gently rising slope off to the left. This condition made it hard for many to locate a bird, until the flight had taken the target too far for the close patterns of the choke-bores.

The grounds were in first-class condition thanks to the work of Sam Smith, Hip Justins, Dick Reed and others. The ground was cleared of every vestige of vegetation. The background was very good.

The total scores of those who shot through all the regular events are as follows: W. H. Varien 358 out of 390, F. B. Mills 356, Ed. Schultz 353, H. L. Holdsclaw 347, C. D. Hagerman 346, Otto Sens 345, D. Daniels 345, L. E. Parker 345, R. G. Bungay 345, W. E. Greene 339, W. J. Rand 335, Ed. Fissell 335, Gus Knight 333, F. Feudner 332, T. Prior 329, M. Lane 327, C. Van Valkenburg 327, M. P. Chubb 325, S. A. Smith 325, F. J. Schultz 324, F. Stone 323, D. D. McDonald 323, Guy Lovelace 323, H. McCullough 318, A. J. Ferguson 316, J. Gibson 214, H. P. Jacobsen 314, R. C. Redman 310, C. H. Julian 305, G. J. Julian 304, Clyde Waker 300, C. C. Carr 291, J. Frietas 291, Dr. Purcell 290, W. A. Wright 290, C. E. Englehart 285.

W. R. Crosby 370, R. O. Heikes 368, H. C. Hirschy 364, E. Holling 359, Walter Huff 355, R. C. Reed 351, T. A. Marshall 336, W. H. Seaver 332, J. E. Vaughan 332, D. W. King Jr. 328, W. A. Hillis 321, F. L. Carter 319, H. Justins 307, H. A. Hoyt 292.

Some of the purse incidents, an illustration of shooters' luck, was a single straight by Schultz in the first event of the opening day. Dan Daniels had a similar experience in the sixth event on the same day. On the second day D. D. McDonald of Tucson and Ed. Schultz made the only straight twenties in the third race. Roy Witman of Oxnard was alone in the ninth event for entire first money. H. McCullough of Santa Ana annexed first money in the sixth race of the second day, the best single purse of the tournament aside from the handicap event disbursement. The nineteen men in the sixth and ninth races of the second day received good purses. Ed. Schultz and Chas. Van Valkenburg on straights in the third event of the third day won fair purses also. E. C. Hammond and C. D. Hagerman, each with a straight of 20 in the first race of the third day won good purses.

H. Holdsclaw of Fresno and Roy Witman, Guy Lovelace and Sam Smith were not looked upon as contenders for the handicap trophy after the first section of the 60 targets; they moved up into the money in the 20-target finals.

In the second annual Pacific Coast Handicap there was an entry of forty-five amateurs (2 post entries) and 15 trade representatives, 60 shooters all told. The net purse amounted to $647.50, of which $300 was added money. The money division, as announced in the printed program, was 41 to 50 entries (open to amateurs only), ten moneys, 22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 4, and 3 per cent.

The division of moneys in this as in all the other events was the Rose system, 9-5-2 for 15 target races and 12-9-5-2 for 20 target events. The entrance for the handicap was $10, post entries $15, targets included.

The high guns and purses were: Fred B. Mills $142.45, H. McCullough $103.60, H. Holdsclaw $71.20, Fred Feudner $58.25, S. R. Smith $58.25, W. Clayton $32.40, L. E. Parker, Ed. Schultz, W. J. Rand and Roy Witman $19.40 each.

On the first day the entries, purses and money division was as follows:

Event 1—Entries, 50 amateurs, 17 trade representatives, total of 70. Total purse $84.60; 15's won $5, 14's won $2.80, 13's won $1.10.

Event 2—53-17, 70 entries. Total purse $84.60; 15's won $4.55, 14's won $2.25, 13's won 90 cents.

Event 3—54-17, 71 entries. Total purse $85.75; 15's, $9.15; 14's, $5.10; 13's, $2.05.

Event 4—51-18, 69 entries. Total purse $81.80; 15's $4.95; 14's, $2.75; 13's, $1.10.

Event 5—51-18, 69 entries. Total purse $81.85; 15's, $5.55; 14's, $3.10; 13's, $1.25.

Event 6—51-18, 69 entries. Total purse $81.80; 15's, $9.10; 14's, $5.05; 13's, $2.

Event 7—52-18, 70 entries. Total purse $107; 20's, $7.05; 19's, $5.30; 18's, $2.95; 17's, $1.20.

Event 8—51-18, 69 entries. Total purse $106.50; 20's, $9; 19's, $6.75; 18's, $3.75; 17's, $1.50.

Event 9—51-18, 69 entries. Total purse $106.50; 19's, $5.25; 18's, $3.95; 17's, $2.23; 16's, 90 cents.

The second day entries and money divisions were:

Event 1—Entries 55 amateurs and 15 trade representatives, total of 70 entries. Total purse $112.50; 20's, $7.65; 19's, $5.75; 18's, $3.20; 17's, $1.30.

Event 2—55-15, 70 entries. Total purse $111.10; 20's, $5.05; 19's, $4.40; 18's, $2.45; 17's, 95 cents.

Event 3—55-15, 70 entries. Total purse $111.35; 20's, $9.35; 19's, $7; 18's, $3.90; 17's, $1.55.

Event 4—53-15, 68 entries. Total purse $108.65; 20's, $8.05; 19's, $6; 18's, $3.35; 17's, $1.35.

Event 5—53-15, 68 entries. Total purse $109.20; 20's, $6.85; 19's, $5; 18's, $2.85; 17's, $1.15.

Event 6—53-15, 68 entries. Total purse $108.85; 20's, $16.65; 19's, $12.40; 18's, $6; 17's, $2.75.

Event 7—52-16, 68 entries. Total purse $107.10; 20's, $8.65; 19's, $6.45; 18's, $3.60; 17's, $1.45.

Event 8—52-16, 68 entries. Total purse $107.55; 20's, $6.95; 19's, $5.20; 18's, $2.90; 17's, $1.15.

Event 9—52-16, 68 entries. Total purse $108; 20's, $14.40; 19's, $10.80; 18's, $6; 17's, $2.40.

The entries and purses for the third day were:

Event 1—52 amateurs and 16 trade representatives, a total of 68 entries. Total purse $107.80; 20's, won $10.40; 19's, $7.80; 18's, $4.35; 17's, $1.75.

Event 2—52-16, 68 entries. Total purse $106.35; 20's, $6.80; 19's, $5.10; 18's, $2.85; 17's, $1.15.

Event 3—51-17, 68 entries. Total purse $105.30; 20's, $9.10; 19's, $6.80; 18's, $3.80; 17's, $1.50.

A summary of scores of the tournament follows:

Interstate Association—Pacific Coast Handicap, Los Angeles, Cal., September 8, 1906—

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets—	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	—150
R. C. Reed*	15	13	15	13	15	12	18	18	15	—134
Emil Holling*	14	13	15	12	14	15	19	18	18	—138
Robt. Bungay	15	13	12	15	14	13	19	20	17	—138
Guy Lovelace	12	13	14	13	13	13	16	13	18	—125
S. R. Smith	11	14	11	14	14	14	15	15	16	—124
R. O. Heikes*	13	14	14	15	13	14	19	19	19	—140
Fred Stone	12	14	13	13	14	11	15	20	17	—129
C. Van Valkenburg	14	15	13	11	12	12	13	16	15	—126
Tom Marshall*	14	12	10	15	14	14	18	17	15	—129
C. D. Hagerman	15	13	13	15	11	13	13	19	16	—128
Gus Knight	14	13	10	12	15	12	20	16	19	—131
D. W. King, Jr*	12	10	8	14	13	12	19	19	19	—126
M. E. Tabor	13	14	12	14	12	12	19	16	19	—131
M. P. Chubb	12	14	14	12	13	13	20	18	18	—134
Ed Fissel	12	12	14	11	15	12	19	17	19	—131
C. Julian	14	11	9	11	9	9	14	11	13	—101
Dr. Purcell	14	10	11	10	12	14	17	16	17	—121
G. J. Julian	14	14	12	14	15	13	19	16	18	—135
B. Halbritter	10	15	14	10	14	10	14	15	16	—118
H. Justins*	12	11	13	12	12	12	17	15	9	—113
E. L. Deibert	12	13	14	15	12	14	16	19	18	—133
L. E. Walker	13	12	11	14	13	12	14	15	17	—121
Walter Huff*	11	13	15	15	14	14	16	19	18	—135
Harry Hoyt*	12	10	10	12	13	9	18	15	12	—111
Chas. A. Lukens	12	15	10	14	14	13	17	16	16	—127
J. E. Vaughan*	14	13	13	15	13	14	18	19	12	—131
J. Gibson	14	13	13	15	13	14	18	19	12	—131
Fred Feudner	14	11	8	14	15	14	19	12	17	—124
J. H. Carlisle	12	14	10	10	12	11	17	19	16	—121
H. Holdsclaw	14	15	13	14	12	13	19	15	18	—133
Clyde Walker	10	14	14	13	12	14	19	13	12	—129
H. McCullough	9	12	9	12	14	9	17	17	17	—116
Chas. Carr	10	13	13	13	10	7	18	13	17	—114
W. H. Varien	15	15	13	15	13	12	18	20	19	—140
M. G. Lane	12	13	11	11	14	12	20	18	18	—129
W. A. Hillis*	12	14	13	14	14	10	18	19	16	—130
F. L. Carter*	14	9	10	13	13	13	16	16	19	—123
E. C. Redman	11	13	9	10	9	14	16	17	19	—118
F. B. Childs	14	13	12	12	13	13	18	15	14	—124
O. O. Orr	14	14	14	14	13	14	16	15	16	—130
L. Leonard	11	9	9	8	12	9	15	16	16	—105
Matt Cassou	13	12	9	7	10	10	13	15	13	—102
G. Stone	12	14	10	14	14	11	16	17	18	—124
H. P. Jacobsen	11	14	13	11	13	10	18	14	15	—119
W. E. Greene	13	14	11	14	15	14	17	16	19	—133
Otto Sens	14	15	14	14	12	14	19	16	17	—135
W. R. Crosby*	14	15	14	15	14	15	19	19	20	—145
H. C. Hirschy*	14	13	13	14	15	14	20	18	19	—140
L. E. Parker	14	14	14	13	13	13	17	15	17	—130
E. L. Schultz	15	14	15	12	13	12	17	18	17	—133
W. S. Wattles*	7	11	10	14	12	10	16	14	14	—108
T. Prior	14	14	14	13	13	12	17	16	14	—127
F. Schultz	13	14	10	14	13	13	15	19	15	—126
W. H. Seaver*	14	13	11	14	14	10	17	17	18	—128
Pete McRae	..	11	14	11	13	19	19	17		—104
J. Freitas	10	8	11	13	10	10	13	15	15	—105
D. D. McDonald	11	15	12	13	13	10	17	15	18	—124
R. R. Cadwell	13	12	13	12	14	8	18	14	16	—120
E. R. Simms	10	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 17
C. E. Lewis	10	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 25
Dan Daniels	15	14	13	12	12	15	18	20	19	—138
D. E. Morrell	13	13	12	15	12	12	16	17	12	—124
Jno. Berryman*	8	8	4	7	7	7	9	6	10	— 66
W. A. Wright	15	12	12	10	9	10	18	13	13	—112
Fred Mills	14	14	14	15	13	14	18	20	19	—141
W. J. Rand	15	14	11	14	11	11	15	16	17	—124
A. J. Ferguson	12	11	11	13	15	13	16	18	15	—124
E. M. Walker	13	12	9	13	10	12	15	15	12	—111
C. E. Englehart	9	12	13	11	13	12	15	11	16	—112
T. Ray	14	12	11	14	10	12	..	..	..	— 73
C. E. Gibson	14	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 33
J. B. Wood	..	..	..	14	10	9	13	13	10	— 69
E. C. Hammond	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	14	— 47
F. Drew	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	— 13

*Trade Representatives.

Interstate Association—Pacific Coast Handicap, Los Angeles, Cal., September 9, 1906—

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets—	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	
Reed*	19	17	19	20	19	17	20	20	18	—169
Holling*	20	19	18	19	20	18	17	18	20	—169
Bungay	15	20	17	17	20	15	15	19	17	—155
Lovelace	18	19	18	13	16	14	16	17	18	—149
Smith	18	18	18	19	18	16	18	17	16	—158

Carr	12	15	15	15	9	15	13	15	17	—136
Varien	20	16	18	17	19	15	19	20	19	—163
Lane	16	16	19	15	16	14	16	20	13	—145
Greene	14	19	16	18	19	15	17	19	17	—150
McDonald	16	16	20	17	19	15	18	16	17	—154
Mills	19	16	17	18	18	17	17	20	19	—161
J. A. Gibson	15	20	15	17	15	15	16	14	15	—142
Orr	19	18	19	17	17	17	17	14	17	—155
Vaughn *	17	16	15	17	19	15	15	18	14	—146
Redman	18	18	17	17	19	12	12	17	15	—145
Sens	19	20	18	17	17	17	17	18	17	—162
Crosby*	20	17	20	20	20	16	19	20	19	—171
Hirschy*	18	20	18	20	17	19	18	19	17	—166
Parker	20	17	18	20	19	15	16	18	15	—158
Ed. Schultz	20	19	20	18	18	19	19	19	16	—166
Daniels	17	16	19	17	19	18	17	17	15	—155
Carter*	18	17	16	16	20	16	14	16	12	—146
Stone	17	17	15	19	16	15	18	14	16	—150
Feudner	19	16	15	19	19	15	19	18	13	—157
Wright	14	9	11	17	12	11	12	14	10	—124
Rand	18	17	20	17	17	16	19	15	17	—156
Seaver*	19	19	16	17	16	14	16	16	19	—152
Holdsclaw	18	18	18	20	19	17	15	18	18	—161
Ferguson	15	17	15	15	15	18	14	18	14	—141
Cassou	16	17	13	17	14	12	11	14	9	—125
C. C. Durkee	15	13	14	11	12	10	6	9	15	—113
Hillis*	17	20	16	19	14	13	13	17	14	—143
Childs	14	18	11	11	14	11	..	..	..	— 79
Jacobsen	14	18	14	19	16	15	15	17	18	—146
Huff*	18	17	18	20	18	19	18	18	18	—164
Knight	19	18	16	16	17	18	17	19	17	—157
King Jr.*	17	17	15	13	17	19	17	19	18	—152
Tabor	14	19	15	19	17	15	18	18	13	—148
Chubb	18	15	16	15	17	14	16	18	16	—145
Fissel	18	14	18	16	19	17	17	17	15	—151
Walker	16	14	18	18	16	15	14	19	15	—145
McCullough	15	18	17	19	18	20	16	16	15	—154
Freitas	16	13	16	13	17	17	14	17	14	—137
Hammond	19	17	18	14	16	16	18	18	16	—152
Hoyt	16	15	14	14	17	15	19	16	13	—139
Heikes*	19	18	19	20	19	17	19	20	20	—171
Van Valkenburg	19	17	14	17	19	14	15	16	18	—149
Marshall*	17	18	18	16	18	15	15	18	19	—154
Hagerman	18	18	18	17	17	19	19	18	17	—161
C. Julian	15	20	14	19	18	15	19	19	14	—153
Dr. Purcell	15	19	14	12	12	13	17	16	13	—131
G. J. Julian	18	20	12	13	15	14	13	15	14	—134
Halbritter	15	18	13	9	17	13	14	12	9	—120
Justins*	15	17	16	17	17	14	15	14	17	—142
Prior	17	20	17	19	15	17	12	18	13	—148
McRae	18	18	15	16	19	16	20	18	16	—156
F. Schultz	20	17	14	18	18	15	19	18	14	—153
L. Breer Jr.	16	14	15	18	14	15	18	17	19	—146
L. Slocum	14	12	11	13	12	16	8	17	14	—117
R. Witman	17	17	17	18	18	19	17	19	20	—162
Wm. Clayton	17	16	19	18	20	19	18	18	17	—162
L. E. Walker	17	19	15	17	19	13	15	14	17	—146
R. Cadwell	14	18	17	12	18	12	19	16	11	—137
E. S. Pennybaker	15	15	16	12	12	14	12	19	19	—134
W. D. Peterson	9	17	16	14	14	15	12	16	16	—129
C. E. Englehart	17	19	17	14	14	12	11	14	8	—126
E. W. Day	12	17	15	11	16	17	16	17	12	—133
Lukens	15	19	11	13	..	..	..	15	15	— 88
F. Bungay	14	15	18	14	17	19	..	..	..	— 93
Geo. Vodra	8	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 38
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	11	— 39

*Trade Representatives.

Interstate Association—Pacific Coast Handicap, Los Angeles, Cal., September 10, 1906—

Events—	1	2	3
Targets—	20	20	20—60
Sens	16	13	19—48
Parker	17	18	20—55
Hagerman	20	18	19—57
E. L. Schultz	16	18	20—54
Varien	18	19	18—55
Clayton	17	20	18—55
Mills	19	18	17—54
Rand	17	20	18—55
Bungay	17	17	18—52
Witman	18	15	19—52
Stone	19	15	17—52
Knight	19	16	18—53
Orr	17	17	16—50
Holdsclaw	19	18	16—53
McRae	19	18	17—53
Daniels	18	20	14—52
F. J. Schultz	18	17	15—50
C. H. Julian	14	20	17—51
G. F. Julian	12	16	7—35
McDonald	14	18	13—45
Clyde Walker	14	10	13—34
McCullough	15	18	17—50
Greene	16	18	18—52
Diebert	16	17	11—44
Van Valkenburg	19	18	20—57
Lovelace	15	18	16—49
Smith	13	14	16—43
Breer Jr.	13	15	16—44
Chubb	19	18	15—52
Fissel	15	20	15—50
Feudner	18	16	17—51
Hammond	20	18	17—55
Pennybaker	17	15	12—44
F. L. Ecker	14	18	17—49
Carr	18	18	15—51
Freitas	13	13	15—41
Redman	18	16	15—49
Jacobsen	16	16	15—49
Ferguson	15	17	17—49
Prior	18	18	18—54
Dr. Purcell	11	12	15—48
K. Preuss	15	15	18—48
Childs	15	14	15—44
Heikes*	19	19	19—57
Crosby*	19	17	18—54
Hirschy*	18	20	20—58
Marshall*	18	17	19—54
Huff*	20	18	18—56
Justins*	18	17	17—52
Holling*	17	18	17—52
Reed*	13	16	19—48
King, Jr.*	14	19	17—50
Hoyt*	14	15	13—42
Carter*	19	16	15—50
Hillis*	17	17	14—48
Seaver*	18	19	14—51
Vaughan*	18	19	18—55
A. B. Thomas	18	16	17—51
M. D. Towne	12	14	10—36
D. E. Morrell	17	17	..—34
J. E. Roediger	12	14	13—39
Lukens	14	11	14—39
W. H. Wilshire	11	13	9—33
C. E. Englehart	13	18	16—47

W. A. Wright	17	13	14—44
J. Gibson	17	16	18—51
M. G. Lane	18	19	16—53
H. L. Bowlds	8	7	11—26

*Trade Representatives.

Pacific Coast Handicap, Los Angeles, September 10, 1906—

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets— Yds.	15	15	15	15	20	20—100
Otto Sens	19—11	13	13	14	13	17— 81
L. E. Parker	19—13	14	13	12	16	15— 83
C. D. Hagerman	19—10	12	13	14	15	14— 78
E. L. Schultz	19—13	13	14	10	17	16— 83
W. H. Varien	19—10	12	11	13	12	13— 71
Wm. Clayton	19—11	12	14	13	18	16— 84
F. B. Mills	19—13	13	15	11	19	18— 89
W. J. Rand	18—13	13	12	13	14	18— 83
R. G. Bungay	18—15	10	13	13	11	13— 80
Roy Witman	18—13	13	11	11	17	18— 83
F. Stone	18—12	8	8	11	16	17— 72
Gus Knight	18—11	13	10	11	15	17— 77
O. O. Orr	18—12	12	10	10	11	14— 69
A. L. Holdsclaw	18—14	14	11	14	16	17— 86
P. McRae	18—10	13	13	13	15	15— 79
D. Daniels	18 11	11	12	13	15	18— 80
F. J. Schultz	18—14	14	6	13	15	12— 74
C. H. Julian	18—11	12	3	13	11	10— 60
G. F. Julian	18— 8	9	11	3	5	7— 43
D. D. McDonald	17— 8	11	9	10	15	15— 68
Clyde Walker	17—11	13	11	13	17	16— 81
H. McCullough	17—14	13	14	12	17	17— 87
W. E. Greene	17—13	8	12	14	17	15— 79
E. L. Diebert	17—12	10	11	11	17	12— 73
C. Van Valkenburg	17—14	14	12	10	15	16— 81
G. Lovelace	17—11	14	13	12	17	20— 87
S. R. Smith	17—11	13	11	13	20	17— 85
L. Breer Jr.	17—11	12	10	12	18	15— 78
M. P. Chubb	17—12	13	9	11	16	16— 77
Ed. Fissel	17—13	10	13	10	13	20— 79
F. Feudner	17—14	15	14	11	18	13— 85
E. C. Hammond	17— 9	12	10	12	16	15— 74
E. S. Pennybaker	17—10	8	14	14	15	15— 76
F. S. Ecker	17— 9	13	13	13	16	18— 82
C. Carr	16—12	8	10	8	12	10— 60
J. Freitas	16—13	11	14	14	13	14— 79
E. C. Redman	16—11	13	12	13	17	15— 81
H. P. Jacobsen	16—12	12	10	13	15	14— 76
A. J. Ferguson	16—14	12	14	8	11	16— 75
T. Prior	16—11	13	11	11	16	17— 79
Dr. Purcell	16—10	7	10	8	15	14— 64
K. Preuss	16—..	..	..	..	..	..— ..
Frank Childs	14—13	11	13	11	13	12— 73
H. C. Burmister**	17— 6	13	13	12	18	15— 77
A. B. Thomas**	16—13	10	13	14	12	14— 76
R. O. Heikes*	16—15	15	14	15	18	19— 96
W. R. Crosby*	16—14	15	15	15	19	20— 98
H. C. Hirschy*	16—14	15	13	13	19	19— 93
T. A. Marshall*	16—13	13	14	13	19	17— 89
Walter Huff*	16—15	13	14	15	15	19— 91
H. Justin*	16—11	9	12	11	15	16— 72
E. Holling*	16—12	13	14	14	18	19— 90
R. C. Reed*	16—13	13	13	12	18	18— 87
D. W. King Jr.*	16—14	12	14	13	16	18— 87
Harry Hoyt*	16—15	11	9	10	15	17— 77
F. L. Carter*	16—13	14	14	15	16	14— 86
W. A. Hillis*	16—11	12	15	13	17	15— 83
W. H. Seaver*	16—12	13	14	13	17	15— 84
J. E. Vaughn*	16—15	12	13	13	17	17— 87
J. B. Wood*	16—..	..	..	10	9	14— 33

*Trade Representatives.
**Post Entries.

A MAGNIFICENT SHOWING

The monthly bank clearings of San Francisco are now in excess of those of 1905. That the city has resumed her position as the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast is shown by the figures below, which indicate the clearings for four weeks, August 3d to August 30th, inclusive:

San Francisco		$166,953,595
Los Angeles	$40,850,991	
Seattle	34,855,484	
Portland	20,264,676	
Salt Lake City	18,904,980	
Spokane	15,990,358	
Tacoma	14,470,385	
		145,336,874

Among others of the great responsible and thriving financial institutions, the American National Bank makes the following very flattering showing:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$3,847,822.98
United States Bonds	2,745,600.00
Other Bonds and Securities	28,922.65
Cash and Exchange	2,623,579.48
	$9,245,925.11

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	337,859.71
Circulation	1,000,000.00
Deposits	6,908,065.40
	$9,245,925.11

(From their condensed report to Comptroller, September 4, 1906.)

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred English and Llewellyn Setter Pups and Dogs—retrievers and spaniels—trained dogs. Prices reasonable. Write "The Thoroughbred Kennels," Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—I guarantee bear; first-class hunting and fishing. Now is the time to arrange for a trip. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Fifty selected Angora Goat Skins; long, silky wool and nicely tanned. A. E. Colburn, 1204 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422 Marquam Building, Portland, Ore.

* * *

NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS — Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. On receipt of 4c stamp a catalogue will be sent. Rockwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels, W. B. Coutts, Propr., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

PREHISTORIC Indian flint and stone specimens, modern Indian trophies, Navajo blankets, elk tusks, antique guns and pistols, pioneer crockery, stamps, coins and minerals, illustrated lists, 5c. Address, N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

* * *

PRECIOUS and semi-precious gems and stones cut and mounted to order. We make a specialty of gold nugget and gold quartz work, and guarantee absolute satisfaction, quick service and moderate prices. Unique and beautiful designs. We pay highest prices for native gems in the rough, also for gold nuggets and dust. We refer by permission to the Editor of this paper.

THE HABERL LAPIDARY & JEWELRY CO.,
1612 Stout St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

Live gray partridges, black-necked pheasants and hares from Austria-Hungary, to be delivered in any quantity, carriage prepaid (including guarantee for live arrival in each arrival port in America), at the following attractive prices: Partridges, $7.00 per pair; pheasants, male and female, per pair, $13.00; hares, female $13.00, male $10.00 each. 250,000 fresh partridge and pheasant eggs (including guarantee for fresh arrival and fertility), ready for delivery in May, per 100, $50.00; 250 for 120.00; 500 for $230.00; 1000 for $440.00. Roes, stags and other deer at equally favorable prices.

F. HORACEK,
Greatest Exporter and Importer of the world for Live Game.
Martinitz, Starkenbach, Bohemia, Austria.

O. W. NORDWELL
TAILOR

Desires to call your attention to his New Selection of

ENGLISH and SCOTCH IMPORTATIONS

FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER
1906=1907

PRESENT LOCATION
1812 Washington St., near Van Ness Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SHREVE & Company

now occupy their temporary building at
Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

Complete Stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, ETC., now on sale :: ::

A KILLER

An Auto-loading Repeating Rifle which will knock down the biggest game, and *keep it down,* is at last offered by the Remington Arms Company. It represents the best and latest inventive genius of John Browning, the "father of American small arms." Its cartridge having higher velocity and a heavier bullet than .30-30, .303, .32 or .35 self-loading, is much more powerful, delivering a blow of stunning force. Like the Remington Autoloading Shotgun, it utilizes its recoil to eject, re-load and cock the arm, thus reducing the "kick" on the shoulder. It is a 5-shot repeater and the cartridges are introduced into the gun in clips of five, which is the fastest loading system known and the one used in practically all government arms at present. It is absolutely safe, having a solid breech and locking devices. The breech is locked by a turning bolt, which allows the use of high-power cartridges. The trigger pull is extra light and the gun will not jar off. At present this gun is made in .35 caliber Remington central fire, rimless cartridges, with a 200-grain bullet and a velocity of about 2000 feet per second. Later the gun will be furnished in the following calibers: .25, .35, .30-30, .32 Special. Used either as a single shot or a repeating rifle, this gun will be found most effective, weighing about 7¾ lbs., with 22-in. barrel only, of "Take-Down" model, listed at $30, subject to dealers' discount.

* * *

W. R. CROSBY'S GREAT WORK

W. R. Crosby with the "Old Reliable" Parker gun, August 25, 1906, at Denver, Colo., scored 298 out of 300, and won the Western Handicap with the record score of 97 out of 100 at 21 yards.

At the Indian Tournament Mr. Crosby scored 583 out of 600.

At Pocatello, Idaho, August 27th and 28th, the Parker gun again took high averages, firsts and seconds, W. R. Crosby, 409 out of 425; Walter Huff, 407 out of 425.

Mr. R. C. Derk with his Parker gun on August 13th and 14th, at Lock Haven, Pa., scored 326 out of 350. At St. Mary's, Pa., Mr. Derk tied for high amateur average, 368 out of 400, and in merchandise event, 75 straight.

Mr. J. S. Thomas and the Parker gun at Kansas City, August 13th to 17th, won high amateur average August 15th, and on August 16th won second high amateur average and the State champion amateur event.

Mr. Jay D. Greene, shooting a Parker gun, won high amateur average at LeRoy, N. Y., September 3d, score 106 out of 120.

Dr. Gardner of Batavia, N. Y., also shooting a Parker gun was second high with 100 out of 120 in face of a high wind.

Records such as the above prove the merits and strong shooting qualities of the Parker gun.

If you are interested in a gun write Parker Bros., 37 Cherry street, Meriden, Conn., and secure their late handsome catalogue and any other information you may desire on gun merit.

The Best Veuve Clicquot

Sec and Brut

Cruse and Fils Freres
Red and White
Wines

Ami Vignier
Pacific Coast Agency
Southeast corner
Battery and Broadway Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.

ROOS BROS.

GOOD GOODS

FILLMORE at O'FARRELL
:: VAN NESS at BUSH ::

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

What is to be the largest manufacturing company of fishing tackle and general sporting goods in the world was incorporated at Columbus recently by well-known Akron people and will be known as The E. A. Pflueger Co.

The company was incorporated with a capital stock of $100,000, all subscribed. The incorporators are: E. A. Pflueger, C. I. Bruner, Geo. D. Bates, W. E. Slabaugh and Francis Seiberling, all well known in the business world.

Operations will proceed as soon as a suitable factory can be obtained, and if this cannot be procured a large plant will be erected. The company has a number of plants in view about the city, but if none of these are suitable a new plant will be erected and all the latest improved machinery for the manufacturing of fishing tackle will be installed.

E. A. Pflueger, who for years has been associated with the Enterprise Manufacturing Co., of Akron, will be president and general manager of the new concern. He resigned from the above company in order to take charge of his new duties. Mr. Pflueger has devoted his whole life to the manufacturing of fishing tackle, having grown up in the business from the age of fourteen. He is still a young man, and the prospects for the new company with such an experienced and energetic man at its head are very bright. He and his associates first started in this business with small capital and the concern with which he was associated was a very small one. He, however, has built up a business such as few men have been able to accomplish. He knows personally all of its customers and has traveled extensively in order to become acquainted with the people with whom he had dealings.

There is unlimited capital back of the new company and nothing will be lacking to make this the best plant of its kind in the United States. There are few concerns of this kind in the United States, and when the new company is ready for business Akron will be known as the center of the fishing tackle industry.

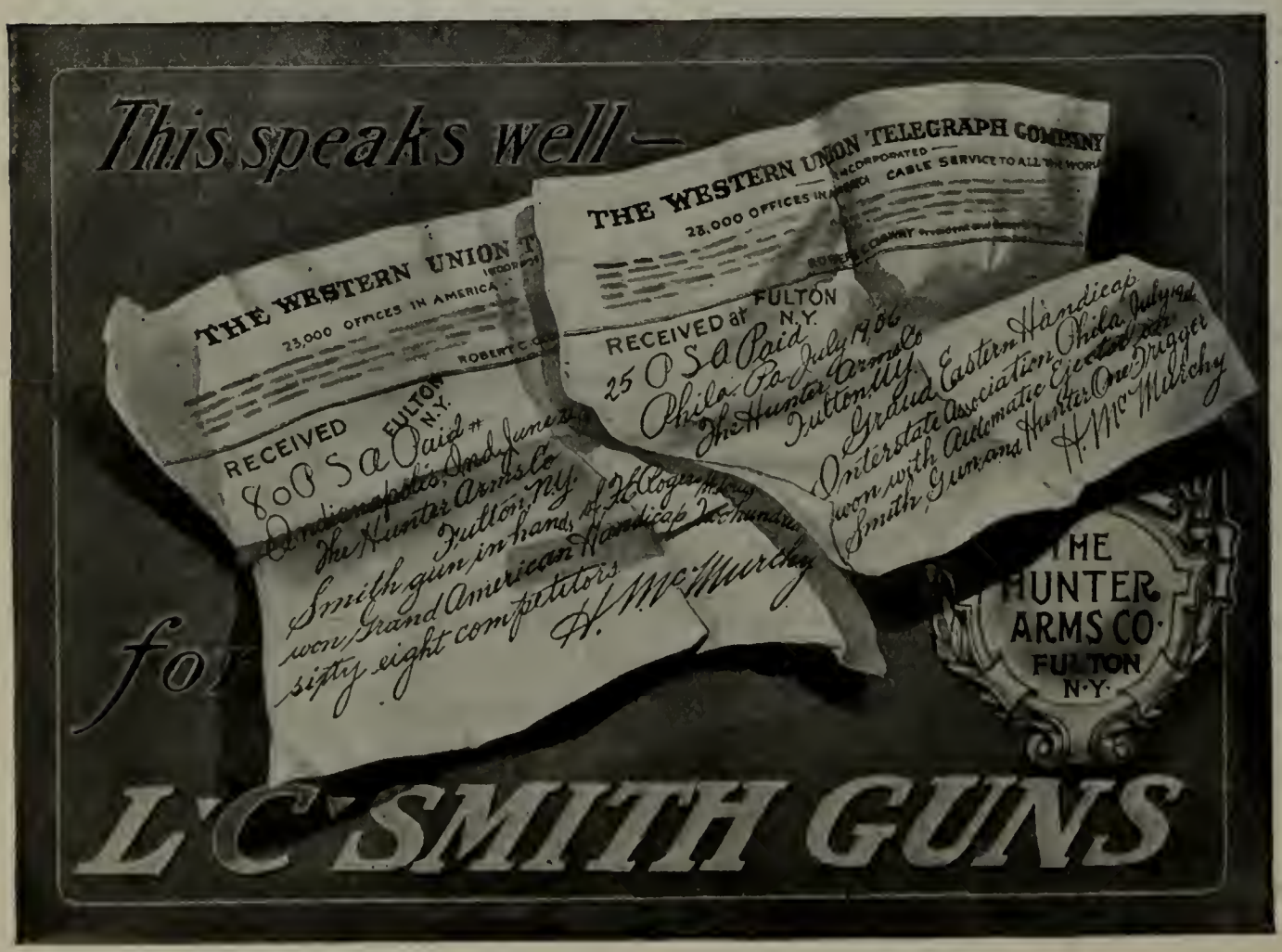
ANOTHER CLEAN SWEEP.

They say "It never rains but it pours," and surely Dame Fortune is exceedingly kind in her bounty to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., these days. Reports have just been received from the Annual Tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, which took place this year at Tucson, Arizona, on September 21st, 22nd and 23rd, showing that the shooters that used the products of the Winchester Company carried off all the honors of this shoot. The results of this tourney follow:

The high professional average of the opening day was won by E. Holling, of San Francisco, shooting the Winchester "Leader" shells on the score of 123 out of a possible 135. The high amateur average for the same day was captured by W. J. Rand of El Paso on the score of 123 out of 135, shooting the "Leader" shells. The Copper Queen Trophy was won by W. H. Reno of Douglas with the "Leader" shells, on the score of 24 out of a possible 25. The Miss-and-Out event was tied by J. L. Brown and C. A. Schrader, both of Tucson, on twenty-six consecutive breaks. Both Mr. Brown and Mr. Schrader used the "Leader" shells, and in connection Mr. Brown shot a Winchester "pump" gun.

The high professional average for the second day was captured by E. Holling, shooting the "Leader" shells, score 75 out of 80. The high amateur average for this day was won by W. H. Reno with the "Leader" shells, score 70 out of 80. The Individual Championship Diamond Medal, emblematic of the champion wing shot of Arizona, was captured by W. J. Rand on the score of 46 out of 50, shooting the "Leader" shells. The Four Man Team trophy was captured by Messrs. Rand, Young, Stevens and Meyer on the combined score of 154 out of a possible 200. All four gentlemen used the "Leader" shells. The Miss-and-Out event of this day was captured by J. L. Brown, shooting the "Leader" shells in a Winchester "pump" gun.

The high professional average for the closing day of the tournament was won by E. Holling, shooting the "Leader" shells, score 113 out of 130.



WESTERN FIELD

NOVEMBER 1906

GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

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Hydraulic	Regillus Apartments ..... Pacific Avenue, near Van Ness
Belt	Merchants' Ice and C. S. Co. ..... Sansome, near Lombard
Automobile	Volkman Building ..... Jackson Street, near Sansome
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Chas H Harmon

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 9 NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 4

IN THANKSGIVING

FOR the birds of marsh and woodland
To the sportsman's heart all dear—
Quail of valley and of mountain,
Ducks of stream and lake and mere,
Snipe of fen, and geese of fallow,
Brant of wind-swept azure main,
Grouse of timbered peak and canon,
Plover of the grass-wreathed plain—
For all birds, whate'er the species,
That our well-loved State adorn,
To the Giver, in His goodness,
Be our grateful thanks upborne.

For the beasts of all description—
Warrior bear of savage mein,
Shy deer of umbrageous covert,
Antelope of naked plain,
Lordly elk of rugged upland,
Burly moose of bog delights,
Wary caribou of North wilds,
Bighorn sheep of aerial heights,
Mountain goats of cliff and glacier,
Stealthy cougar, everywhere—
For all beasts, both big and little,
We our heartfelt thanks declare.

For the fishes in our waters—
Brooks and rivers, lakes and sea:
Trout and salmon, bass and grayling—
All the many kinds there be:
Yellow-tail and leaping tuna,
Perch and jewfish, anchovies,
Mackeral, pompano and codlings—
Multitudes like unto these—
From the pygmies to the giants,
Both of waters fresh and brine—
For fishes all, both great and small,
Our thanks, dear Lord, be Thine.

THE VANCOUVER PINNACLES

By Rev. George T. Meeker

GOD'S wonderland! marvelous, unique, inspiring, grand!
Before thee with uncovered head in awe we stand.
Great rocks eternal! the Almighty placed you here,
And is ever with you, we feel His presence near.

Years ago upon thy heights the Captain chanced to look,
"Extraordinary and wonderful mountain," he penned in book.
Again we sing the praises of thy castles in the air,
Thy wondrous caves and columns now standing everywhere.

Hushed in sacred silence, thou great cathedral of the West,
Within thy Courts there's peace, beneath thy spires we rest.
Old as the ancient mountain, the everlasting hill—
Enchanting view, our eyes now feast, our hearts now thrill.

With conglomerate palisades, and pinnacles and spires,
You speak to us of Nature's God, whom all the world admires,
Of God who made so beautiful the earth, our dwelling place.
Among these rocks His voice we hear; we see His face.

Like the fingers of some giant pointing to the skies,
Teaching o'er and o'er the lessons that we prize,
That we should see His glory in the arching blue above,
And in the earth His handiwork of beauty, power, and love.

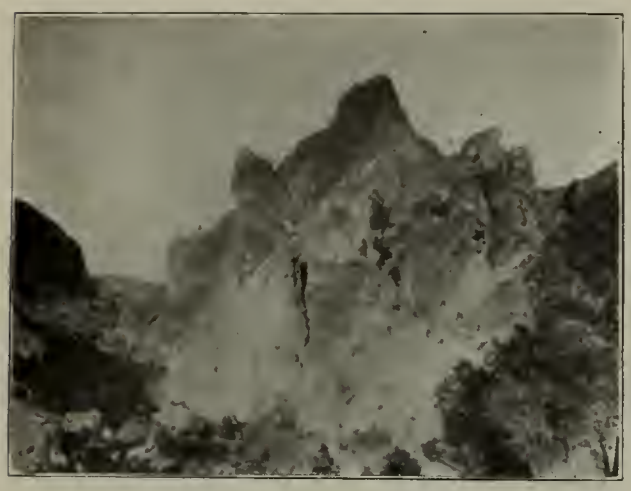
IMPERIAL California! No land beneath the sun has more attractive scenery—majestic mountain ranges, whose lofty peaks shine with eternal snows, valleys as fertile as the Nile, rivers whose lordly currents are white with the sails of commerce, whose snow-fed waters give drink to the thirsty land and make glad the desert places till they blossom like the rose. Ocean, forests, rocks, hills, lakes, big trees, bays and waterfalls galore. Nature-lover, just pay the price and take your choice.

We Californians have never seen nor even heard of all the wonders of our western wonderland. There is a popular fallacy, especially among untraveled people, that one must go a long way from home to find anything very beautiful or very interesting. We have degraded the very word "homely" into an equivalent for "ugliness," whereas it ought to stand for all that is beautiful and best. It is not necessary to become a globe-trotter to find many things that are quite well worth seeing.

In San Benito County, only five hours' ride from the bay cities, is one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. There is no other place just like it. It stands in a class by itself. One can hardly believe that rocks, just rocks—so many of them that they cover six square miles of territory—could be thrown into such spectacular shapes: Immense gorges with rock precipice walls 1500 feet high, with some places in the gorge roofed over by great boulders; tall pinnacles and spires rich in coloring, pointing their giant fingers heavenward; knife-blade rock, pronounced the finest specimen of its kind in the world; rock castles, rock faces, rock beasts, rock birds and creeping things; large caves, dark and dismal with hundreds of bats clinging to their damp walls. Here nature has done her best to give us conglomerate rock in such variety of shapes, and painted them in such gorgeous

PINNACLE

PICTURES



The Knife Blade

The Three Sisters

The Sphinx

colors that the Colorado Garden of the Gods is unworthy of comparison.

The Vancouver Pinnacles is the first scenic beauty spot mentioned in the history of California. Captain George Vancouver wrote in his diary on Sunday, November 16, 1794: "I was on Wednesday able to join in a party to the valley through which the Monterey River flows, and was there gratified with the sight of the most extraordinary mountain ever beheld." Little did the Captain think that this "most extraordinary mountain" after the lapse of over a century would immortalize his name.

Of late, men whom the world is always ready to hear have visited the Pinnacles, and their words are in harmony with the historian of a century ago. David Starr Jordan said: "The Vancouver Pinnacles are unique and well worthy of a visit." Dr. Gilbert of Stanford said: "For variety of scenery and beauty of coloring I have never seen the equal on the same area of ground." H. W. Fairbanks of the University of California said: "The finest scenery in the Coast Range Mountains." Paul Shoup wrote: "Within an area of six square miles the face of nature is probably more broken, more scarred and seamed, with a wilderness of rock, unequaled on the continent." S. G. Hain, a farmer and nature lover who has lived within a few miles of the Pinnacles for sixteen years, writes: "It has much to offer all comers; for the camper, sheltered nooks, great trees, wood, water and grass in convenient reach; for the hunter, quail and occasional deer; for the scientist of whatever mind, strange rocks, many flowers and birds in variety; and for the nature lover, varied beauty at every turn, from deep banks of fern in the hidden places of the canons to the great rock domes and pinnacles that give the place its name." And Uncle Sam has also expressed his appreciation by setting the Pinnacles aside as a forest reserve, this being the cheapest and best way to hold it pending the time when it shall become a national park. There are acres in this wilderness of rock upon which the foot of man has never trod.

The new heavens and the new earth cannot be more inspiring or lovely than a sunset we had the pleasure of seeing on a recent visit to the Pinnacles. Away yonder toward

At Long Range

the ocean the sun is tinting in his own regal splendor the western sky, as he sinks into his billowy robes of night; way down hundreds of feet below and miles away is the Salinas Valley with the picturesque mountains round about. The departing rays of the sinking sun are painting with colors of the master artist the pinnacles and spires of the rock castles all about us. Jerusalem! Jerusalem the golden; like a bride adorned for her husband have you come to earth at last?

A RABBIT DRIVE IN CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

By Laura W. Rhea

THE two most important varieties of American rabbits are the little burrowing cottontails, called by scientists *Lupus sylvaticus*, and the larger hare-like sort. This latter has long ears, with a head resembling a mule's, characteristics which have bestowed upon it the popular name of "Jack" rabbit. It is of this non-burrowing kind that we propose to write.

Rabbits are found in all the States and Territories of the Union. They are scarce in the higher altitudes, but are found in large numbers on the plains and in the valleys of the immense San Joaquin Valley, in Central California. They are timid little creatures, able with their long ears to detect the slightest approach of danger. They are not carnivorous, and so do not molest or devour any other animal. Subsiding on grasses and vegetables, the flesh of the young jack rabbits is good eating, though not equal to that of the cottontail. When tamed they become very interesting pets.

The ever-increasing tide of emigration and the perpetual pursuit of it by sportsmen, have almost exterminated much of the wild game of our country. The enactment and strict enforcement of game laws has saved many valuable species of animals and birds from complete destruction. The buffalo, which once roamed the prairies in countless herds, is now found only in public parks and in a few places specially guarded and protected by law.

But the rabbit is still with us. Not being counted as game, there is no law to protect it. So it is kept constantly on the "move" and it is only a question of time when it, too, must "go the way of all the living," and be remembered only in history and picture books.

When the early settlers came to this portion of Central California, they found the rabbits in great numbers. They were literally swarming over the country. With no thought of danger in their fancied security, their solitude was only disturbed by the glad notes of the meadow lark, the sweet songs of the mocking bird, or the barking of the stealthy and blood-thirsty coyote.

In the course of time many people came to California and settled in this portion of the great fertile, irrigated San Joaquin Valley. Homes sprang up every where. Fresno County was no longer a land of sheep camps and cattle ranges. Many orchards and vineyards were planted. The rabbits quickly saw the change in their surroundings, and naturally began to eat the bark from the trees and the tender leaves from the vines. Often an entire orchard or vineyard would be ruined in a single night by the depredations of these numerous little pests. People who had come here with glowing visions of orchards bending with luscious fruit, and vineyards rich in the production of raisin and other grapes, saw their work being wantonly destroyed.

They soon became thoroughly convinced that only by prompt and concerted action could complete ruin of trees and vines be averted. Many plans for getting rid of the rabbit nuisance were suggested. But none seemed sufficiently comprehensive and thorough, as their depredations were so widespread and not confined to any single locality. As a last resort, it was decided to try a "rabbit drive." The idea probably was adopted from the Navajo Indians in Arizona. In Apache County there are several places where corrals were built and the Indians would assemble and drive in all the antelope they could reach and then kill them for food.

There have been numerous instances in the history of Western life which are full of romance and thrilling adventures; but it is certain that this drive was unlike anything ever heard of in California or, perhaps, the entire world. The results showed very conclusively that man still retains that "dominion

over every living thing" that was given him by the Creator in the beginning of the world.

It was in the early spring of 1888 that extensive preparations were made for a grand rabbit drive. As most of the orchards and vineyards at that time were in the vicinity of Fresno, and as hunters had noticed that rabbits, when pursued, usually went south or west, the place selected for this drive was on the plains about nine miles southwest of Fresno City. A large, round corral, about two hundred feet in diameter, of rabbit-proof, slat fencing was constructed. Two wings of the same material extended out from the corral on both sides of a small opening left for the rabbits to pass between and so on into the corral. These wings were each about a mile in length, and rabbit-proof wire was nailed on several miles of the Southern Pacific railroad fence to keep them on the near side of the fence. General Muller was selected to act as Marshal-in-Chief. It was largely owing to his good judgment, prompt action, and his many efficient aids that so many rabbits were caught, and that this was marked as the greatest rabbit drive on record.

The Home of the Jack Rabbit

The drive had been widely advertised and many people were eager to see such a unique gathering and novel achievement. They assembled in great numbers from all over the surrounding country. Some came hundreds of miles, even from Los Angeles, San Francisco and many other cities and towns throughout the State.

When all of them had met at the appointed place, it was found that no fewer than six thousand people were assembled. The day selected was an ideal one. The broad and almost level plains afforded a fine view of the surrounding country. A beautiful haze covered the distant hills, the balmy air was fragrant with the sweet-scented flowers, and the gentle rays from the sun, tempered by the cool coast breeze, were invigorating alike to man and beast. There was the greatest variety of well-filled vehicles of all sizes and styles, from the donkey cart to the four-in-hand coach, besides many on horseback. These, with their many occupants and riders, all helped to make a motley array and a most notable gathering.

The many mounted aids were busy direct-

ing the participants to positions. By ten o'clock enough people had arrived to form a line of vehicles over eight miles in length, somewhat semi-circular in shape. When the formation of the line was completed the General and his aides rode up and down in front of the excited throng, giving final instructions for moving.

That vast concourse of people resembled an army, but lacking in the implements of war. Strict orders had been given not to allow the employment of any firearms or dogs, in order to avoid accident or confusion.

Who can describe that march of six thousand people, moving across the plains to drive before them wild and timid animals! No sound of martial music was heard; no glistening bayonets seen; no starry emblem borne aloft and fluttering in the breeze. There were no faint-hearts, nor was there any premonition of danger that some loved one would fall in battle. No; everyone was in fine spirits, and a general feeling of hilarity was noticeable all along the line. Shouts of laughter and much badinage were heard whenever an unlucky rabbit appeared in sight, and clubs were "shied" at it, or women in their excitement struck wildly at it with their parasols, or even threw those sunshades at it—of course, woman-like, being most far wide of the mark. So, slowly the "army" moved across the plains towards the corral, about four miles distant.

Settler's Cabin in the San Joaquin Valley

Before the march began many men and boys, and not a few of the women, alighted from the vehicles and, clubs in hand, went a-foot, keeping just ahead of those driving. At this time only a few rabbits were in sight and the sport was tame. Many thought the drive would be a dismal failure. The question was often asked, "Where are the rabbits?" Back came the answer, "They are here; wait and see."

As the march continued the rabbits began to appear in increasing numbers. Every bush

was poked with a club to scare them out of their hiding places. Dry brush and weeds were set on fire to rout them. Clubs were hurled after them to hasten their flight. When about a mile from the corral the very ground seemed alive, and the dust so thick that the rabbits were almost obscured from sight as they kept running, jumping and hopping along. Their speed increased with every bound. They looked like a vast flock of sheep fleeing before the pursuit of some enemy. On they went, most of them in the direction of the corral, and scarcely swerving to the right or left. Occasionally one or more would turn and make a bold dash for liberty, trying to escape by running back or in an opposite direction. Numerous clubs were instantly thrown at them, and they were soon dispatched, except that possibly one that would put its ears back and run the gauntlet through a gap in the living line.

When they had been driven almost to the wings of the corral (Spanish for "cattle enclosure"), a few persons left the regular line of march and drove rapidly around the outside of the corral, that they might see the rabbits enter. This movement almost caused a stampede among the rabbits and started them in a backward direction, and thousands of them were about to escape. A large number of the footmen were near but seemed unable to stop the rush of the pursued. General Muller saw the situation and quickly ordered the men to kneel and form a compact line. They immediately knelt, shoulder to shoulder, forming a solid wall five deep, and with clubs upraised, or the first line beating the ground, kept their position fully fifteen minutes. The rabbits saw that escape through the ranks was impossible and, terrified, turned and went through the wings and on into the corral. It required nearly half an hour for the great body of rabbits, urged by the crowd, to pass into their place of death. The opening was then closed.

Those who were near enough to see inside the corral witnessed a sight which they will never forget. More than ten thousand little creatures were quivering and panting with fear, crying like scared babies, running round and round the corral. Some of them jumped high in the air, their fur flying in every

A San Joaquin Belle (Before the Whites Came)

direction. The number caught seems incredible, but they were driven before that vast army like leaves before the wind.

Those who watched their frantic struggles to escape from the corral, say that, in some places they were five or six deep. Many of them smothered to death or were knocked down and trampled upon by the others. The exciting pleasure of the drive was lost in viewing the pitiable condition of the unfortunate little creatures. Those who had been most eager for the necessary destruction were now loathe to kill them. The people stood silently gazing at, and piting their prisoners, wondering where so many had come from. Several photographers were on hand to secure pictures of the scene, but the rapid movements of the rabbits caused the dust to prevent good pictures that day.

Then the most stout hearted of the men and boys went into the corral with their clubs and the slaughter began. The cries of the

Nearing the End

little creatures were most pitiable and almost human. But it was more merciful to kill them than to let them die of the slow tortures of starvation or be torn to pieces by the coyotes. In the next day's paper, some one harshly criticized the killing by clubbing. The reply was: "Since they had to be destroyed, how could it be done in a more humane way? Would you take each one and chloroform it?" Women fainted; children screamed, and men came out of the corral with tears streaming down their faces, unable to witness the awful massacre.

It required more than an hour to dispatch them. When the bloody work was over, there lay more than ten thousand rabbits still in death; and, scattered along the road, were fully three thousand more killed by the "flying" clubs before the corral was reached. All this work was accomplished in about four hours' time. But many who were present on that day said that nothing would induce them to go again on any like occasion.

Tired and hungry, and miles from home, most of the crowd went off in groups and ate the lunch they had brought. The depredations of the rabbits were greatly and permanently checked, and though several later attempts were made to have other drives, there was only scant attendance and few rabbits caught. This drive was the most successful of any ever attempted in California.

What became of the slain? Thousands that were killed by club and were eatable, were sent to the Salvation Army for the poor in San Francisco. Whoever cared to do so put a few under their buggy seats and carts were filled; two-horse and four-horse wagon loads were hauled off for chickens, hogs and other domestic animals. But vast numbers were left to feed the coyotes, or become dessicated in the dry air and strong winds of the plains, too far from residences to cause any disagreeable or detrimental effects.

The wonderful drive was over, never to be repeated in its great features. But its memory lingers in many a mind. And its details, merry and sad, are photographed on the brains of thousands, there to remain so long as reason holds sway.

POEMS

BY

GRACE E. BOSTWICK

THE LEADER

ONE craved great wealth and power over men;
He sought with all his strength of soul and mind
And wielded as few men have e'er divined,
Until he won his treasured hoard—and then,
Great man and honored, cold he grew and hard;
He trampled under foot what blocked his way,
Without a thought's regret, a moment's stay,
And many were the lives he cruelly marred.

One joyed to see the sun, and reached his hand
To show a fellow man its warmth of glow;
He mocked the oriole, and watched the blow
Of blossoms when fair spring bestirred the land;
He marked the shadow of a grass blade small
And laughed to hear the tree toad's weird lament;
Men smiled and sighed whene're they heard his call
And children followed, clamoring, where he went.

THE CHOICE

FOR me no easy, rose-strewn, sun-lit path,
With perfumed days of joy and pleasure sweet;
No starry nights of lilting, light-won love,
With laughter and the sound of dancing feet.

'Tis life I crave—the rugged, unhewed way,
With storms that beat and break about my head,
That I may brave them with a glorious faith,
Nor falter when they bear me down instead.

The way of toil—sweet toil—and well-earned rest;
Of strong desire born of hard-won love;
Of pain, the strengthener; grief's bitter test,
And sorrow's humanizing touch to prove.

A Native Son of the Olden Days (De Tache Indian Chief)

KLONDYKE CAMP TALES

By G. L. Holmes

PART II.

THE old man pushed his stool closer to the fireplace, filled his pipe and, reaching for a glowing ember to light it, kicked a half burned stick into a place where it would catch; then turning to where I sat cleaning a six-shooter he grumbled out:

"This dern fireplace 'minds me of one French George built up at the 42-mile cut-off. Its got just the right shape to the inside of it to shoot all the heat down to yer shoes; dern fine fer makin' bannocks, but cussed poor fer heatin' yer body above the shins."

Now, when the old man begins making funny cracks about fireplaces, and talking about French George, I generally keep pretty quiet; silence seems to draw him out and many a good yarn he can spring. As for myself, I am too young to "reminisce" as the old man says, and so I even up the matter of entertaining while in camp by reading aloud from the sporting magazines and arguing with the old man on the relative merits of black powder and nitro, small caliber, high power and the old '45-70. After smoking awhile in moody silence he breaks out:

"Haint yer got that pesky gun cleaned yet? Don't yer know ye'll wear all the innards of it out by cleaning it so dern much? It's a wonder yer ain't got all the rifles wore out of it—yer clean it so frequent. A feller'd think yer lived in a gun fitin' country ter see yer with that thing every night, like yer lived som'er where yer life would hang on yer trigger finger like, stead of only usin' it ter kill chipmunks and gophers.

"That feller you bean readin' about fer the last few nights—him as wants ter have some one make a new style six-shooter. Him and yer must be cut off ther same piece of buckskin, I guess. Now ther way I figger: it ain't so dern much in ther gun es it is in ther man behind it. He's all right about ther kind o' gun. Single action is ther caper, but I don't like that .38 caliber business; .45 is plenty small enough fer anything bigger 'an dicky birds, and the swing out cylinder is O. K. if yer going to pack cattridges; but fer shootin' when yer need shootin' and need it bad, gimme an ole Remington with the caps waxed on and ther cylinder chuck full o' lead and trouble. What's that? 'Can't reload it fast enough?' Say, son, if ye ever hatter use a gun fer shore enough trouble, and ye start out with six shots in it and the other feller's heeled ther same, before it is plum empty ye'll realize that ye'll hev all day ter reload after the smoke blows away er yer wont hev no need o' reloadin'; and if she does go empty before the trouble is quit, you jest grab her by the bar'l and sail in an' hit out hard fer anything in reach, and she's good business that ar way, too.

"I never owned but one cattridge gun that I give a dern fer, an' I picked that one up in the East. Ye, see, I met a feller there, a kind o' 'Slim Jim' sort that hailed from N'Oleens, and one time down there he got skeart of hold-ups and buys this gun. Colt, of course, an' it was one of them single-action guns jest big enough to feel good in yer hand—'bout a five-inch bar'l and a .45 frame, bored fer to take a .41. Good weight and some fer shootin', after ye got the hang of it. 'Texas Pride,' they used ter call 'em, and fer city work it was all right.

"This yer feller packs it fer about two years and never gits held up, an' then one night when he's goin' out ter a shindig with a spike-tail coat and fixin's, he lows the gun is too heavy ter pack in them cloes an'—I know it'll kill ye—but when he was goin' home, a big fat nigger mammy an' a pickinniny with a double bar'l shotgun holds him up at the end o' an alley and gets all he had with him.

"It was so dern dark, an' they was so black, that he don't see 'em as he goes marchin' along home, thinkin' about the gal he danced seven times with, ontil, *'Hole up yer han's!'* an' he reaches fer his gun and it wuz home on top ther pianny! An the squaw and her papoose hed him dead ter rights. I tole him he was dead in luck that it was home, er they'd a took that, too. Think of it! He'd packed that gun fer two years, night an' day, and the first time out without it, ter git hold up by a squaw! Every time I think of the start in life that ther gun had I laff tell I bust my buttons.

"I packed it along the time Ole Johnny and I went north; and it was lucky I did, fer the rifle we had got warped somehow in the packin' and it 'ud most shoot aroun' a corner. All ther fresh meat we hed that trip was picked off ther trees with that six-shooter—an' we et lots of grouse and squirrel, too. Speakin' of squirrel, we wuz tied up at Last Chance waitin' fer the weather ter settle so 'st we could get over ther pass, an' I says ter Ole John one day, 'What say we take a jump up ter the top of ther hawg-back yonder, and fossick a little—it looks mineralized ter me from here?'

"'I been thinkin' about that, too,' says he, 'we'll go up there termorrow if yer say so, but we'll hatter start airly, cuz I got ter see Bowman at half pas' eleven.'

"'All right,' says I, and next mornin' we starts out right atter breakfas', 'bout half pas' six, and a leetle atter noon we was 'bout half way up an' wuz dog tired an' the sun wuz biling, and Ole Johnny lows as how he'll take about three winks o' a nap. So he off with his coat and vest and rolls 'em up fer a pillow, and fore I gets my pipe lit he wuz snoring like a buzzsaw.

"He had a biled shirt on, an' as he lay there poundin' his ear under a bit of a scrub pine that wuz growin' out ov a crack in ther rock, one ov them leetle pine squirrels runs up ther tree an' out on a limb. I set there sizin' him up an' I pulls the gun an' takes a squint at him over it, an' then it comes ter me that ef I pop him he's goin' ter drop pretty close to Ole John. Thinkin' an' doin' foller pretty close, an' fust thing yer know I cut her loose and I hit ther leetle feller plumb center; it mussed him up some, but nawthin' ter how it mussed Ole John, fer it lit plum in ther middle of that biled shirt front an' splashed all over.

"O' course the shot started Ole John wakin' up, an' the nex' he knows somethin' hits him on ther brest an' he grabs fer the spot where he was hit, and staggers to his feet. He gits blood an' squirrel all over his han's when he grabs hisself, an' begins ter realize that I've gone crazy an' shot him, an' that he's dyin' an' all that, an' I wuz settin' on a rock laffin like I wuz a plumb born fool.

"When he see what it wuz he wuz madder'n pizen. He'd ranched it down Blackfoot way long enuff ter git a tolerable command of langwidge, an' the way he cut loose wuz a caution; an' he was riled about it, too. Lucky fer me he never packed no gun—couldn't hit nothin' with one so no use ter pack one—but ef cussin' would er killed he shore would had me wizzled.

"Finally he sez somethin' about it bein' 'a dern pop shot' an' that I couldn't hit ernother in a thousan' years, an' that it was the gordingdest most bejeeziliest trick he knowed, an' he wuz goin' ter fix me fer it, too, an' he picks up a pretty sizable bit of a stick and starts fer me.

"Jest then another squirrel runs up on a big rock 'bout 40 feet away, and Ole John's mad had kinder took ther laff out of me by that time, an' I throws down on ther squirrel and pulled, an' he disappeared. Ole John starts in again about my not hittin' ernother in a thousan' years and keeps comin' with ther club, so I dodges eroun' ther rock an' picks up ther squirrel with the hull center of his head blowed out an' as dead es they make 'em, and comes roun' in front jest as Ole John comes chargin' up with his club.

"'Thar!' I sez, swingin' ther squirrel by ther tail an' lettin' er fly right plum inter his face. 'Thar! I kin hit 'em jest as far as I kin see 'em, and jest as quick as I kin throw down on 'em. Yer better drop that er club and be decent, er I'll be morally obliged ter treat yer ther same. Don't yer know a joke when yer run across it? What fer do ye want ter get riled about er little thing like that fer? If yer hain't got another shirt I'll lend yer one, if yer goin' in sassierty ternight.'

"That kinder steadied him cuz he'd been swellin' aroun' ther Honk-a-tonk ther night afore in that 'ere biled shirt, an' he looked

at ther sun and sez, 'say, we'd better be gettin' out er this er we won't be home by dinner. Yer ain't got a couple o' tack in yer pocket have yer?'

"'Eat squirrel ef yer hungry,' sez I, but all ther same I was feelin' empty myself, been layin' aroun' hotels, eatin' three times er day and not down ter good hard trailin' condition yet, an' not havin' et sense six that mornin' and the sun showin' 'bout four in ther atternoon then. 'Come on, let's get out er this.'

"Goin' down we hit er spring and he washed some of ther blood off, and then that ole dude turns ther shirt other side out so's folks wouldn't ask fool questions w'en we hit ther main trail. Ther barkeep at ther Oregon looked at him kinder queer when we dropped in fer a smile afore eatin', but Ole John'd made me promise on ther way down not ter say nothin' so I kep' mum."

The old man gave the fire a kick or two and turned to me and asked: "Whose trick is it ter fetch wood, yourn er mine? Why? 'Cause ef it's your'n yer better get some an' ef it's mine I'm goin' ter bed and won't need no more. Mine, is it? well whar's the jug, I think I'll hev about three fingers o' that afore I turn in."

Along Kicking Horse Cañon

(*See opposite page, "Chumming With Mountains."*)

CHUMMING WITH MOUNTAINS

By L. F. Brown

"Fallen rocks
Strewn in flocks
Below sad peaks in meditation!
A hundred crests—
Pale, gray breasts!
And glaciers grind; mid desolation!"
—Max Strell.

AFTER our attention had been gripped and wrenched by a hundred miles of scenery and cloyed sight of titan ranges of hills, what a relief to have all nature blanketed by a fog that could be cut with a knife! "Breakfast in the dining car" was enjoyed in grateful listlessness and relief from the tyrant hypnotism of watching terraced ranges and brown pinnacles of a country where everything was sticking up on edge about a mile.

On the depot platform at Field, a guide and his "pard" loomed out of the mist. At the combined "hotel" and grocery we paid for camp supplies already selected for us, and longed for one day of rest and a night of real sleep after a 3000 mile ride. Mysteries of mountains hidden by fog were not wielding any spell by their beckoning: why should we plunge instantly into the Unknown of hills?

Then a crazy whisk and frolic of wind came down the Kicking Horse, and blew the clouds in spindrift until a rift disclosed the view in the first picture shown herewith. That crazed us as the pinnacle, clear in gray light, seemed to blow out of clouds and become a visible dream. Then the unfolded vision faded in the white blank of fog. We tightened our belts and directed that the packs be put on the seven pack horses.

An hour before noon our line wound along the bank of the Kicking Horse, bound for Emerald Lake, seven miles distant. Every animal was lean and lazy, under-fed and sleepy. The damp fog saturated everything until it dripped.

We crawled along the abominable trail, stumbling over rough stones and among trunks of great spruces whose tops were invisible in mist. "Sport" indeed! Clammy air, cheerlessness, no personal knowledge of where we were going, outrageously difficult walking in rubber boots, and bossed by two fierce-looking natives, who of course regarded us as "tenderfeet." Sometimes we could see as well as hear the river, and later, Emerald Creek, up which we stumbled four miles after a long halt for a trout luncheon. As the veil of fog was changing to darkness we halted at a deserted, tumbled-down log shack, and the sound of water changed from drone of rapids to lapping of little waves on an unseen beach.

"Emerald Lake; you like it!" grinned Siwash Charley as he started the fire right on the ground before the crazy hovel whose earth floor was soon piled high with spruce boughs under our ample blankets. Jean, the Alberta half-breed, removed the packs from the horses and turned them loose to browse. In twenty minutes a big log, a hundred feet long, bore birch bark plates holding fried ham and eggs, cheese, crackers and butter, and we were sipping from tin cups full of steaming coffee.

What refreshment in a camp supper sauced with woods-appetite! A long smoke in the even thicker fog and final darkness that could be felt, yawns, good nights, sleep disturbed by dim consciousness of thunder and wind and rain—and oblivion!

Then through the doorless doorway the sunrise streamed and waked us, to view the lake's blue floor set in great hills. Windless

"No Man Has Stood on That Pinnacle"

air, hermit thrushes singing, glassy water hued like a sapphire! Marvelously clear distances, surprisingly tall and stately spruces above the laurel and violet blooms, the alders with their hum of insect life, and the ferns in plumy mist, rioting in lush growth!

But, dwarfing all else, dominating, frowning in somber quiet, mountains overlooking their own snows and glaciers that melted in sunshine and hung white water-ribbons hundreds of feet long from a dozen crags above precipices! The very novelty of those bald realities made them a dream-view. Summer everywhere below—bees and flowers and foliage; and winter and peaks so bleak as to seem under the curse of the gods, all in plain view above! Rank growths and barren desolation, winter and summer, were right before us joining hands. Over two peaks glittering with ice, the moisture in a high wind was condensed to snow which hung to the peaks in white banners.

That was our breakfast room. What dadoes, frescoes and changing colors! We watched it from the camp while the guides trolled for lake-trout, using the canoe launched here for us during the preceding week.

The fishing was superb, but joy in it was impossible. The grandeur of that scenery overmastered and held the attention. It is there yet to charm and delight, and the trail is now a good wagon road. Few fish swim in that lake; no bighorn sheep wander on Mounts Field and Burgess; and no "fool hens" (Franklin's grouse) haunt the patches of blackberry bushes along the east shore. But the lake remains the gateway to the most impressive mountains south of Alaska in North America. He who visits them will realize that their beckoning lure of the wild has a force and hypnotism that are unique.

A week of fishing, of climbing the slopes in quest of bighorns, and of potting fool hens with pistols at a distance of six feet from the birds that made such delicious eating! Then, glorious moonlit nights, and storms with thunder rolling through the valleys after flashes above. The call of the mysteries beyond the mountains north of the lake was too strong for us, and we started up the 1500 foot rise along a "path" so rough that two of the packhorses were disabled. Reaching the summit of that almost unknown pass, we camped on the plateau among more giant spruces circling an exquisite tarn named Yoho pond, from which we took mountain trout a foot long at pleasure. The gentle descent among the conifer trees brought us to Point Lookout, and its view.

Across that valley were greater mountains a mile away. Nearly 2000 feet below, the furious Yoho River writhed in spume and mist between banks heavy with dark, green trees. No wonder the Indians call it *Yoho—"White Fire!"* It was afternoon ; the melted ice and snow had swelled the stream until it was a third as large as Niagara. In plain view it came out of that mountain-face, plunged 200 feet to a ledge, and then fell sheer 700 feet further through its own rainbows and mist-curtains.

No picture of it is given here. A dozen trials demonstrated that no camera could even hint at a proper picture of even a small part of it—water already tortured during a mad race of five miles before that first leap.

The uproar and the power of the wind through that valley were intolerable; but we descended into it and climbed 3000 feet up the buttresses of the Yoho Range, camping when horses and men were exhausted to the point of collapse. It was not possible to find a space level enough to form a bed; so Siwash Charley made two with rocks, and rolled my comrade, sound asleep, into the blankets above the scant layer of spruce boughs. Not even the knobs in the bed, the cold air and the pounding of the torrent prevented our sleeping until the sun was an hour high.

Here the horses were useless except to retreat. We "toted" our tents, rifles, blankets and supplies two miles further along the west branch of the Yoho, and above the cliff, 400 feet high, over which the marvelous Twin Falls tumble. The hard work brought growls from the guides, who were beginning to respect the staying powers of the "tenderfeet." For we had sighted mountain sheep, and were ordering a second supply of camp foods from Field, to be "packed" and then "toted" to our eyrie, 6000 feet high, but at least 2000 feet below the snow fields above the timber line; and where, by using field-glasses, we had seen two flocks of sheep.

But we climbed for and stalked them in vain. After ten days of heart-breaking effort we broke camp and moved east along the east branch of the Yoho, over a better

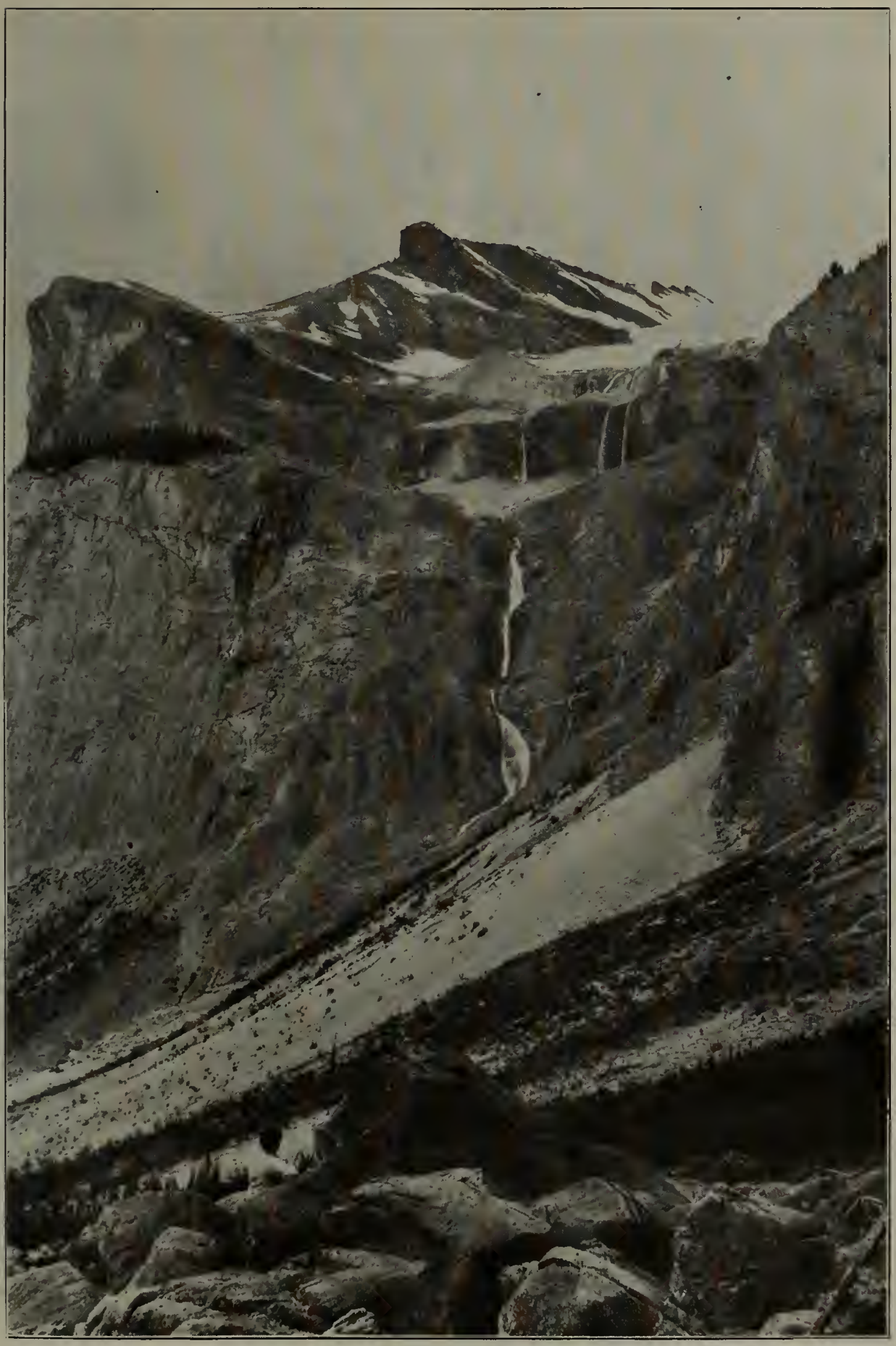
trail, finally pitching our tents about twenty miles from The Twins, and at the foot of the Wapta Glacier, almost under the shadow of the titan mountain called the "Witch Crown."

A fortnight of mountain climbing followed It was royal in its novelty and wild work, but exhausting, strenuous, weakening when the will did not curb exertion incited by utmost enthusiasm. Let the jaded man about town, who sighs for a new experience that will make him tremble with interest, go to the Wapta Glacier and sleep in a fur bag. Let him study the aquamarine lights and hues of ice brooding in the crevasses a mile long, watch the couloirs, burn into his memory the awful wildness of moraine, *neve, arete* and snow fields, the bright danger of the *moulins* where little rivers on the face of glaciers fall into ice wells, and see the slow, resistless advance of a wall of ice forming the "snout" of a glacier sixty miles long and twenty broad. There he will learn that no real glacier is noiseless. Moaning of ice under presure, fall of stones, dashing flow and fall of water, winds roaring among trees far below or around pinnacles far above. And he will learn that dirt and mire are often on the glacier's surface, and are carried away from it in the stream that flows from its fore foot where it has made an ice cave whose walls crack and fall with a roar that may sometimes be heard ten miles.

Wild and ugly? It is indescribable—nature hoary with centuries, exhibiting the best majesty of a universe of hills. I have not seen the Andes, nor the pinnacles of Thibet: but certainly nothing in the Alps (not even that awful serpent's head of the Matterhorn), and probably nothing in northern Persia or the frosty Caucasus where the auroch ranges, Promethus was chained to the rock, and the Ark rested after forty days, can surpass in terrific grandeur the hugeness of the Canadian Rockies, 500 miles of giant mountains around the Witch Crown that guards the northern edge of the awful Yoho Valley.

"The Lake's Blue Floor, Set in Great Hills"

This is great praise, for those hills rarely rise to more than 10,000 feet above the sea. But let the doubter personally study the clear distances and unique streams and waterfalls of the Yoho, and he will be convinced. Those falls are far more impressive than Niagara; more majestic mountains guard them than any



"He Has Stopped to Rest and Summon His Strength"

in the Grindelwald: they are a dozen Switzerlands in one; and they grip the climber's heart until love for them becomes a pain. No starlight and moonlight more truly love and woo the peaks, or more entrancingly brood in the air of frosty nights of the most absolute stillness.

Nowhere else will the sportsman and explorer be more strongly swayed by the fever of mountain climbing. In those fastnesses range grizzlies, silver-tips, cinnamons, mountain goats, and bighorns.

Carrying a small camera and seven-pound rifle, the hunter who really means to stand on the roof of Canada must be restrained by his guides—frequently warned to resist the siren call of those mountain worlds. But a month of training should place a robust man beyond danger from over exertion if he is with prudent guides.

The final picture shows a sportsman climber under the spell of the hills. He has chummed with them for a month, living close to the timber line, 6000 feet above the sea. He has stumbled over leagues of loose rock, scaled slippery cliffs, forded torrents, and skirted shelves where a misstep meant a broken limb or neck. He has crossed snow-bridges spanning chasms and crevasses, peered into vertical wells bored by water through glaciers, and slept(sic) without a fire on peaks below which he saw bighorn sheep during the day. As seen in the picture he has been climbing nine hours and must stand on the crest far above, where his glass has disclosed a flock of sheep. He has stopped to rest and summon his strength for another long ordeal of climbing.

After a final two days and nights of this "fun" he did secure one head of a sheep, and stumbled into camp hungry, thirsty, sore from head to foot, every fibre in him calling for sleep. He slept "around the clock," woke to lassitude and dislike of the mountains, and ordered that camp be broken and a return made to the railroad, fifty miles to the south.

But he saw another flock of sheep, two bucks among them, and seemingly not over a mile distant from camp. He watched them for an hour through the fieldglass, and they seemed to be within rifle shot. Then another pack of food and a further quest up the spine of the Continent to and beyond the snowy fields where those sheep were watching.

He will talk and think of that sport frequently during all his life—of the terrific obstacles, mystery, and crushing magnitude of environment; and how he learned to know his own insignificance, and to love the intelligence that created and is carrying forward the Great Plan of which he is so very small a part.

POEMS

BY

Stacy E. Baker

PRAYER

I ASK but this—no stress of town,
But peace, where rills run rippling dow..
The rural hills; and may sweet skies
Of blue dome, dear, my paradise.

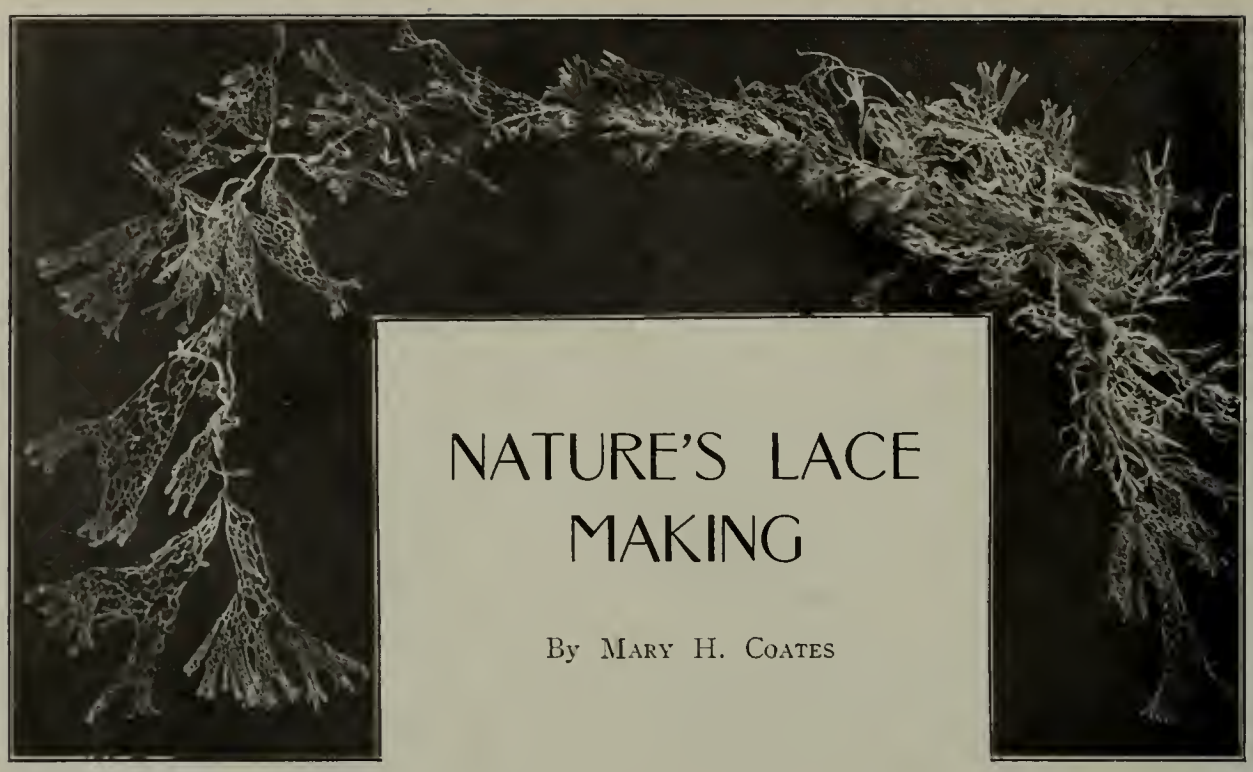
I ask but this—the bud-won way
Where singing mock-birds thrall the day,
And breezes rock the dryad's tree,
Lilting an unwrit symphony.

I ask but this—a star-strewn night,
With natant scents; and, stoled in white,
The blossomed trees—and you alone
To share the sweetness I have known.

HYPOCRISY

THE Nazarite who kneels before his shrine,
Mindless of all the splendors cast around:
The sweetness of the buds that dot the ground;
The golden splendor of the stars that shine
Of marvelous omnipotence; the sound
Of dreaming leaves, wind-kissed, where trees abound;
In Heavens where a gray moon reigns—a sign
He, Lord, is no fair worshipper of thine!

The Nazarite who sees no beauty in
The cloth of Nature is of narrow mind,
And his religion is a cloak to be
The gived hood of some black, frowning sin,
Beneath the pious pall of it confined;
He, Lord, is no fair worshipper to thee!



NATURE'S LACE MAKING

By Mary H. Coates

WHEREVER a green thing can grow, from the redwood's deepest shade to the rim of the ice-fields and the scorching precincts of the desert, there, too, can be found some specimen of nature's laces. The search for these quaint treasures is full of happy surprises, a revenue inexhaustible; and a scrapbook of samples makes an ever-growing delight.

The alert, yet unobtrusive lace-wearer herself counts ways and means endless. To her the castoff and the scorned represent some later wondrous fabric; to things of spent beauty she gives grace anew, and the seemingly most unlikely nook is propitious to the presence of her lace loom.

"Ghosts," said a lad, as he hastily crept down a ladder after a peep up into an unused attic of an ivy-covered farm house "where rolls the Oregon." "It's full of ghosts!" Truly. The spectre, waxen white, hung from rafter and beam—inquisitive, trespassing, bleached sprays of ivy—in the velvety dusk of the windowless attic as distinct, as softly beautiful as if they were streamers of Brussels applique work.

Many a unique bit of nature's weaving escapes casual notice though conspicuously placed. The brown, thready sheath which protects the budding fronds of the date palm is very nearly a duplicate of a fabric fashioned by human weavers, burlap in texture, color, mesh and strength.

The cultivated garden is a circuit of lace patterns. Shake out the seeds from the common carrot blossom and there is left a disk of orderly-arranged, perfect, minute wheels—Mexican drawn work! The surface designs of the burr of "mourning-bride," the dial of the poppy pod, the profile of the milkweed's down-globe, and the clematis feather have fanciful outlines.

The fields of the wild are prolific in lace drawings. Climb the sagebrush slopes at the time when the coyote is making his last surreptitious visits to the vineyard, and the sun has turned the dodder's gaudy glory brown as the tresses of some wood nymph astray and half concealed. Wherever your steps lead, there you can find delicately-etched laces, remembrances of the year's floral gaiety; soft phantoms of whispering bells, rosettes of golden stars, medallions of chias.

Go again when the last rains of winter have shaken the artemisia's tiny bells into ragged furzy fringes, and the quail have scattered. Afar can be descried the wild buckwheat's spick-span epaulets of gold lace, the intricate braiding of the "tangled skein of

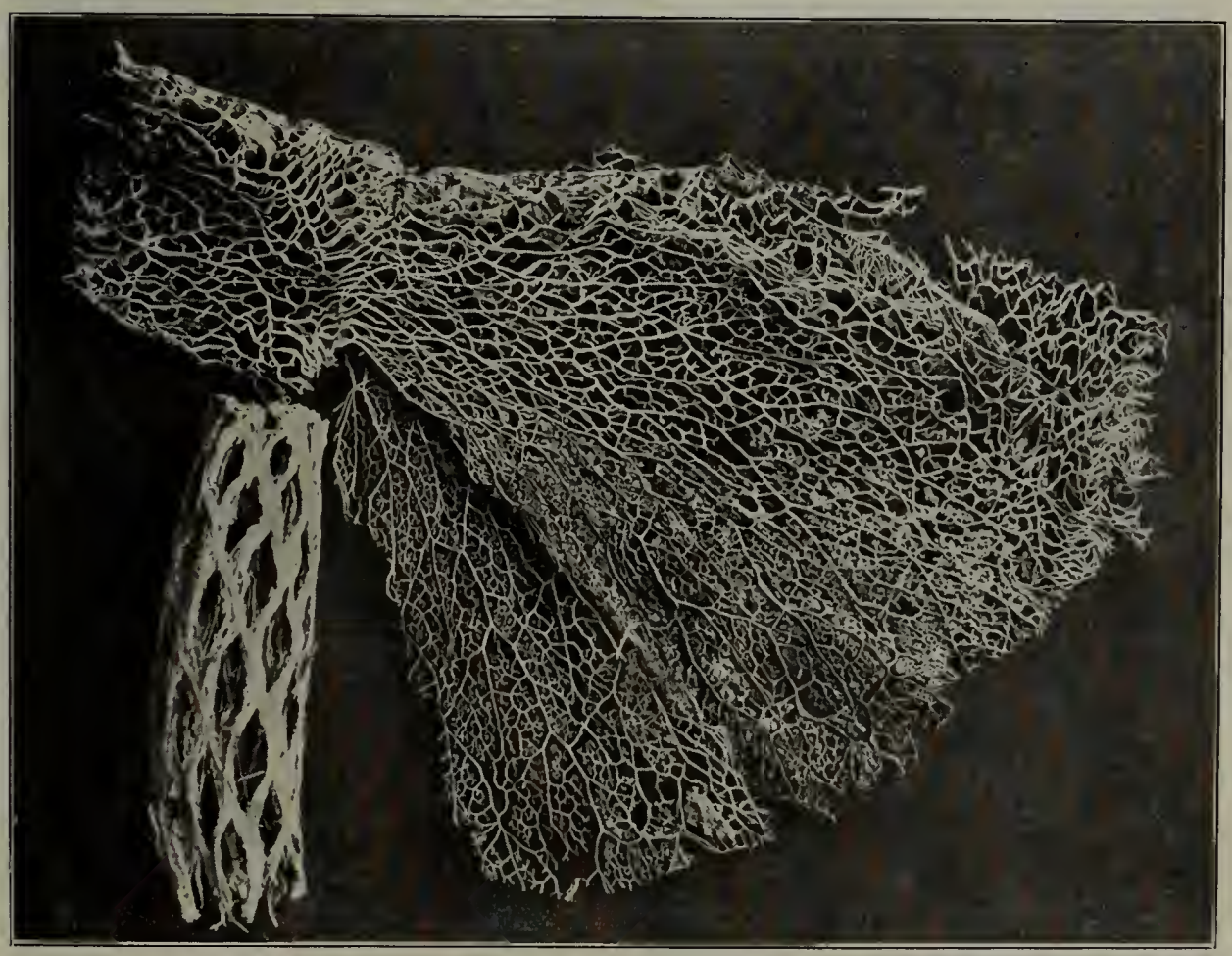
silk,"—thief and worse of its savior and nearest neighbor; foe of farmer and bee-man; adored of sweethearts—for, may not Edwin and Alice trysting, forecasting together by transplanting tendrils of the "love vine," read each other's heart—"loves me, loves me not," as the wisps of gold thread flourish or wither.

On these same slopes, from Santa Barbara southward, nature carelessly leaves a lace jewel-casket, beautiful creation though it seems but an oblong amber pincushion turned wrong side out. It really is a marvel of lace construction. The cells for the agate-mottled jewels of the wild cucumber are triangles of whitest lace rolled and sealed as deftly as human hands coil paper cornucopias. The four tiny chambers are braced together and neatly overlaid with a wee white lace kerchief; the whole affair protected by a repelling, disguising coat of bristles. Seek it at its best, when the weaver uncurls the tip into a half-opened lace lily, about the time when blackbirds first fly in slanting shadows.

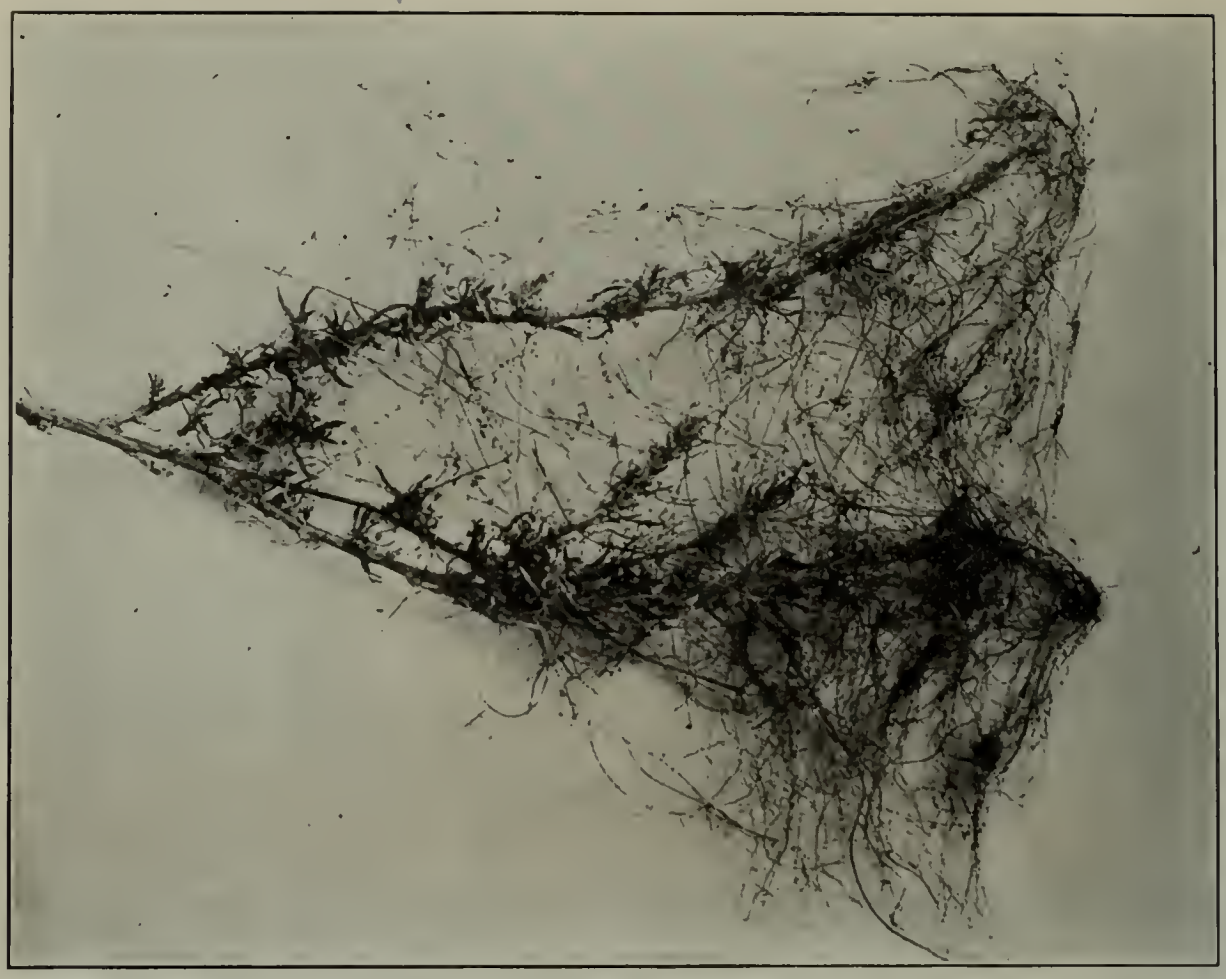
The wicked cylinders of the chollo cactus, and the tuna's openwork—the fibrous frame divested of cover and pulp—are familiar objects; but the prickly pear's secret is that its oblong lace leaf can be split broadside into many leaves. The original openwork leaf, usually an inch thick, can be sliced off in layers almost as easily as removing sheets from a writing pad; each layer or lace leaf perfect from tip to base, strong, durable, thin as tissue silk, or however thin a shaving can be started the whole leaf can be pared off.

The cool, shady brookside, so antipodal to the regions of burning sands, is a favorite spot of nature's for making the same sort of lace. There grows the alder, down-dropping its leaves severed by chance before the emerald has been displaced by russet—dropping them into the trickly chinks between pebbles there to remain till some propitious time to drift away leaves of filmy threads.

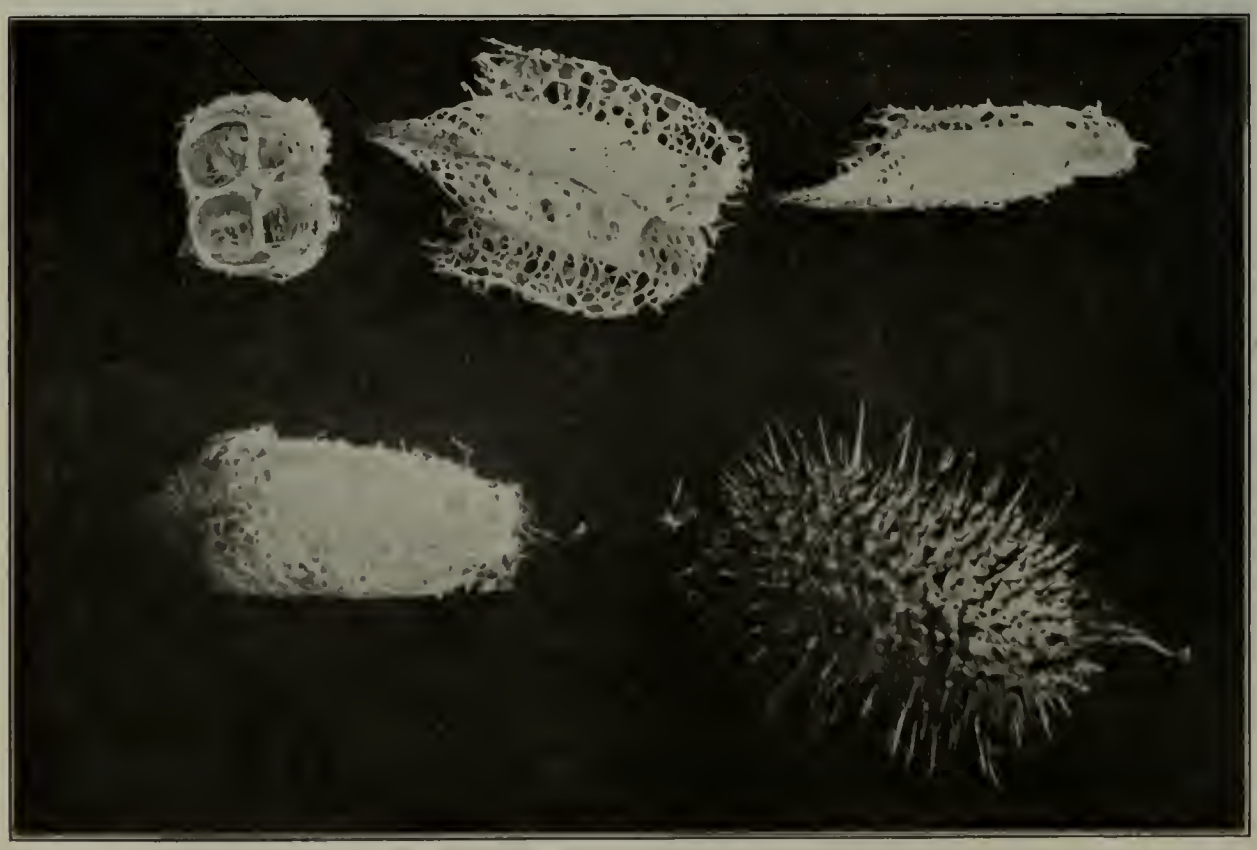
Never any opportunity of unexpected circumstance for lace weaving escapes nature's notice. Once, in the Humboldt forests, a



Lace of Cholla and Tuna Cacti



Lace of Gold Thread



A Lace Jewel Casket

growing limb of a young redwood was accidentally imprisoned under a pile of newly-cut cordwood; later, when the wood was removed, the released growing limb shone startlingly distinct in the sylvan shade, a spray of exquisitely carved ivory.

The daintiest, truest of nature's lace is one also interesting because of its family history: Some of the members are among the first vegetables to inhabit a newly formed country, and the last to leave when it will no longer support life. In common guise this one hangs in festoons from trees—buckeye, pine, oak, swaying in the breeze from off the Pacific. Just harsh, shreddy gray moss! Ah, but wait till the moistening fog comes in from sea; then steal out from your tent, select a strand of this pendent gray that has not been whipped to tatters against the tree; lay it upon a dark surface, and spread out the soft clinging web.

What a revelation of lace beauty! A chaplet of airy lace leaves, the pairing two sorts perfect in design and marvelously wrought, scarcely less beautiful than a prize of man's handiwork. Witchingly attractive it is, too, because of its secret of open concealment as just gray tree-moss.

Lace Sheathing of the Palm

NOVEMBER

THE uplands are aflame in dull maroon,
And yellow are the fields with ripened grain.
While every sumac shows a ruddy stain,
And every tree top wears a gay festoon;
Leaves, vari-colored, recklessly are strewn,
Their gorgeous masses clothing hill and plain,
So soon to feel the merry feet again
Of rustic dancers 'neath the harvest moon.

But comes a little wind across the lea,
Fitful and chill, a silent prophecy!

Anonymous.

A WINTER ON HOOD CANAL

By Katharine R. Franck

PART I

HOW would you like to go up to Hood Canal Country for two or three months?" This question The Man asked The Woman one day late in October of 1903.

"I'd like it better than anything. Why do you ask?"

"Anton wants me to go with him to fish for salmon this winter, and I have a notion to do it. They laid off fifty more men in the Navy Yard yesterday, and when the job of concrete finishing I am on now is done there'll be no more show for me in the Yard before next spring. Anton says that we can make more than a good living. I can take a half interest in the net and we will share alike in the proceeds."

"Oh, honey; let's go! We have been wanting to see that part of the country and this is a good chance." So it was settled, and a few days later they set sail on a trim little sloop belonging to Anton, the fisherman. It had a cabin "built for two" but by swinging a hammock at night it was made to accommodate the three quite comfortably.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they got away from Port Orchard. There was a light fair wind blowing: a sullen sea and sky.

"We ought to make Agate Passage before dark with this wind," said Anton. "We can anchor in Port Madison for the night."

"Talk about the poetry of motion!" exclaimed The Woman, whose first trip by sail boat this was. "People who have never been on a sailboat don't know what that means. I wish the Spy belonged to me. Isn't she a darling! Just see how she cuts the water, and how gracefully she skims along. Oh this is something like life!"

"I have an idea you will be thinking it is something like death, by this time tomorrow." The Man said that, winking slyly in Anton's direction.

"If you mean by that that you think I shall be seasick, I tell you right now that I sha'n't be; ever, the least bit," declared The Woman. We pause in our narrative to state that she never was.

"We'll see," laughed Anton. His eyes were glowing with pleasure at The Woman's expression of admiration of the Spy. He was a capital sailor and knew the good points of a boat as Frank James knows those of a race horse. As a mother loves hearing the praises of her baby sung, so Anton relished hearing those of the Spy.

"If I should ever be asked to describe the Spy how should I do it?" asked The Woman, addressing Anton.

"Well you can say she is twenty-seven feet over all: has an eight-foot beam; a twenty-three-hundred-pound fin keel. Her draught is six feet two inches—"

"What does that mean?"

"Why goose!" interposed The Man, "that means the amount of water she draws, or the depth at which she will float."

"Oh," said The Woman, in a tone which indicated enlightenment. "I thought maybe it meant something about ventilation, in the cabin—"

The two men shouted with laughter, The Woman joining them, albeit a little reluctantly.

"Oh, well, if you don't advertise your ignorance sometimes you'll never learn anything. Go on Anton, please!"

"She has a jib and mains'l. Her mains'l is—"

"Oh goodness, I never could remember the half of that! I will just tell them she is the prettiest, smuggest, most graceful thing that ever fluttered a rag, and let it go at that."

"All right. I guess most land lubbers would understand that description better than another, anyhow."

It was nearly dark when they neared Agate Passage, and The Woman, seeing the narrow entrance, exclaimed:

"I don't believe the Spy will ever go through there!"

The Spy

"Oh! yes, she will." Anton spoke confidently, and under his skillful guidance the Spy slipped through like a swallow, and was soon at anchor in Port Madison. They ate supper, made all snug and turned in.

After The Woman had settled herself in the rather small but very cozy and comfortable bunk close up in the fore part of the cabin, she noticed that the ceiling seemed very close to her face, and she had a queer feeling of being "cooped up" and smothering. Suddenly she felt wildly nervous and as if she must scream or jump up and run out on deck. Her throat throbbed; perspiration broke out all over her. The conviction came to her that she was in the first stage of sea-sickness, and her heart seemed to sink. She turned resolutely on her side, closed her eyes, and silently "monologued" herself thus: "Go to sleep, you silly; you're not going to be seasick, you're *not!*" She drew some slow, deep breaths, the nervousness left her, and soon the lapping of the waves against the boat's sides and the gentle rocking had lulled her to sleep.

They arose at daybreak, to find a morning cool and murky, an out-going tide, and a strong head wind blowing. The Woman, clad in "slicker" and "Sou'wester" to protect her from the flying spray, was allowed to hold the tiller, and given her first lesson in handling of a sailboat.

"Watch the mains'l," said Anton, "and keep her up in the wind so you can see just that little flutter in the sail close up to the mast. That's what I call her pulse."

To The Woman it was marvelous to see how the boat responded to her lightest touch upon the tiller. Going forward so swiftly and gracefully. Quivering, eager; gliding from wave to wave like some big white-winged bird.

"What point is that?" asked The Man, indicating a rocky promontory to the left, in front of them.

"That's Jefferson Head, and we'll have to give her a wide berth, for the way the tide runs around there is a fright," said Anton.

"I am afraid of those lines on that skiff, Anton. We're going to have trouble sure," said The Man, as they were beating round Jefferson Head. They had in tow the big seine boat, in which, besides the net, were tools and boxes of supplies.

"Oh I guess she'll hold on all right," answered Anton. He had hardly ceased speaking when one of the ropes broke. Anton uttered a cry, and seizing the tiller threw it "hard over." Telling The Woman to "hold her there" he grabbed a boat-hook and went

to the assistance of The Man, who was endeavoring with the remaining tow line to pull the skiff alongside.

It required all The Woman's strength to do as she had been told, and finally she had to sit flat down on the floor in the cockpit and "hold her over" for dear life, squealing with delight when a foam-crested wave dashed clear over her. The sturdy little Spy, poising for a moment on the top of a wave would give a defiant little shake through all her graceful form, then leap to another.

"Hold her for all you're worth!" yelled Anton, who had succeeded in getting the skiff alongside, and was proceeding to make it fast with a strong rope.

"That was the most fun I ever had," sighed The Woman, after they had resumed their journey and were skeedadling toward Point No Point.

"Fun!" quoth The Man, and The Woman and Anton laughed at his tone, and his look of surprised disapproval.

"I'll take fun in a little different form myself. I guess you didn't realize what a ticklish place we were in."

"Maybe I didn't," admitted The Woman. "Back East, you know, they always told me that the reason I wasn't afraid of cyclones and thunder storms was that I hadn't sense enough to be. I just can't be afraid of Nature's freaks and fierce moods. I love them!"

"You'll do. You'll make a sailor," laughed Anton.

"Not I," said The Man. "I am just the reverse of dying to do this sort of thing for a living. I love Nature in all her moods, but I prefer viewing a storm at sea with my feet on the good old solid ground."

The wind increased steadily, and by the time they reached Point No Point was driving a fine, cold rain before it.

"We'll have to stay here tonight," declared Anton. "I don't want to try to make it round the point in this gale. It'd be worse at Foulweather Bluff, and dark besides."

They dropped anchor on the lee of the

On the Hood Canal

Point, and all night the boat pitched and rolled; the rain fell heavily till nearly morning, when it ceased and the wind changed to fair.

"How would you like to live there?" asked The Man of The Woman, as shortly after daybreak they rounded Point No Point, headed for Foulweather Bluff.

"It's an awfully lonesome looking place," answered The Woman; "but I believe I'd like it for a while—till I had seen one or two big storms. Do you know, I would love to see a ship wrecked; if there was no person hurt or drowned, of course."

"Well, you needn't want to ever be mixed up in anything like that yourself," said Anton. The Woman, scenting a story, asked eagerly:

"Were you ever ship-wrecked, Anton?"

"Yes; and more than once. Came near going to Davy's locker twice."

"Where? On the Sound?"

"Once. Twice in Norway. I'll tell you about it some day if you like."

At Fairweather Bluff they encountered a choppy sea, a swift strong tide-rip; and masses of kelp, which, entangling the keel, threatened to impede progress altogether.

"I don't see anything very 'foul' about this," said The Woman. "You seemed to dread this point all the time, and I was in hope we would have some more fun like that we had off Jefferson Head." Then she laughed at the expression on The Man's face.

"Aren't you folks hungry? I'm half starved. Can't we get something to eat?" asked The Woman. "We had breakfast so early and I didn't eat much."

"You can try if you want to," said Anton; "but I think you'll find it hard work." She did. The boat rocked, then pitched, then jumped; righting herself she pitched again, stood upon one side, then the other.

"I believe I would rather be hungry than get a meal under such difficulties," declared The Woman, holding on to the coffeepot, while The Man grabbed the fryingpan just in time to "save the bacon."

By the time they had managed to eat a little food and drink some coffee they were nearing Hood Head and the entrance to Hood Canal.

Anton

"Is Hood Head an Island?" asked The Man. "It looks as if there is a passage between it and the mainland."

"No," answered Anton; "it is a round peninsula; there is a very narrow neck of land connects it with the main land. That long sandy spit that runs out from the Head is 'Whiskey Spit.' There on the left as we round the Head is Port Gamble. They have there one of the biggest sawmills on the Sound."

"We seem to have passed into another world," exclaimed The Woman. "It is so much warmer. There is no rain and hardly any wind; and the water is blue instead of the color of an old pewter spoon.

(To be Continued)

Good Halibut Weather

(*See opposite page*)

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "Stillhunter"

No. X—HALIBUT SPEARING

ONE of the most peculiar fish that swims the sea, yet one of the most easily caught; one of the most often seen yet one of the least known, is the halibut, close kin to the turbot and the sole and the flounder.

In every lagoon from San Francisco—and possibly further north—to an equal distance south of the equator; along every stretch of level sandy beach where the water is not too rough, there will be found halibut innumerable. In places which are well fished out, either for the market or for sport, the fish will be small, but out further in deeper waters, or in the estuaries where few anglers congregate, may be taken halibut which weigh up to twenty-five pounds and presumably more.

Living on the bottom of the sea all its life, seldom rising more than a few inches from the sand even when on the move or in search for food, it partakes of the ooze and slime of its habitat. The belly is always white, like the belly of a snake, the back brown or mottled, the better to simulate the surroundings amid which it lives. Both eyes are, of course, on the top of the fish's body, so that it shall have the full benefit of both in seeing through the more or less murky water next to the sand on which it lies.

Fresh hauled from the sea, innumerable parasites, called "sea lice," run down its shining back, scurrying back to the water, if the fish be caught from the shore, or hiding immediately in the cracks of the floor if it be taken on a wharf. These minute crustaceans seem to inhabit only healthy fish, at least it is a belief among fishermen that a halibut which is not so populated is unfit for food, and many dozen are thrown away each year by the market anglers of southern beaches for no other reason than this.

These sea lice are supposed to be found only on the halibut and its kindred of the floor of the sea, but in fact search will reveal them on stingrays and shovel nose rays and the small flat creatures of all sorts that pass their lives on the sands of the deeper waters

But, with all these features, which decidedly do not help the halibut's appearance, and the added fact that he has not a drop of game blood in his sluggish veins, he is a right good fellow when it comes to the table. Few fish are better when well prepared, and if cooked as soon as as taken from the sea, much of the dryness which characterizes halibut bought in the market is overcome.

Especially is this true of the smaller sizes. There is little in the way of fish which can beat a one or two-pound halibut, rightly prepared; but as a rule, these flat creatures do not bite well when so small, seemingly being provided with some sort of mental guardian which takes care of them out of their babyhood days—and then leaves them to be caught on any old kind of bait by the rankest tyro at the fishing game.

In deep water, whence the monster halibut of the markets come, the fisherman, armed with a half thousand feet of rope and a window weight for a sinker, can pull fifteen and twenty pounders in without much trouble; but in the lagoons, when a fish of half either of these weights is hooked on light tackle, there is hard work a-plenty ahead of the angler.

Owing to the shape of the fish, and its extremely prehensile body, it can get and maintain a surprising grip on the water, and while the "fight" principally consists in a struggle between the fisherman and the water, it is, nevertheless, a severe test

of the strength of tackle, and of skill in avoiding breakage.

Most of the halibut taken off the south coast are caught from the ends of wharves on hand lines. The outfit for this game is the usual shark line—a young clothes' line from your back yard will do—to the end of which is attached a wire leader of some sort, for the teeth of the halibut are far too sharp to waste gut or cord leaders on, and a hunk of bait of almost any sort. When the small smelt or anchovies are running they make good lures, used alive. Some anglers there be who will use nothing but live bait for these fish, but it is not at all necessary; a good sized chunk of liver is fully as good and as productive of results.

Sharks and rays, however, are a bit more likely to go after the liver and so make trouble for the fisherman than they are after the small fish. These nuisances of the deep are always present in abundance wherever there are any halibut to be had, probably because their food and their habitat are much like those of the edible fish.

And when you get a halibut on your hand line just pull him in without delay, for while he generally swallows the hook, he also has the unpleasant habit of moving up on the leader and biting the line as soon as he gets above the wire. Apparently a full-grown halibut has no objection to a steady diet of hooks—I have cut four from the stomach of one fish, and he only weighed six pounds. Besides these four he had also swallowed my hook, and while exploring for it I found the others. Possibly he digested two or three before I investigated his internal arrangements, though I could find no signs of rust in his stomach.

Taken on a light rod and line, there is some art in waiting for the full bite of the halibut, for he is a very deliberate feeder and will approach your lure from all sides before taking hold on it, rubbing his nose over it fondly before he finally makes up his mind that he needs it in his business, and at last picking it up so leisurely that unless you know him very well you will scarcely feel the strike.

When he is hooked, however, he is on there to stay unless your tackle gives way to his strength. There are none of the rushes which a yellowfin or a surf fish or, in fact, any of the other in-shore fish would give, merely a steady drag on the line. And you don't have to worry for fear you will lose him on account of his tender mouth, for this member is second only to that of a shark for toughness. No hook was ever known to pull out of a halibut's mouth, and when he gets hold of the barb his sole idea seems to be to lay back on it and stick it just as far into his throat or his stomach as he can.

Bait casting for halibut in a lagoon is not so bad where one can run a chance of getting a twenty-five or thirty pounder for his trouble, but most of these big fellows are gone from the accessible "mud holes" along the south coast. In the estuary at Alameda Bay, in the bay at Anaheim Landing, and in the lagoon at Old Ballona Harbor there were once many, many halibut, waiting to be taken, either by line or by spear, and usually by the latter method when a boat was available.

To most of my readers of the younger generation the names of these beaches will be as Greek; be it known therefore that they are now down on the map as Naples, Bay City and Playa del Rey, but in the old days, before the real estate man came, they had more fish in their bays, even though they may have had fewer launches and lesser numbers of white lot stakes along the shore.

To my mind, the spearing of halibut, where the fish are sufficiently plentiful to make the sport interesting, is one of the best games in all the calendar the outdoors of the Southwest can furnish. First of all you get a boat which is not easily tipped over—I suspect it would be called a batteau in the East or North or South—out here they call them "mud-scows." In any event, get a mud-scow somewhere, get into the bow of it, provided you know how and are going to do the spearing, with a man in the stern to pole the thing, and, provided you have a spear—a little "lily iron" with about 100 feet of rope is the best thing I ever saw—you are off for the roost of the halibut.

Now it so happens that halibut feed at all hours of the day, and that between eating times great numbers of the flat fish lie idle along the edges of the lagoon,

where the water is not more than a few inches deep. Their eyesight is very keen, however; indeed they seem to feel rather than see an enemy coming and they can be approached only with the greatest of caution, even by men in a boat.

With the man in the bow crouched, spear raised, his eye glued to the shallow bottom over which the flat bed of the punt almost scrapes, the man in the back of the boat poles it slowly along, just as close to the shore line of the lagoon as he can possibly get. Suddenly the man in the bow stiffens, the man in the stern sinks his pole in the soft mud, and for the brief space of a breath the punt stands perfectly still. High up on his knees raises the spearman, down falls his bare arm, and with scarcely a splash the spear sinks through water and fish often to bury its barbed head in the bed of the lagoon.

The rope coiled back of the spearsman is fastened to the head of his weapon, the handle of which comes off as soon as the strike is made, and floats on the quiet water a few feet away. Then it is merely a case of trusting in the firm hold the spearhead has in the fish and of pulling with might and main on the rope. Sometimes, however, this sort of fishing has its unpleasant side, especially when a huge stingray is struck by mistake for a halibut, and is hauled into the boat in the half dusk of some autumn evening, when it is practically impossible to tell what manner of thing one has caught.

I have never seen torches used in this kind of fishing, but I suppose they would be a success, since the halibut which lie in the shallow water would be all the more readily attracted by the glare of the flames so close to their resting place. At Playa del Rey, the lagoon, which is very long and winding, is particularly good for such fishing, and has yielded several fine fish, both on line and on spear, to the writer. While standing on the shore of the old Playa del Rey Lagoon, when it was known as Ballona, before wharves or buildings other than a couple of Mexican hovels had been erected, I saw, about ten years ago, a barefooted Mexican lad of twelve years or thereabouts, fishing with a one-tine homemade spear. For some time I watched

Stingray

his crafty creeping along the bank; evidently he was looking for halibut as much as I was, only I had a hand line and he did not.

He had no retaining line on his spear, but the handle was of bamboo and was at least twelve feet long, towering away up into the air above his elfin head. All at once I saw him drop down flat on his belly, where a little sand bank overhung a corner of the lagoon where the water was possibly a foot deep. For some time he lay there, perfectly silent, his spear handle turned back over his shoulder, the barb pointing at the lagoon below.

All at once he stiffened out. With both his little arms he raised the spear well

above his head, then drove it down with all his strength into the water below. Almost instantly he was on his feet, pulling with a will at the handle of his spear. And presently, for of course I had dropped my hand line and run over to see what was going on, up came one of the big flat fellows which could not have weighed less than fifteen pounds. Then away he trudged, the fish thrown over his shoulder, the proudest fisherman on the south coast that day.

Off Iceland, where halibut fishing is one of the mainstays of national life, professional fishermen bring in some huge fish. Three hundred pounds is no unusual weight, and from that on up they scale to nearly twice as much the size of these fellows that you and I eat salted down for "codfish" runs. But a halibut in salt and a halibut in salt water are two very different things, and the taking of 300-pounders in the North Sea on great set lines miles long is quite different from hauling in twenty and twenty-fivers out of the warm ocean of Southern California.

And yet, when one tires of the rods and the reels and the mand lines, it is a good game to get out in the old flat-bottomed punt, with some one to pole for you, and just creep around the lagoon until you see that filmy shadow beneath the bow. Then, if you can, strike him hard and sure with the lily iron or the home-made spear, manufactured from an old rasp and a shovel handle, and lift him vaingloriously over the side of the boat, to be admired by your companion. But if he happens to be a stingray, and you pull him into the boat—then scatter until some one can get a knife into him. No one ever yet invented a use for the stingray; I judge that he lives solely because he is too ornery to die; at any rate he is a most feared beastie, and the chief foe to a good time with the halibut, either on a line or with a spear.

BLOSSOM TIME ON THE DESERT

By Harry H. Dunn

FAMED as is California the world over for the beauty of its wild-flowered garden, the most gorgeously garbed of all that great bed of posies is the section the least often mentioned by those who choose to delineate the splendors of the Southwest. For, as the waste places of earth bring forth the sturdiest weeds, so does the vast sand plat of the California desert produce, in its brief blossom time, the most brilliantly beautiful garden of wild flowers that the entire State can boast.

And the time for blooming of the shrubs that grow on the desert is later than that of plants in more favored sections, so that the traveler, leaving the coast when the flowers are beginning to fade a bit in the heat of midsummer, comes to the desert in the time of greatest rainfall, when the grasses are most green and when the whole plain is one vast carpet of blossoms.

Whoever supposes that the desert is nothing but a rolling, barren patch of sand is very, very widely mistaken. There is sand on the desert, of course, great beds of it, but most of the sand patches are last remnants of the great Juro-Triassic sea, belts of what was once the shoreline, long rows of sandhills, lying as naturally back against the higher buttes as do the sandhills of the Pacific abut on the mountains of the coast where they come close down to the water. Otherwheres the floor of the desert is gravel, good friable earth, and hardpan through which, in many instances, a diamond drill will hardly cut, and beneath which there is usually water in abundance.

Where the sand is nothing grows, as is to be expected; where the hardpan underlies the soil nothing but short-rooted, short-lived annuals, grasses, primroses and the like can find food enough to bring themselves to blooming; but where the patches of decomposed granite and soft, friable earth are found, as yet uncovered by the sand and underlaid by hardpan only at a very great depth, there grow the most gorgeously hued flowers of all California. Water is and must ever be, a secondary consideration with the plants that bloom on the desert. They must be able to subsist from cloudburst to cloudburst, from heavy storm to heavy storm—for all the rainfall on the desert comes in torrents, not in the gentle showers we know on the coast.

There are two ways by which these plants may do this: By having roots that reach down deep enough to tap some of the subterranean sources of the springs that dot the desert, and by holding within their stems and leaves moisture enough to carry them over.

Of the former kind are the mesquite and the willows and several other hardwood shrubs which grow abundantly in all low places on the desert. Mesquite grows well in Death Valley, the hottest and the dryest place on earth. In the little canons that border the edge of this dried out sea bed there is much willow growth; indeed, a little farther over in the hills, toward the Nevada desert, there is a stream of considerable size called Willow Creek.

Greasewood, one of the most common and one of the most valuable of all desert shrubs, grows practically on top of the ground, having no tap root at all, so to speak, yet it thrives in the dryest and most barren spots. A roaring fire can be made of the green leaves of this shrub, and on this account it is invaluable to travelers through the desert. Its wood is very hard and dry and just how the plant gets moisture is something of a mystery to botanists.

Of the other kind of plants on the desert, i. e., those which must store up their moisture from one downpour to another, the various forms of cacti are the most common and most beautifully flowered examples. Indeed, the cactus, in all the many species into which it is divided, may be said to be the one typical emblem of the desert flora, comparable

The Giant Sahuara: Greasewood in Background

to the raven among birds, the "sidewinder" among reptiles and the pack rat among mammals.

Possibly the most gorgeous of all the cactus blooms is that of a species which puts up a long spike, fleshy and thick as are the leaves of all the cacti, and laden with huge blossoms, often as much as three inches across—which is very large for a wild blossom. As is common to its kind these flowers are odorless, save for a sort of sickening, green-gourd smell, which is found persistent in practically all the cacti save the night-blooming cereus which has quite a different odor.

This spike-like blossom stalk frequently rises from some solitary crevice in the rock, often where there is scarcely any earth visible; again it will be but one of many, shooting up from among beds of hundreds of its kind. In full bloom a bed of this sort is indescribably beautiful. No artist can paint—so limited are the colors of which he is master—the glowing dyes of the glossy petals; no pen can portray the magnificence of floral glory which spreads as a carpet over the level plain when, just at nightfall, the sun dips over the rim of the coastwise mountains, and its last rays limn the cactus beds.

Sometimes whole beds of this species of cactus will have blossoms of one uniform color; again they will be dyed with gold and pale pink and purple and creamy white, merging on the under parts into a rich claret. None of these colors are what might be called vivid, certainly none are glaring, yet they are invariably the first thing to attract the eye of the stranger treveling for the first time across the sandy steps of our Sahara.

Creeping along the ground, following the devious windings of some little dry wash there is another species of cactus, which, during the non-blooming season, looks like nothing so much as a jumbled pile of small twigs. When the first rain falls, however, there is a stirring among the dry branches. Soon huge buds appear, and in a day, it seems, so rapid is their growth, there come forth innumerable beautiful waxy flowers, each so deeply pink as to seem almost crimson. From a distance they appear as large drops of blood scattered over the earth. Drouth and sandstorms and lack of water have no terror for this flower-bearer; it spreads hither and yon, wherever it chooses, apparently able to carry moisture in abundance for its own needs, and so close to the ground that the sweeping simoons of the desert fail to lift it from its bed. So closely woven is it that the sand never buries it so deep that the next wind will not blow all the fine granules away and leave it free once more.

Then there is the ordinary, flat-leaved, prickly pear cactus, so well known on the coast side of the mountains. On the desert it is scarce, but is gradually growing more common, much to the delight of the Piutes, who love the luscious red fruit borne on the wide leaves. The blossoms of this variety are not beautiful, their color is generally a pale sickly yellow, but they add life to many an otherwise barren spot, and so do their part in filling in the desert world.

More curious still than any of these is the cactus whose roots die down when each blossom season is finished, and which lies on the desert, an inert mass, until the next rains fall, when it puts out fresh feeders, sinks

"The Hottest and Dryest Place on Earth"

them in the earth and once more bears flowers, fruit and seed. Occasionally, when the wind is strong enough, this cactus will be blown for miles along the level floor of the desert, until at length it is tumbled up against some sand pile or lava hill, and there makes a stand against the wind, because it can go no further. Blossoms from this plant are also pretty but delicate, and they fall very soon, as if in fear that the parent plant was again soon to begin another wandering journey over the earth.

A Desert Beauty

A Typical Desert Growth

Then there is the barrel cactus, a species which, often rising to a height of three or four feet, presents a hollow, cylindrical trunk to the winds which howl above its head. The bloom on this I have never seen, but I have been told that it never blooms, which seems quite probable in view of the fact that its most common way of reproduction is by throwing out small sprouts at the bottom and so forcing up a ring of new plants, in the midst of which the parent cactus dies down, leaving a ring of young "barrels" still coming up.

But there are other beautiful blossoming plants on the California desert beside the cacti. The mesquite is no slouch when it comes to putting out flowers, and its beans are among the most nourishing of earth's natural products when prepared after the manner of the Indians. Its wood, too, is hard, durable, and yet easily worked on lathe or table, and makes most artistic utensils for household use.

Innumerable small flowering plants fill the desert garden with color. Primroses and grass flowers and violets and a sort of wild poppy whose name I do not know, are among the number, while every flat has its own individual plants, so small that to name them would be a life work, yet each one perfect in itself, each one adding its quota to what is in reality one of the most perfectly blended pictures of all nature's kaleidoscopic panorama.

Along the rivers and around the springs, of course, plant life is much more abundant and much more beautiful, for no land on earth can bear flower and fruit like the desert when it is well and abundantly watered.

About the base of the huge elephantine head which projects from the wall of the lava butte back of Granite Wells, I counted no less than sixteen different plants in flower—and none of them were cacti—on one of my trips into Death Valley. Of the cactus tribe there were at least eight distinct varieties in flower within a circle of forty feet from the elephant's head. I judge from this that there is a subterranean stream flowing out of the mountain through this natural carving of the huge African beast.

November in California

A Gift from the Hills

PIER-FISHING

By F. W. Reid

IN SOUTHERN California the trout season ends with the month of October. But the angler is not therefore compelled to lay aside rod and reel till April comes round again. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, followed up the streams to their sources, and developed into land-imprisoned red-banded trout. Nor is there any close season for salt-water angling, except that which the fish themselves institute by their migrations. So during the mild southern winter, which is a cooler summer with the fog left out, Waltonians fling their lines from the piers and beaches.

There are all kinds of fish to be caught, from basking shark downwards. The great sporting fish of the Pacific, the tuna, and the smaller but no less combative yellow-tail are not to be looked for in midwinter. These "big game" of the salt water, which have made the name of Catalina Island famous the world over, do not come into the sporting calendar till much later. But there are any number of winter fish: croaker, pompano, yellow-fin, smelt and other kinds. These afford plenty of 'long-shore sport to the intiated, and a means of passing their time to many idle winter visitors.

To the casual onlooker, indeed, fishing from the pier seems a mere pastime. The scene suggests the opening of a play. It is a November morning, brilliant and calm. Out at the end of the pier, you have the sensation of being at sea, quietly anchored. Landward you look upon a strip of yellow beach; a line of houses, all of wood and painted in bright colors, and soaring above them the Moorish domes of the brand-new bath-house; in the background are mountains, recently carved out, it would seem, for every seam and wrinkle on their fronts is distinct as a chisel stroke. It is all like a stage setting; the sea is so vividly blue, the mountains so properly purple. You expect to hear an orchestra tune up somewhere, and the chorus of a nautical opera to occupy the center of those yellow sands.

Meanwhile the "sinker-shiers" have been quietly congregating. There are outfits on hire at the end of the pier: bamboo pole, reel and sinkers, all for 25 cents per diem, or about half what the combination is worth. But the man who is out for the day merely prefers to hire, rather than encumber himself with 15-feet of bamboo on the homeward trolley journey. Not so the local men. These old stagers bring their own equipment along, not forgetting a substantial lunch in a chip basket. They mean to stay by it all day and have packed along a supply of clams, which they dug out at the last neap-tide and reserved for bait.

The pier fishers are mostly men. Amongst them are a few sunbonnets, shading women of a hard-faced, thin-lipped type. Handling messy baits does not appeal to the winter tourist girl. It would soil her dainty dress, and then perhaps she has other fish, of St. Peter's kind, to fry. The men are of all sorts and conditions, classes and colors. Southern California is like a Midway Plaisance in its jumble of races.

The little man in the white sweater, with the new fishing basket, who is seated on the rail, is a Japanese of the clerk class. His complexion is like parchment, his voice and manner gentle; he is a different type from the Japanese coolies who will come bounding on to the pier after the five-o'clock whistle has blown; chestnut-colored men with ape-like faces and thick hairy arms. For these islanders of the

Pacific are all born fishermen and enjoy practicing their home-learned arts in foreign waters.

Of another shade of brown is yonder Mexican, the man with the flaming red tie round his neck. He represents old California. But the majority of the fishers are white. There are men in black shirts and overalls, laborers laid off, an old pensioner or two from the neighboring Soldiers' Home, in sombrero and dark blue uniform, and a mob of winter visitors. These last are mainly Americans from the cold inland States and Canadians, to whom salt water fishing is a novelty. You may read their autographs scribbled on the new white boards and their town names, as Winnipeg, Spokane, Grand Rapids, etc.

It is a silent crowd. Each man is intent upon his line, peering down into the greenish water as if he could summon fishes from the vasty deep by mere gazing. Every one has within reach a gaping clam shell, full of good meat for baiting the hooks, and the boards are greasy and littered with shreds of it. The rods are like their holders, some long, some short; solid bamboo poles all of one piece, stiff jointed, yellow lancewood rods, light bending steel Bristols, rods of all kinds and makes.

It is the gregarious habit, I suppose, that makes the fishers all cluster at one point on the pier, so that in profile they present the appearance of a line of soldiers with ported arms. To the casual stroller the results hardly seem to justify this formidable array of bristling rods, this charging of hooks, this whirling of leaden sinkers. There is "nothin' doin'" at the other end. Stay! Here is a man reeling up. His rod is in labor, but all that comes of it is a little yellow-fin, a ridiculous mouse of a fish to cost all that hauling.

Something is drumming nervously on the planks, a quick rat-tat. A boy has pulled up a sculpin, and does not like the looks of his catch. Like a terrier with a crab, he hesitates to take hold. It is an uncanny-looking fish, spotted like a tortoise-shell, its fins raying out into bayonet points; not very large, but formidable. An old soldier bids the boy keep his hands off, unless he wants to be badly stung, and pins the fish down with a short stick, while he cuts the hooks out. It is true enough that a scratch from the dorsal fin of a sculpin may turn to a nasty poisoned wound. But the meat of this odd-looking yellow and brown fish is sound and toothsome, cooked after removing the skin.

But if it is a long time between catches on the pier, there is more going on than meets the eye. There are bait stealers abroad. Some of the half-dozen hooks are being neatly robbed of their slices of squid or clam. If you are fishing with a handline, your fingers will be sensible every now and then of a gentle thrill communicated from below. The line is "busy," but it is stealthy business. You snatch the line smartly, but fail to strike. A piece of bait however has gone. Try to be a little quicker next time, and maybe you will grab the thief. It is most probably a kelp-fish, or kelpine, a little tawny fellow, three or four inches long, with a fringe of fin all down his back. He haunts the big beds of kelp, hiding under the leaves, and the vicinity of piers. When the water is clear, you can see the kelp fish sporting, playing tag round the balks, or floating idly, protected by their tawny color, in a pool amid the kelp jungle. They have a very discriminating touch, and know enough to nibble the bait off a hook, without getting caught by the barb.

Crabs and starfish are both apt to seize your bait. The latter usually hang on, and collectors sometimes obtain fine specimens on the wharves. But the angler's great trouble-breeder is the "hell-diver". Who gave it that name? I do not know, but the bird is a strong and deep diver, and the "hell" part of its name is probably what grammarians call an "intensive" expression of superlative quality. It is quite in keeping with Pacific Coast usage.

Well, this bird cannot resist a fish struggling on a hook. The game looks so easy. Mr. Diver opens his capacious bill, swallows the fish, and the line with all its hooks. Then comes the tug of war. The heavy bird instinctively somersaults. Twenty feet above it is the flexible resistance of a bamboo rod, a Japanese bamboo fighting in the native fashion of "jui-jitsu", stooping to conquer. If the line is a strong one, the bird soon gives in, finding that it

cannot swim against this unseen and paralyzing pressure. A limp bundle of black wet feathers, it is hauled up onto the pier. Then the angler has a surgical operation to perform before he can recover his hooks. These divers are very common about the wharves, and very bold. They will hide under the gunwale of a boat, in which sits a fisherman cleaning his catch, and will try to snatch a fish from his hand when he dips it in the water. I have seen one of these birds take up a position close to a fisherman, probably an old acquaintance, who had just rowed in with a boatload of fish. The diver's snaky neck followed every movement of the man's hand, and so teasing were his importunities that he had to cuff it aside, as a man does a too familiar and demonstrative cat.

These stealings and maraudings inject a little excitement into the monotony of pier angling. For when there are no hungry fish swimming around, the pastime is undeniably dull. It is the contemplative man's recreation, par excellence, and he can "moon" to his heart's content. A whole lazy morning drifts away as imperceptibly as the pearly mists that come and go upon the surface of the bay, and nothing to show for it. But what would you have? You are fishing on the edge of an enormous salt pond. The fish are swimming somewhere in that incalculable range that extends to the dim horizon. You must wait for things to come your way. Patience!

Having nothing particular to do with their time, the fishers do not quit as a rule. They lean on posts, hang to the railings in various attitudes, smoke pipes, roll cigarettes, chew gum, change their bait, cast their sinkers further out, and invent ingenious theories to account for the absence of fish. Any cause that occurs to a fertile fancy is used to stiffen vague opinions into an appearance of plausibility. It may be the mysterious Japanese current, or the "red water", which is produced by a multitude of minute phosphorescent creatures.

But if a school of wandering fish heads for the pier, how quickly the spirit of the scene changes. It is like the Palace of Sleeping Beauty after the spell was broken. The arrival of a large "swim" does not come unheralded. Out at sea there is a black troubled line on the placid blue. Pelicans are diving in grand style, sending up columns of spray, and a whole army of sea-birds is flying close to the surface of the water, snatching, screaming, gobbling. It is a general feeding time, and the traveling fish are as hungry as the predatory birds. So when the edge of the finny phalanx grazes the pier, someone has a bite and pulls up a beautiful, quivering, silver fish. "Hooray, boys! Smelt!" Smelt are good eating. There is a buzz of animation, the half-asleep gathering calls itself to order, and renews the bait on its hooks. The fun is about to begin.

It is soon raining fish on the planks. A dexterous flirt of the rod, a flash of silver in the air, and you have another drumming on the boards. There is no time for basketing fish; they are left to flap their lives out, the bright silver dulling to pearl and opal tints. Under the stress of competition individualities of character show themselves among the anglers. The methodical man, who has his bait ready cut for the hook and a spare line at hand, adds to his heap of fish surely and steadily. There is always some lucky shouting novice who cannot haul in his line without finding at least two fish on it. Then the ranks close in on the fortunate striker, and every one aims to cast his line where the fish bite in pairs. There is sure to be a hog fisherman in such a crowd. A big hulking fellow, he stalks up and hurls his heavy sinker on the top of his neighbor's line, contemptuously indifferent to "sporting rights." Some of these fellows have never fished before, and do not realize that they spoil their own chances as well as the other fellow's by "buttin' in."

But where a line of rods is closely ranked, awkward mishaps are bound to ensue. A lively fish is very apt to make a hop-vine tangle of your line with your next neighbor's in his struggles to get away. It is no true lover's knot that unites you, but a most unwelcome and constrained bond. However, this sort of accident must be received in a good-natured spirit. It is all in the day's work of pier fishing.

The occasional hooking of a big fish af-

fords excitement to the angler and amusement to the pier strollers. The plunging, tearing yellow-tail is not infrequently caught, or at any rate hooked, from the piers in the fall of the year. Later a small shark, or dog fish, is apt to come nosing in among the baited lines. He hooks himself and generally breaks the tackle. But some fellows fish with small cables and wire leaders; and the shark that connects with these has found his Waterloo. But he does not take defeat without a lively struggle, and his movements hither and thither throw the whole line of anglers into confusion. The prudent quickly gather in their lines to keep them out of the melee, for if the big fish heads their way his line will gather in all that it meets. The man who has hooked the shark must follow it, not that he wants the monster, but to save his tackle. Feeling like an Irishman leading a contrary pig, or the "fool at one end" of Byron's definition, he has to charge into his neighbors, willy-nilly. They do what they can to give him room, but there is always someone looking the other way, or too late, and then the bamboo poles go down with a crash, like ninepins in a bowling alley. "Quite a little circus," say the strollers.

They are ugly customers, these small sharks. They are gray on the back, white underneath, and the big slit of a mouth is placed some way back. The tail is characteristic. It is what zoologists call "heterocercal," with one lobe extraordinarily developed, quite different from the common symmetrical fish tail.

A word of two about the other kinds of fish the pier angler is likely to enter into relations with. The silver smelt we have mentioned already; it has, by the way, a touch of yellow on its pectorals. The yellow fin, a smaller fish, is more obviously colored. Neither of these fish run heavy, so the angler feels pretty sure of bringing them to basket. In fishing from a wharf, the ticklish time comes when you begin to haul in. The pier rail, or plank level if there is no rail, may be twenty feet above the surface of the water, and up to this height your captive must be hoisted. Suppose you have hooked a five-pound halibut, a flat fish as big as a tray. It is like winding up a heavy bucket out of a well, and the tension on your nerves is "equal and similar," as Euclid says, to the tension on the line. Lucky are you to pull him safely in, for the halibut is one of the prizes of the wharf, good for chowder or cutlets. But there's many a slip possible. If the tackle is old or "bum," off drops the halibut, down where McGinty went.

If there are rocks deposited at the end of the pier to form a breakwater, sheepshead will be likely to congregate there. They seem to like a hole scoured out by the tide under the shelter of rocks. In their way these fish are marine curiosities. Their colors are distinctly loud. Imagine a big flat oval body painted crimson lake in the center, and shading off into dusky purple and olive green. Then their teeth are more like the teeth of a dog than those of a respectable fish. They are long, white and pointed, admirably designed for perforating and crushing the shells of abalones and cockles. That is why the sheepshead likes the neighborhood of rocks, from which it can pick its shellfish food.

Indeed it belongs more with boat fishing on a rocky coast than with ordinary pier angling. A queer variety of this latter is "snagging for shiners." Shiners are the young, or small fry, of various species of salt-water fish. In the roily tide water of bays, like that of San Diego, they swim in great shoals, flashing like silver as they turn. In point of size a shiner is a mere "fingerling"—and a little fingerling at that—but like most small fishes its flesh is sweet and toothsome. There used to be an old Dutchman about the wharves at San Diego, who seemed to devote all his time to snagging shiners. He went to no outlay for bait. He equipped himself with a stiff pole and a long line, but no reel. To the line was tied a terrible array of hooks, arranged back to back triangle fashion. There must have been twenty or thirty of these barbed bunches on his line. A sinker carried this murderous outfit to the bottom, and Dutchy sat on a timber balk, montionless as a heron, waiting for a shoal of salt-water minnows to swim by. Then with a quick snatch of his wrist, he jerked the line up and out. If the shiners were thick together, his grab hooks

impaled two or three of them; and old Dutchy grinned with as much glee as if he had landed a halibut. He professed to prefer the small fry, and no one ever saw him do anything but "snag."

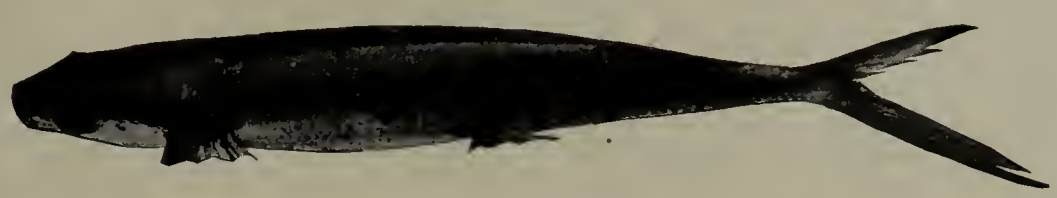
Then there are surf fish, which are supposed to inhabit the white, bubbling, foamy water, where the big rollers break. These fish are perches, flat and silvery, in shape somewhat like china plates, and about as broad as they are long. The dying fish change color. From silver the scales turn lilac, opaline, and show bluish soap-bubble hues. The bait used for these little fish is a kind of soft-shelled crustacean that burrows in the wet sand. Dig down where you see a small round hole, and you may discover a mauve-colored, many legged creature, something between a small crawfish and a millipede. This is the natural food of the perches and such fish as inhabit shoal water on sandy shores.

Some people don rubber boots, and wading into the surf fish the sea from its own level. This is a more exhilarating sport than pier fishing. The beach fisher moves about more, he has to plant his feet firmly to resist the backwash of strong tides, carries a long rod and casts his bait far out. Knee deep is as far in as he cares to go; but that is far enough to feel the buffet of the waves. He is a sturdy figure, standing up to the tide rush, facing the Pacific breezes and inhaling their salt-laden ozone. A veteran beach fisher acquires the complexion of a sailor, a healthy saline bronze; and his hands are roughened and cracked by much handling of lines wetted with sea water.

Whether the wader catches more fish on the average than his sedentary brother of the pier, it would be hard to say. One inclines to think he does. But the element of luck enters more into this 'longshore angling, whether beach or pier, than into any other kind, so that calculation is of very little use. When you fish for trout in a lake, there is something to guide your line—the spreading circle of a rise, the splash of a leaping fish. An ordinary lake, of limited extent, if not netted, soon becomes overstocked. It teems with hungry fish, forever swimming round and round and casting a not too critical eye on whatever falls into the water. Angling in a Sierra lake is a pretty sure thing. But in this vast salt herring pond where shall the fisher cast his bait? To what purpose build piers out into the deep, when the shoals are swimming perhaps beyond reach of rod? Few fish except the perches remain in shoal water. As for the rest, they swim hither and thither in search of food. Then there are the seasonal migrations to reckon with. The man who flings a baited line off a pier end has a few points of the fishing game in his favor: the water is roily, the fish are not lure-wise. But he has not the least idea where they are.

Still the sport or pastime is undeniably popular. To the majority it is a lounge in the sea air, with the appearance of occupation. Those who have adopted the languid, southern way of living, who have eaten the lotus and can spend a morning in a sun-bath, basking in the sand like a Neapolitan, find in it another variety of the "dolce far niente." Of such are the Sybarites one sometimes sees comfortably asleep, their heads pillowed on a balk of wood. They have tied their rods to a pier rail, and arranged a check to the reel, so that if a bite occurs the fish may perhaps hook itself.

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil—
Oh! rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."



A Magnificent Trophy

The beautiful moosehead above shown is the property of a well-known Seattle (Wash.) sportsman, Mr. Frank R. Atkins. It was killed by Indians in the Tanana district of Alaska and was mounted by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma. It is 72 inches in extreme spread of horns and has 34 points on the palms. The horns and skull before mounting weighed 105 pounds.

It is declared by authorities to be the largest perfect specimen extant, considering symmetry of palmation and beautiful color and pelage. There is but one larger head on record and it lacks many of the features which go to make Mr. Atkin's trophy the finest in the world.

OUR HUNT OF '98

By C. H. S.

PART I

WITH what longings did at least part of the gang look forward from the fall of '97, when our annual hunt ended, to the one of '98! With hearts beating high in anticipation we met and started from Pittsburg on the evening of September 18th. The four of us located ourselves comfortably, not to say luxuriously, in the drawing room of the sleeper for Chicago, at which point we arrived in due time on Monday. We "done up" the town, as usual, including one of the big abattoirs, where, among others of the animal kind, we saw all sorts of hogs killed except "game hogs." I suppose they will get their killing in the hereafter—it is to be hoped so!

We secured a drawing room in the Portland sleeper on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, got comfortably stowed away in our berths, and while the train rushed through the night, slept the sleep due to an easy, or elastic, conscience. From this time until Thursday, at 9:20 P. M., we divided our time between sleeping, visiting the dining car and playing "seven-up," with occasional glances at the country we were passing through.

We left the iron highway at Monida, Mont. At that point we transformed ourselves, taking off our store clothes, exchanging them for our hunting togs; and, taking only what was really necessary for the trip in the mountains, left the store clothes and trunks in the warehouse of the railroad station until our return.

One of the Yellowstone Park stages had just left, empty, to pass Henry Lake, where we wanted to go; and as the party who was to meet and take us there failed to materialize, we gave an old chap a dollar, and he, under the stimulating influence of that century plant, quickly saddled his cayuse and with a fabulous tale of the golden shower to be gained induced the driver to turn back. This stage was new, built to hold eight persons, softly cushioned, easy riding, and drawn by four good horses, the horses being changed three times in the fifty-six miles to the lake. As we went in a swinging trot, we made the distance in seven hours.

We arrived about sunset at the lake, where the guide, Dick Murry, who was to take charge of us, lived. The lake is a lovely sheet of water eight miles long and about two miles wide, with quite a number of islands in it, and is frequented by large numbers of wild geese, swans and ducks. Almost the entire distance from Monida to the lake the road runs along and through a lovely valley with a width of from five to ten miles, called Centennial Valley, occupied mostly by cattle ranches. At the upper or southern end is Red Rock Lake, with a length of fifteen miles, and from one to five miles width, filled mostly with small islands, a breeding place for many thousands of geese, swans and ducks. When we passed near the shore, which we did at one point, the water was covered with acres of ducks, and we saw white swans standing on the shore and resting on the water. A party of Butte (Mont.) sportsmen have a club house on this lake. A wealthy Pittsburg iron manufacturer has a club house on the shore of Henry Lake, and every year he spends several months there duck shooting. Henry Lake is the source of Snake River; another tributary, or South Fork, comes from Jackson's Lake in Wyoming.

We spent the night at Dick's ranch making our final preparations for cutting loose from civilization for a time. As we had to use a pack train from this point to the hunting country, a distance of 130 miles, we

further cut down our impedimenta, taking only in addition to what we stood in, one extra pair of shoes, one pair of socks, a suit of underwear, small toothbrush, piece of soap and one toothpick; some did not take the latter. The article which weighed the most was our ammunition. This reduction was necessary from the fact that the less we took the less packing had to be done night and morning.

A pack train is a number of horses, or mules, or both; the mule makes the best pack animal, as he has more intelligence than a horse as a general thing. Often I have seen a pack horse, on the trail or path, attempting to pass between two trees when his pack would be too wide to permit him to do so, struggle to get through, frequently tearing his pack partly off in the attempt. This necessitated the stopping of the whole train, taking off the entire pack and rearranging it, thus holding the procession fully a half hour, perhaps more.

The mule, in most cases, if he has had any experience at all, will fire his ears to as near a horizontal position as he can get them, size up the opening or passage way, and if, in his judgment, there is not room, will pass around; or if he finds his pack too wide will back gracefully out. John Mule is a useful animal. I hardly think our great and good Uncle Samuel could carry on his land defences and offensives (a new word) without our humble and generally-not-correctly-understood friend, John Mule.

The morning following our arrival at the lake (Friday, the 24th) was taken up by the rather exciting work of getting a herd of half-broken bronchos into the corral and roping them, which latter operation consists of a man—an expert—taking a long rope or lasso made of hemp, plaited leather or hair taken from horses' tails and woven into a rope, generally forty feet long, with a slip noose on one end, coiled in his hand, into the corral containing the half, and sometimes wholly, wild horses—a rushing, crowding, pushing mass—selecting the one he wants, and, swinging the lasso above his head a number of times until the animal wanted is in a favorable position, lets it fly. In almost every case, of course depending on the skill of the operator, the noose settles over the head and around the neck of the animal aimed at, and is quickly drawn tight; then let the animal struggle, rear, plunge, kick or throw himself as he will, he has to come to terms in the end; the lasso tightens more and more, and with the wind being shut off, he yields—not always gracefully—and is led outside and tied to a stake, and another roped until the required number is obtained.

The captured animals are then taken in hand to have the pack-saddles placed on them. A pack-saddle is somewhat similar to the form of a riding saddle before it is covered with leather and other ornaments, made of stout wood, and constructed to fit on either side of the animal's backbone. The two end pieces are each shaped like the letter X, with a broad, flat piece of wood, about eighteen or twenty inches long, fastened to the lower part of each of the X pieces, connecting them, thus giving a purchase on each side of the horse's back, making the saddle secure, and preventing it from turning with its load.

The saddle is then secured by two cinches (Spanish for girths), which pass under the animal's belly, one forward, the other back, and cinched or drawn very tightly, the forward cinch preventing the saddle and load slipping when the animal climbs a hill, the rear cinch a like office when going down grade. A heavy blanket or pack-pad is placed on the animal's back to protect it from injury; then the saddle is placed and secured. Two sacks or bags, made generally of stout canvas and leather, very like a postman's leather pouch, with heavy straps and buckle at each end, are then loaded with canned goods, flour, sugar, or anything there is to take, weighted so as to be about evenly balanced. Then the bag is lifted, and if placed on the right side of the animal the loop of strap is placed over the point of the X on the left side, and the other bag placed in a reverse way, permitting the one side of load to balance the other.

Then lengthwise of the animal between the forks of the X, are placed blankets—anything to be carried—until the weight of the load is from 150 to 225 pounds, according to the size and strength of the beast to be loaded. Then a canvas pack cover, or tent, maybe, covering the entire load, is thrown over all and roped down with cross-

ing and recrossing at every possible angle, and forming what is known in the wilds of the frontier as the single or double "diamond hitch," making the load as secure as it is possible to make it. This rope is drawn as tight as two strong men can draw it, and fastened to the cinch buckles. I have seen pack animals roped and cinched so tight that they would groan in misery.

Some pack outfits are made with breech strap to go around the hind-quarters of the beast, and a like band called a breast-strap to go around the chest, to prevent slipping backward or forward. This method only requires one cinch. Some like one kind, some the other. The animals, I don't think, like either.

Fourteen horses and one mule were finally roped and tied up to await the pack saddle and load. The seven saddle horses, and about three of the pack animals, were quiet enough, but the remaining five were cayuses in the full meaning of the term. Several had to have the blinders put on, that is, have a leather band fastened over their eyes, preventing them from seeing anything. In that condition they were more docile, and in a majority of cases permitted the adjustment of pack saddles and loads with little protest. But one roan mare would not have it under any pretext. With the blinders on she jumped and threw herself first against the heavy hitching-post until I thought she would break her neck, and then on the ground and lay there, and all the beating with rope ends, quirts, and so forth, failed to get her up. Finally, disgusted, they took off the blinders, loosed the rope, and run her out of the corral, a victor. We needed that mare pretty badly before we got back.

We had one little mule in the outfit, and she was a dandy! First she nearly broke her owner's neck getting her in off the range, and inducing her to come he nearly knocked her eye out with a lariat, and it was a circus every morning getting her pack on her. She would kick and buck from start to finish, and groan like a human; and in truth she was cinched so tight at times, and the protudence of stomach was so great between the fore and hind cinches, that I often thought that if one would pick her with a knife she would burst with a report like a thirteen-inch gun. When once on the trail, however, she was the best-behaved of the lot.

We finally got them all packed, and started a few minutes after 11 o'clock. When about ten miles out, and while going through the willows fringing the banks of the Snake River and preparing to cross that stream, our first diversion took place.

We had in the outfit a very handsome mare of the cayuse kind named Frenchy—so called because her owner was of French extraction. The brute was magnanimously loaned to Murry by her owner to break in. She had the reputation of being a very playful animal, and at various times in her mirthfulness she had bucked off every man who had attempted to ride her. Her last feat was tossing her owner over her head, breaking his collarbone and other little matters in his anatomy. She was a bird—at least one would think so to see her in the air.

They took extra pains in packing Frenchy and another mare named Queen, who also had a shady reputation. 'Tis singular how difficult the sex is to manage and control in the brute, as well as in the human. In that country the former are brought to submission by spurs, rope or club, while—well, as I'm an old bachelor, perhaps I'd better not say anything more. Oftentimes discretion is the better part of valor.

As I said before, Frenchy was packed carefully, and among other supplies placed on Miss Frenchy's back was a jug of fine eight-year-old whisky. I presume it was taken along for mince pies. The usual excuse is "to be used for snake bites;" but that excuse is old and bald-headed, and it's so *very* old it's lost its teeth.

In order to make everything safe, Frenchy was led by Murry, who rode in advance. The rest of the pack animals followed in loose order. I was riding next to Murry approaching the Snake. As Murry rode into the willows some of them tickled Miss Frenchy in the side, or flank, and instanter her heels went up in the blue. I would not like to say just how high they did go, but some of the boys swore they went as high as the highest peak in the neighboring range. Such bucking and kicking I never saw. She made a rush and very

nearly pulled Murry off his horse, and to save himself he had to let her go; and she went, a bucking and kicking to beat the band.

The first thing to sail toward the spiritual home was the spirits body. Up, up it sailed, but the law of attraction or gravitation was too much, and down it came, and one or two of the boys claim that Frenchy watched it closely, met it with her heels, and distributed small portions of the jug over a large part of the valley.

There was a strong odor of pie flavoring in the air, and Frenchy went up the Snake, scattering canned goods at every jump. She was finally rounded up, goods were gathered, repacked, and the march resumed as before; but there was a gloom overshadowing the faces of two of the party—a sadness, a gnawing grief which could not be overcome—was not dissipated during the entire trip—and I regret to say that this grief was not lessened during the trip by other members of the party when all hands were wet, cold and weary, asking these two unfortunates who lost the flavoring for their pies, "would you like to have one with me?" or "how high do you think Frenchy kicked that jug?" The answer was, as a rule, more emphatic than polite. I never alluded to it myself. While I always took my pie plain, I felt for the others. I will close the incident by remarking that on our return trip the willows on the spot where the jug fell were forty-five feet high.

We only made about eighteen miles that day, and on the approach of evening turned off the trail about a mile, and camped on Fish Run, a small tributary of the Snake. This place was an old camping spot evidently, was well concealed, and looked to me as if it had been a rustler's camp; I suspicioned that more than one band of horses and cattle, bearing various brands, had been held here for rest and feed. We unpacked our animals; made supper and enjoyed it; spread our blankets, and slept the sleep of tired men. We arose early the next morning, and while the cook prepared the meal of Dutch-oven bread and side-meat, or flitch, added to by prairie chicken which Mr. Brady shot the day before, some of us brought in the horses. They were repacked, which always occupied from two to two and a half hours, according to the amount of protest entered by the mule and the mare, Queen. Heavy packs were loaded on the untamed steeds in order that they might become tired out and show less spirit, but although they traveled all day without stopping, and at night had no feed but what grass they could get—and I never could see when they slept, for I could hear them feeding at any time I woke during the night—they appeared as fresh at the finish as at the start.

This was Saturday, September 24th. In the course of an hour we crossed the Snake again. This time it had become a stream of lovely, clear water, 150 yards wide and three feet deep. The roads were very dusty. About 2 o'clock we crossed the Snake and Buffalo streams united. At this point Mr. Shoop, the photographer of the outfit, crossed ahead of us, and as we crossed he took a picture of the gang.

We passed through numerous beaver meadows, or places where those animals had, in years agone, built dams across the river, causing it to overflow the adjacent country; in the quiet waters they built their houses, laid in their winter supply of twigs and bark, and enjoyed life. We saw hundreds of stumps of trees that had been cut down for dam building and food. Very few beavers exist now. The trappers have cleaned up the race. A few are in Yellowstone Park. *They* are safe.

About 4 o'clock we were treated to as poor an exhibition of wing shooting at prairie chickens as I ever saw. It was dreadful! I will draw the curtain.

We passed Osborn's ranch at 5 o'clock, and, going about a mile further, camped near a rapid little tributary of the Snake. There was plenty of trout in the stream, but a gaudy fly had no attraction for them, and we had no trout for supper.

I saw four wild ducks fly up the stream, and taking a shotgun I started to see if we could not have roast duck for supper. The stream was only about four or five feet wide, and monkeyed around like a snake. I could not get near enough for a shot; they were "two fly" for me—I guess it was "four fly." We ate supper, hobbled the horses, or some of them which were likely to stray,

turned in and slept like tops. Do tops sleep?

Sunday, the 25th. Up, breakfast, horses packed, saddled and away. At noon crossed the Warm river; could not see or feel any warmth about it; 'twas as cold and swifter than the Snake. Evening was at hand. After fording the Warm River four times we came to a Mormon sawmill, where they were engaged in sawing lumber for more of their faith in the lower settlements. We crossed the river again about a mile below the mill in order to get grass for our horses.

We had two dogs with us belonging to Dick Murry, one an English setter named Spot, a very intelligent animal, and a kind of left-handed brother of Spot's, called Coyote, who had a number of the traits of the wolf in him. It was amusing to see the way those two dogs looked difficulties in the face. On coming to a large stream fordable Spot would, without hesitation, jump in and be half way across before Coyote would make up his mind to venture. He would look and whine, and always took the water under protest. On striking shore Spot would go about any business he might have in view in a matter of fact way, but Coyote, on gaining land would jump about, bark, and strive to attract attention as much as to say: "I did it, and I'm the only dog that can do it!"

This camp was not the nicest, but we managed to live through the night.

Monday, the 26th. We traveled for hours over a wide, high kind of mesa, destitute of water and bushes or trees, finally arriving at and crossing a very rapid stream, the name of which I have forgotten. We camped that night on Squirrel Run, at what was called the Mormon Meadows, a large tract or park used years ago by Brigham Young's followers from which to get hay to winter feed their stock. A large log house and stable had been erected by them to use while cutting hay. I availed myself at this place to take a bath and get rid of some of the dust in which we had been riding the past two days.

Before reaching this camp I had a chance to try my rifle. In crossing a small park, riding ahead of the procession with Murry, I saw a coyote, or prairie wolf, rise out of the grass, probably 125 yards away, where he, no doubt, had been taking a nap. He stood broadside to us. I stopped my horse, got off, took my rifle out of the scabbard attached to the saddle, threw in a cartridge, took aim, and was just touching the trigger when one of the pack horses ran in front of the gun. This necessitated a change of position, which alarmed the coyote, who ran fifty yards further away, again stopping to gratify his curiosity, standing a little quartering. I held on his fore shoulder.

When the rifle cracked he gave a big jump backward, turned like a flash and was gone. I evidently sung the bullet close to his chest, and he wasn't going to run any more chances. First miss. Our camp at the meadows was a good one, and we enjoyed it.

Tuesday, the 27th, at 9:30 o'clock found us on the way. We soon struck the rising ground leading up to the Teton range of the Rocky Mountains. We crossed on the Teton pass, and were transferred from Idaho into Wyoming.

The attractive feature of this range is the three Teton peaks, which rear their ragged and lofty heads far into the blue. The grandeur of these peaks is indescribable. So precipitous are they that snow will not lay on their steep sides, but slides off and lays in deep masses in the huge crevices and gulches rent in their sides by some long ago convulsion of Nature. It is said, and no doubt it is so, that no man has ever been able to get to the top. They can be seen as far as the eye can see, and at Henry Lake, 100 miles away, I have seen the reflection of these giants in the water of that lake; and so wonderfully clear is the atmosphere in that country that I have seen these peaks on moonlight nights. These three peaks stand at the upper or Northern end of Jackson's Lake, and when the water is calm, which is generally the case, the reflection of these cloud-piercers is grand. I sat on my horse and looked, and looked again, and thought I could have spent hours in gazing into the depth of that quiet water at the magnificent sight—once seen, always to live in memory. That night we were camped near the head of Jackson's Lake, and supped royally on fried grouse, shot on the trail that afternoon.

Wednesday, the 28th. We started on our

last day's march before we would reach our permanent camp on Pacific Creek, thirty miles northeast of Jackson's Lake.

At 10 o'clock we met a gentleman, quite by accident on both our parts (although he makes it a rule to camp about this time of year right on the trail) by the name of Manning. We stopped and discussed the game prospects, past, present and future, with this gentleman; found him most entertaining; gave us a vast fund of information from which to draw in the future, and, on leaving us with much and mutual regrets, in a most winning way, borrowed for the State of Wyoming and self, $90. We each received in return a small piece of paper, which he assured us gave us license to hunt in the great, but financially-embarrassed, State of Wyoming. Some of the boys unkindly remarked that it was a certificate of having one's leg pulled.

About noon we passed a beautiful lake, Two Ocean, a mile wide in some places and four miles long. The guides said it contained vast numbers of fish; and, situated so far from civilization, it must be a great resort for ducks and geese.

We went into camp on Pacific Creek at 3:30 P. M., our movements hurried by a snow storm. We got the animals unpacked and little tents up, however, before the snow fell in any great quantity. As the dusk of evening closed around us the cook claimed he heard an elk whistle on the side of the hill, but I rather think he imagined it.

Thursday, the 29th, we awoke to find four inches of snow on the ground, a fine morning, and conditions for hunting could not have been better. So, saddling our horses, we started. Boyd, one guide, accompanied by Brady and Shoop, started northwest. They hunted until the afternoon, and at last run onto a bunch of about fifty elk.

Boyd carried no gun; guides seldom or never do. He called Shoop's attention to a bull at about seventy-five yards distance, but Bob, not being familiar with big game, signaled to Brady, some little distance back, to come and take the first shot, modestly thinking that Brady being an experienced rifle shot, would be sure to land the bull.

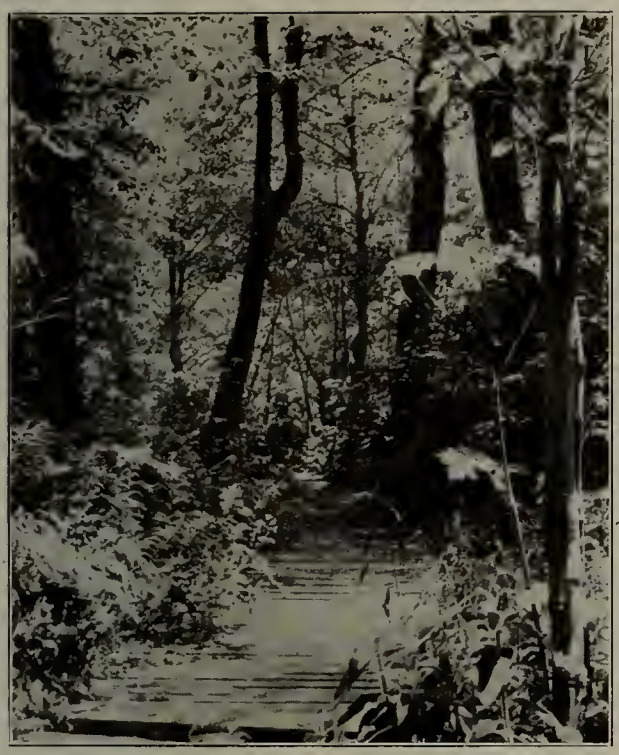
Brady came. The elk, not having seen or winded them, were quietly feeding. Billy took aim at the bull, fired twice, and missed. Bob fired as the herd disappeared, and he missed. Bob and the guide went back for the horses which had been left when they got near the herd, and Brady followed the tracks of the elk. He overtook them after they had gotten over their first alarm, and took two more shots at one of the bulls, but got "nix"; did not even draw blood. They came home empty-handed.

Murry, the other guide, with Coon and I, started northeast. We had not gone more than three-quarters of a mile before I ran onto the tracks of a bunch of six elk. The tracks had been made not more than two or three hours. I saw there was one large bull track in the lot. Bull elk are the animals generally sought, on account of their antlers and heads for trophies. The cow elk have no horns, and are only killed for meat.

Murry, who was a little way off, called, asking which way they were going. I told him toward the willows in Pacific Creek flat. He and Coon (by the way, this gentleman's name is C. Wentworth, but is generally called "Coon," to which he readily answers) came to me, and, after looking at the tracks, Murry said: "There is only one bull; can you follow him and get him?" I replied that I thought I might.

He and Coon rode off to the left, and I took the tracks, going to the right. I followed alone the bull trail for the best part of an hour, until finding he had gone down into the willows, and, evidently finding the snow-covered bushes too thick and uncomfortable to wade through—I fully endorsed his view of the matter—had turned and gone in a direct line in the way Murry and Coon had taken up on the mountain. As it was useless for three to follow, and as they would probably take his track, I left it, and rode on up the creek.

(Continued in Next Number)



AUTUMN MEMORIES

Photo by W. W. Richards

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
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AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A DINGY JEWEL

EVERYONE admires the soldiers who resolutely stand by their guns, and men generally have the highest respect for those of their kind who have the courage of their convictions and the resulting hardihood to demonstrate it. *That* is a form of moral bravery that we all can understand and appreciate; even when we are assured of the fallacy of those convictions, we sympathize with their possessors, and indulgently nod our approval of the man while deploring the falsity of his position. But when, in the face of overwhelming proof, men stubbornly and arbitrarily refuse to even analyze their own assumptions, and grow arrogant and even insolently intolerant of everything except their own contumacious denseness, our sympathy and patience alike are alienated; and when our interests are definitely menaced by such contumacity, our admiration turns to resentment and there is blood on the moon. One's admiration for a sturdy mule does not necessarily include and embrace his heel action when it is expended on us. We can commend the ears, but demur sharply to the kick.

That is why, up to a certain point we have always admired the *personnel* and approved of the policy of the State Fish Commission. Having decided, as a matter of personal convenience, to relegate all their duties to, and so practically shift all their responsibilities upon a creature of their own making, it was to be logically expected that they would stand firmly behind him in all his actions, creditable or otherwise. That they have done so reflects creditably upon their nerve and consistency, even if it does not otherwise appeal to the multitude who have the freight to pay. Consistency is a jewel only when it is set in the pure gold of honesty, equity and rational good sense; profanely mounted in the tawdry brass of graft, and insolently flaunted in the faces of the sufferers who have to pay the unholy cost of its disportment, it has less value than a rotten egg, less virtue than a lily on a bawd's bodice. To be consistently radical is all right only when one is not radically all wrong. And it was a wise moralizer who once wrote: "Only God and fools can afford to be consistent: the One because He knows everything, and the other because it does not matter."

That the King can do no wrong may be a veritable axiom for those who made him king; most likely they find their account in his assumed infallibility. But to the disgruntled populace upon whom he has been arbitrarily foisted, he may appear far less holy, and history is full of the grisly things that have befallen these potentates at the hands of outraged people. Just now the sportsmen of this State are demanding the head of one of these infallibles—no less a personage in fact than the autocratic Chief Deputy of the Fish Commission, whose aforesaid head is said to lie very uneasily in his crown these days, despite the numerous coats of whitewash mail with which he has been so consistently invested by his creators. Of course, it goes without say-

ing that their demands will be fruitless. Providence is always and peculiarly merciful to the man who has a Pull, and the deputy in question has one strong enough to drag out even the teeth of the gale of indignation now beating upon his devoted head. It is a foregone conclusion that he will weather out the storm until a new Governor is inaugurated and a new Commission appointed.

In the meantime, we advise our sportsmen friends to stop sweating blood over an improbability. After all, it is only a matter of politics, and what are this State's game and fish interests when balanced against the greed and rapacity of the petty grafter who plays at game protection only in order to protect his own little game!

The Fish Commission has probably not been guilty of any premeditated malfeasance in office, but it has been careless and foolish to a degree which nearly approximates malfeasance. It has made many mistakes—which we are quick to believe were from the head and not from the heart—chiefest among which was the creation of a Chief Deputy and the investing him with all the powers and functions, ordinary and extraordinary, which logically should only have been exercised by the Commission itself. Men who are by temperament, experience and other requisite endowments properly fitted for such an important position of trust and responsibility are few and far between, and are seldom, if ever, found in the ranks of the cheap parasites who suck a precarious existence out of some embodied Pull.

Its second grave mistake was its pitiable attempt to dabble in ward-heeler politics and try to carry water on both shoulders. It forgot, or rather ignored, the fact that it was an executive and not a legislative body—that its busines was to execute laws and not to make them—and it conspired with representatives of the market dealers and their pot-hunting contingent to defeat the most vital of all game protective measures, the non-sale clause, which it, significantly enough, publicly advocated and urged in its public documents and yet privately labored to defeat. Candidly, we believe that this reprehensible action was due almost entirely to the chicanery and deceit of their much entrusted factotum, the omnipotent Chief Deputy, who, under the plea of "expediency" (sic) urged them to what was really a double iniquity: the deception and betrayal of the sportsmen whose interests the Commission were primarily created to conserve, and the coalition with the very element whose suppression they were appointed to bring about. Aside from any other possible feature involved, this policy of compromise and temporization is an evidence of pitiable weakness, all the more pronounced from the fact that at least two (the seniors) of the three Commissioners constituting the Board are avowedly opposed to the sale of any and all kinds of game, and are, besides, strenuous in their advocacy of a reduced bag limit, with its entailed reduction of quantities in possession. Its only tangible excuse for a "stand in" with the market-men is that the Commission, being a creature of the Governor, has to obey the dictates of its creator—even though that involves conspiracy with a law-breaking element in order to keep his political fences in good repair.

It is a curious and wonderful thing how men of the highest social eminence, sterling integrity and moral worth—men with marvelous strength of character in any other connection—will allow themselves to be made puppets of a petty political schemer and dance undignifiedly to his whimsical whistle! In the present instance either of the two Commissioners in question are head and shoulders, physically, mentally and financially, above their dictator; their office is one of honor solely, and not of emolument. It goes without saying that their every instinct is one of probity; their every idea that of decency; their every aim that of the public weal, and yet—! Who can solve the enigma of why such men allow themselves to be swayed and coerced by an insignificant panderer to a cheap political lust? For such, without further circumlocution, is the underling who, we are reliably informed, was forced by the Governor upon the Fish Commission and who has been retained in his position by the same powerful influence.

There have been times—and men to fit them—in American history, when Principle was paramount in men's calculations and personal dignity was jealously conserved; times when men would "rather be right than be President," and sacrificed political honors for personal probity; times when no private ob-

ligation was deemed superior to the public good, and men were an adornment to the offices which honored them. But times have sadly changed!

Admitting for argument's sake that the underling before referred to is a paragon of honesty, executive ability and every other virtue imaginable; that he has the full confidence of the Commission, the Governor, and his own immediate circle of friends; even then it is the duty of his superiors to take official cognizance of, and full and conclusive action upon, any charges made against him in his official capacity, provided always that such charges are properly and formally preferred and substantiated by personal evidence of a reliable character.

Such charges against the man in question have been numerous; where there is so much smoke the logical deduction is that there must be some fire. And yet these charges have been only perfunctorily considered, if at all; have never been fully investigated, and despite fully provable remissness of duty—to put it very mildly—he still retains his position and the Commission actually seems to resent any comment made upon the peculiar situation.

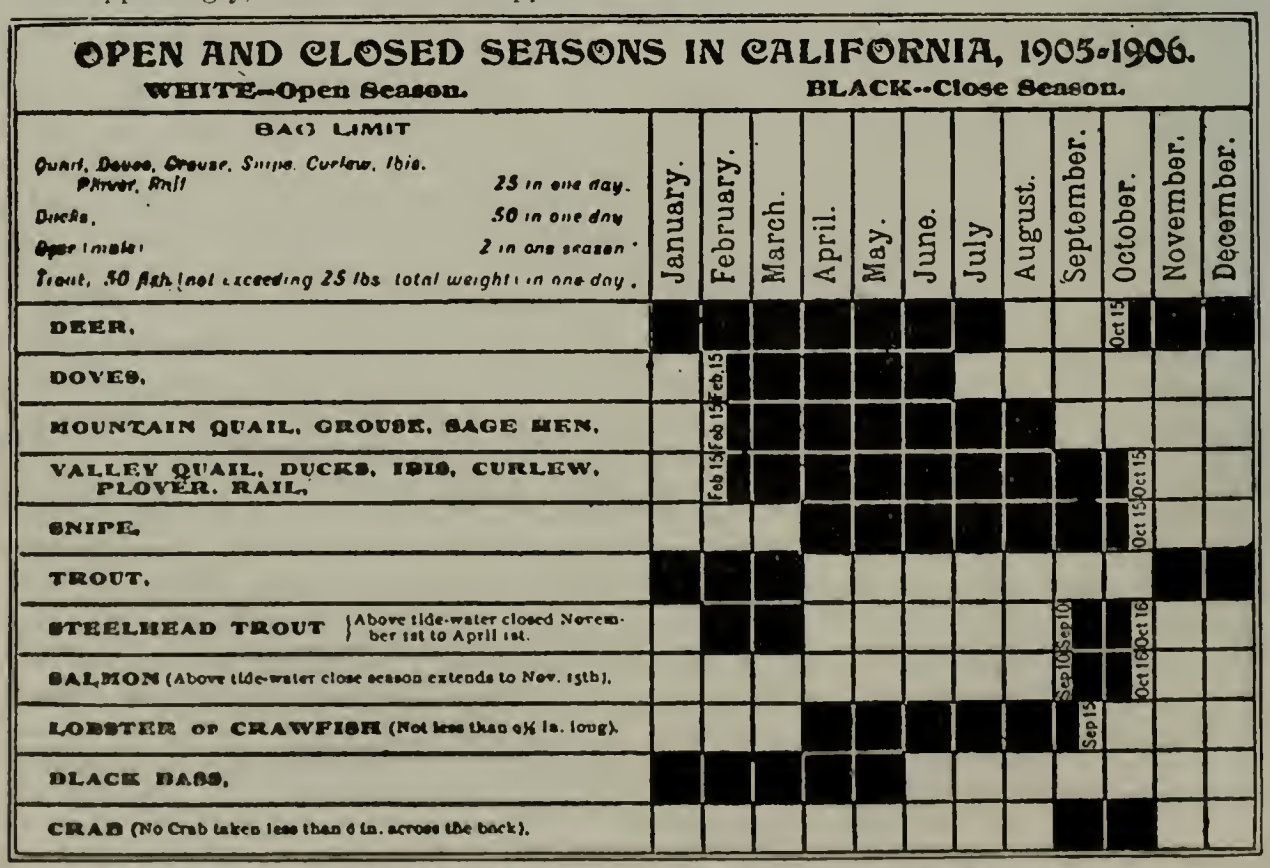
But, as we remarked before, Consistency is a jewel; and just now it shines radiantly, if not appealingly, from the seal of approval set by the Commission upon the official record of its miniature Frankenstein. It is a great pity that we poor benighted sportsmen cannot bask in complaisancy in its effulgent glow.

WHY WE ARE THANKFUL

In this, the appointed season of thanksgiving, we have much reason for gratefulness. First of all, we are alive—alive to the beauties and beatitudes of the fairest land on earth, despite the greatest catastrophe of mortal history—and in a state of health and strength to fully enjoy them. Like the fabled Phoenix of old, we have arisen from the ashes stronger and wiser than ever, even though we are smoked a little and a bit delapidated.

We have learned, among other things, that there are still multitudes of men and women on earth who appreciate good, conscientious work, even if it does take a cataclysm to jolt out an expression of it—that fewer people, in short, wear their hearts on their sleeves than is popularly supposed.

We are thankful for the countless expressions of good will and sympathy that have been showered upon us in our affliction. And particularly are we thankful that we are of this age and this people—for verily the latter are the full flavored salt of the earth.



N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Compiled by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Ordnse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[2]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[2]	Duck.[2]	Goose, Swan.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan 1-Sept. 1[12]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[12]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1,12]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[1]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[16]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[12]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 16	Dec. 1-Oct. 16	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jun. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[12]	May. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16			All the year				Feb. 3-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[10]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[12]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[12]	Jan. 1-July 20[12]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Jan. 1-July 20[12]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[12]	Apr. 1-Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[12]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 30		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[12]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1906			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 16, 1907	To Nov. 10, 1906	To 1910		All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 6-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 2-Sept. 1[12]	18
	19	Indiana[13]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 16, 1909	To May 16, 1909	To Apr. 26, 1908	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1919	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[12]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[12]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[12]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 7	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[12]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 16[12]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[1]	Oct. 15-Sept. 16	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[4]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[12]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 15	May 15-Sept. 1[2]			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 16-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[3]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]	31
SOUTHERN.	33	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	18 local laws		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	18 local laws	18 local laws	33
	33	South Carolina	Apr 1-Nov. 1	Apr 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[2]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws				Local laws			36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			May 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 1-Aug 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	37
	38	Tennessee	Mar 1-Nov 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[12]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar 1-Oct 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 16			May. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 16[1]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 16[2]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[12]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 16		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 16	All the year[12]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 15		Mar 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Sept. 15, 1909[2]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[12]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept 16				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[1]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	All the year[12]	53
	54	Yukon[9]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 15-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	Alberta[9]		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[12]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Nov. 15	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 9-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[12]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1-Oct. 1[1]					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[1]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl		To Oct. 1, 1906				Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 20[1]	May 15-Sept. 15[12]	63
	64	Newfoundland[9]		Jan. 13-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[12]	64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[2]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[2]	Caribou.[2]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[2]	Squirrel.[2,3]	Rabbit	Introduced Pheasant.[2]		Birds Protected in a few States only.	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 16	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1916	1	PTARMIGAN	
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2		
	3	Vermont	Exc'pt Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3	Nebraska	All the year.
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	4	Colorado	All the year.
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6	New Mexico	All the year.
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]	Local laws	To 1910	7	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[20]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9	Yukon[9]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 16	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 16	10	Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov 1	12	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[1]
	13	Dist. Columbia[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13	Nova Scotia	All the year.
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14	Newfoundland	Jan. 13-Oct. 1.
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15		
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 15[4]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[4]	All the year	16	SAGE HEN	
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[4]	To Nov. 10, 1906	17		
	18	Michigan	Dec 1-Nov 10[1]	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 16		To 1910	18	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	19	Indiana[13]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[12]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[12]	To Feb. 24, 1911[1]	19	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 28, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908	20	Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21	Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1.
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[1]	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22	California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23	Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15.
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug 15.
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 15, 1906		All the year[1]		To Feb 28, 1907	25	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
	26	Nebraska	Nov 15-Aug. 15	All the year			Nov. 15-Aug. 15		All the year		All the year	26	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[12]				27	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[12]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28		
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29		
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[12]				30		
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[12]			All the year	31	BREEDBIRD.	
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1									32	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	33	South Carolina	Jan 1-Sept. 1[1]						Local laws			33	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	34	Georgia[9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1									34	Delaware	Feb. 3-Sept. 1.
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov 1									35	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept 15.
	36	Alabama	Local laws									36	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[10]
	37	Mississippi	Mar 1-Nov. 15						Local laws		Local laws	37		
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[1]						Mar 1-June 1[1]		To Nov. 1, 1907	38	CURLEW.	
	39	Arkansas	Feb 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1916	39		
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40	New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[12]			To July 1, 1908	41	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42	Long Island	Jan. 1-July 10.
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar 13, 1910	All the year[12]			To Mar. 13, 1910	43	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	44	South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[12]	All the year		All the year	45	Nebraska	All the year.
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year[12]			To Sept. 1, 1906	46	Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
	47	Utah	To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[12]			All the year	47	Colorado	Apr. 15-Sept. 10.[2]
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 8, 1909	48	Montana	Apr. 10-Oct. 1.
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1913	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[1]	49	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]				51	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 16	52	Alberta[9]	May 5-Aug 23.
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53	Saskatchewan	May 5-Aug. 23.
	54	Yukon[9]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				54	Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	55	Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				55	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21.
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				56	CRANE.	
	57	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[4]				57		
	58	Manitoba[9]	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1					58	Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
	59	Ontario	Nov. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[1]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1908	59	South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Dec. 1[1]	To Sept. 15, 1910	60	North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	61	New Brunswick	Dec 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year	61	Colorado	All the year.
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov 1	All the year	62	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
	63	Pr. Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		63	Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
	64	Newfoundland[9]		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[12]						64	Alberta[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
													Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
													Yukon[9]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list; Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 2-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1908 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 18-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 11. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1909; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 16; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, in 1906, Sept. 5-18. 22. Sec. 506, ch. 189, Laws of 1903, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 9, 14, 16. 24. Except brant, Long Island, May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 10-Oct. 1 25. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

(Revised to August 1st, 1906)

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville; H. A. Greene, Monterey, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; William S. Tevis, Bakersfield; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; W. W. Richards, San Francisco, and A. R. Orr, Visalia.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; Dr. T. J. Edgecomb, Redding, and C. L. Powell, Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly, Los Angeles; C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

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Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ——————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

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Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Burns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

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Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

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Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n —B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

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Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbra, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

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Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

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Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf

W. H. WRIGHT, naturalist and guide, has returned to Spokane from the Jackson Lake country in Wyoming, where he piloted David Davies, M. P., of Llandinan, Montgomeryshire, Eng., and W. H. Welch of Glasgow, Scotland, on a big game hunt of a month's duration. The visitors each bagged two elk and two antelope and a lot of small game, while Mr. Wright, who does all his shooting with a quick-action camera, obtained a number of excellent photographs of elk and antelope; also several night pictures of bears and cubs.

"We had a delightful time," Mr. Wright said, on his return from the wilds, "and Mr. Davies, who has hunted all over the world, told me, before leaving for the East, that he never enjoyed a better outing, while Mr. Welch admitted that the Northwest has more beauties and better sport than can be found anywhere in Europe.

"Mr. Davies is enthusiastic, saying he will bring a large party of English and Scottish friends the coming year, to remain three or four months, on a big game-hunting expedition, probably from the Montana line west to the Cascades."

* * *

Twin Lakes, on the Idaho-Montana line, will probably be chosen by W. H. Wright, the Spokane guide, for the boys' camp he will open next July, where sons of wealthy New Yorkers and Bostonians will be taught woodcraft and the art of hunting big game. In addition to the guides and hostlers there will be a number of "buckeros" in the exploration of the Bitter Root Mountains, saddle and pack-horses being used. Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York, friend of President Theodore Roosevelt, will be a member of the party, and it is not unlikely that one of the President's sons will join Mr. Wright in a camera hunting expedition.

"I have been in communication with a number of prominent Eastern people," Mr. Wright said, "and they express themselves much taken up with the plans I have outlined, and they believe it will be of much benefit, giving the youth a better idea of this great country west of the Missouri River and teaching them to become independent.

"It is purposed to carry tents and camp paraphernalia, so that we can make stops wherever we desire. The boys will be taught how to pack a burro and instructed in the use of firearms by competent hunters, and there will be no promiscuous shooting.

"At Twin Lakes there will be ample opportunities for rowing and other aquatic sports, all under the direction of experienced instructors, who will be gathered together in Spokane next June—the latter part—to prepare for the three months' camp in the open. I expect to secure further studies of the grizzly bear, in which I am much interested."

* * *

Tom B. Hopper, a veteran hunter in the Spokane district, killed a big black bear a mile north of Otis, east of Spokane, the 1st of October, after a thrilling encounter, in which he was assisted by three hounds. Mrs. Celesta Perrin, wife of a truck farmer at Otis Orchard, noticed the animal while on her way to Greenacres, and advised Mr. Hopper. He started for the timber the same day, and in less than an hour after leaving Otis he returned, remarking that he had bagged the bear, which is said to be the largest ever seen in this part of the country. Hopper says bruin showed fight, but that the dogs attracted its attention, so that one shot was sufficient to dispatch the animal.

* * *

The County Game Wardens' Association of Washington will meet at North Yakima, west of Spokane, November 20th, to begin an active campaign for the preservation of the fish of the State. Much of the present complaint from fishermen in regard to the insufficiency of the laws will then be remedied, and some of the unfairness of the existing laws will be eliminated. Further protection for salmon will be asked of the State Fish Commissioner, as the provision of size is not considered sufficient.

More rigid enforcement of the laws will also be urged, and everything that is reasonable and does not interfere with true sport will be asked for. Fishermen in Spokane say, if these changes are made, there will be less complaint in regard to the provision governing the taking of game fish.

* * *

Al Weisemann, one of Spokane's most enthusiastic Nimrods, declares that with cooler weather the duck season will be one of the best in the history of the Inland Empire. The birds have been well protected and they have ample food to make their stay worth the while. Mr. Wiesemann is organizing a party to visit the waters north of Spokane in a few days.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone."
—Byron.

THE POINTER AT WORK

By R. Clapham

DURING the active period of a man's life time, he makes—or at any rate imagines he makes—many friends in whom he can put confidence; yet on looking back in after years how many of us can count more than two real friends with the genuine ring of friendship about them, in whom we could blindly trust.

Acquaintances are legion, but friends are few and far between, unless we open up the ledger of memory and look down the list of old time canine "pals" who were in very truth friends from the core outwards; who trusted us and were, in turn, trusted as we would never trust those of the two legged world. Here is "Don," the old pointer; there "Sal," a red setter; both the gamest of the game, loving sport for its own sake, always willing, hardworking and obedient; doing their best for their master, and taking their very occasional corrections, e'en though it be a sharp punishment with stout hearts; bearing no malice to the one who has taught them the way they should go.

There is a long list; one's eyes grow dimmed and a queer choky feeling rises in one's throat as memories of many a happy day with those canine friends flit across one's vision as the pipe smoke curls from the bowl and the smoke-room fire glows dully in the grate. Bright days when all went well and sport was good; and again wild and stormy weather when both dogs and men suffered in silence. Yet never did our canine friends forsake us when times were hard and game was wild.

Amongst the list, from merry beagles to the handsome setter, many names stand out from the rest, reminding us of days afield with the pointers, when our blood coursed freely through our veins and no day over the heather or the stubble was too much for us. To the lover of the gun, what is more attractive than the sight of a brace of good pointers quartering the ground with machine-like regularity, pointing and backing in perfect combination as the tainted air reaches their sensitive nostrils.

How good it is to let loose from the kennel yard "Don" or "Lassie," when the fresh air of an August morning makes one's nerves tingle with the joy of living! How they spring up at us in sheer exuberance of spirits as we pick up the guns and turn in the direction of the heather! Later, in September, when the brown partridges skim across the hedges from field to field, our pointer friends are again requisitioned to help us, and full well do they carry out their share of the work.

As we look back to old times in the land of our birth beyond the "herring pond," many changes are apparent. Once it was, when the tall-hatted shooter sallied forth with his trusty muzzle-loader, accompanied by his well-tried pointers, just

A Clever Brace

In the Heel of the Day

Locating Them

as keen or keener than his followers of a later generation. The old gun shot just as hard and straight as his grandson's "hammerless" does today, and though the score at the end of the day was less, the sport was "sport indeed"—worked for, and enjoyed all the more for that very reason.

The dogs were his tried companions, carefully taught and watched over with jealous care. The same strain is in the kennels now, but they do not have the work to do that their ancestors did before them, for times have changed and their services are but occasionally required. What would one of the old timer's say, could he rise from his grave in the country church yard, and take down the long-barreled percussion gun, ready to accompany the shooters to the moors when the "bliss ful Twelfth" comes round? He would be sadly disappointed to see men waving red flags as they drive the birds to the hidden guns, in place of getting a right and left to a steady point behind his old favorites. All things have their day, however, and the shooter's dogs are no exceptions to the rule.

On this side the broad Atlantic, let us rejoice that our dogs have years of usefulness ahead of them, and many broad acres to range over, before they will be relegated to a back seat in our affections. In the old country, habits of birds and men alike have both changed with modern times and modern weapons.

True sport is not what it used to be, and our canine friends are but a trifling part of the general paraphernalia required to ensure a good day on the grouse moors or the stubble. Today you can see the pointers work when the drives are over and your dead and wounded birds are lying round the "butt" waiting to be brought to hand.

Then some of the old time beauty of the thing comes back as Don slowly foots his way on some winged and runner's trail, finally standing stiff as a statue where the bird crouches low beneath the heather; and you walk in and gather it.

Or again, at the end of the day, as you take a short cut to where the waggonette was left, with the dogs ranging ahead of you, they turn to stone, backing each other

perfectly and you thank your stars as you wipe down an old cock which gets up at a long shot.

The first few days before the Twelfth, on most moors, are set apart for shooting over dogs, and then the kennel favorites get a brief but happy time, when they can range to their hearts' content, and wind that delicate odour which is wafted down the breeze.

Dogs are not trained as of yore by their masters, at least in many cases, for the busy business man leaves these things to his keepers' care; in consequence of which, when the season opens he knows next to nothing of the liver and white beauties for whom he has paid fancy prices; and misses half the pleasure of life by letting the green-coated keeper or kilted gillie handle his dogs.

Our canine friends never work with such style and dash for an occasional visitor as they do for the friend who trains and feeds them, and yet many so called sportsmen handle their dogs hardly at all.

The Field Trials have done much in England to keep alive that love for the shooting dog which our ancestors delighted in, though for all that, shooting over dogs has all but been wiped off the slate, in comparison with thirty years ago. I remember well one incident which occurred on a Yorkshire moor, where the good dogs often came round and the hill rang to the crack of the guns.

There was a party of some seven guns and their attendant keepers and dogs—dogs of all colors, shapes and sizes, mostly with lengthy pedigrees as useless as the animals themselves.

The shooters were good fellows, denizens of the north country towns, keen to wipe a right and left from a pack of grouse, but ignorant of the simplest things in connection with dogs or the craft of the out o' doors.

My father, one of the old school and a good shot—few were better—was of the party, and accompanying him was old "Sam," a lemon and white pointer, a last link between the days of shooting over dogs and the more modern style of driving. The day was fine and the shooting was good, and in consequence the shooters were in high feather, both with themselves and their dogs. It chanced that toward

A Modern Type

the end of the day one of the guns had a bird down, winged and a runner, which had flown on, then dropped and scuttled off as is the wont of this game. The pedigreed canines were all tried in turn, their masters waxing wroth when they failed to unravel the runner's twisting trail. Sam was standing quietly at heel, eying with amusement the frantic efforts of his aristocratic companions to untie the "Gordian knot" before them; and I am sure the "Guvnor" was equally amused. At length they gave it up in disgust, when the "pater" volunteered to find the lost bird, much to the amusement of the visitors, who rather slightly commented on the old pointer standing so quietly at heel.

"What! that old brute find it! You can try if you like, but if these dogs are beat, he can't touch it!"

The Guvnor smiled and took Sam clear of the mixed up trails of men and dogs, then motioned him to go on. The old fellow hit off the runner's line, then for half a mile he carried it slowly, foot by foot, till at last he froze to marble where the bird lay crouching in the heather.

As they returned, the grouse swinging from the pater's hand, the tune of the spectators had undergone a change, for many were the offers for the old dog, but it was like asking a stone wall to dance, trying to part Sam and his master, for money would not have bought him. His performance and the look of affection he gave his master were beyond price.

Sam was a pointer, every inch of him; he could do anything but talk, and understood sport as do few men. He lived long after that and his memory lives yet.

Such was an example of home training and management as against hired help to manage their masters' dogs, and the homebred one won out easily.

In Canada and the States, let us rejoice that the dogs get their chance, and the sport is good and has to be worked for, which is one of its chief attractions. Sport is at the best of times uncertain, yet what would it be were it not for its "glorious uncertainty."

Here we have good dogs and plenty of room to work them, so let us hope that the days of the setter and the pointer will last for many years to come.

Driving game is not by any means to be despised, it requires keen eyesight and steady nerves to stop fast flying driven birds, yet it is not quite the sport that shooting over dogs is.

There are votaries of both forms of sport but for my part give me a brace of good pointers, and though the game bag be light at the close of the day, the sight of the dogs at work will in itself be ample payment for the hard tramping to obtain it.

Sam

Photo Copyrighted
S. S. Hinds

TOGO
Winner 3rd Open Class, Los Angeles Show

SOME OF THE LOS ANGELES WINNERS

Silkwood Margurite
Owned by Mrs. Edw. Needham
1st Winners Class

Faith II
Owned by W. J. Morris
1st Winners Class

Kubilek II and Olga
Owned by Carl Curtis

YACHTING

By Arthur Inkersley

BEFORE this article is in the hands of the readers of *Western Field,* the yachting season of 1906 will have come to a close. In spite of the disaster of April 18th-20th, the season has been by no means unsuccessful. The winds lasted until the end of October and many pleasant cruises were enjoyed. The Corinthian and San Francisco Yacht Clubs held no regattas but the California yachtsmen sailed their annual races for the Wallace Trophy and the Vincent Handicap Cup, an account of which events was given in the October issue of *Western Field.*

The annual Corinthian baseball game, which marks the rapid approach of the end of the yachting season, took place at Paradise Cove on Sunday, October 14th, between teams captained by F. E. ("Keegan") Schober and Stanley Fay. M. A. ("Gus") Newell officiating as umpire—a post which has been filled for many years past by Port Captain John H. Keefe. The game afforded lots of fun and was awarded to Fay's nine.

On Saturday evening, October 13th, the flagship Thelma of the Golden Gate Yacht Club, accompanied by the sloops Neptune, Ollie and Neva and the yawl Arcturus, sailed up to Marin Islands, where they anchored for the night. The fleet was joined next morning by Vice-Commodore W. W. Haley's sloop Sappho.

On Sunday, the 14th, the flagship Curlew of the San Francisco Yacht Club, went on a cruise out to the Heads, meeting with a strong, steady breeze in the channel and a pretty heavy sea off Lime Point. In the Golden Gate the water was smoother and the wind lighter. The sloop Ariel of the Golden Gate Yacht Club also cruised out to the Heads. The San Francisco yachts, in addition to the flagship, that cruised in the channel were the sloops Challenger, Surprise and White Heather and the schooner Martha. The sloops Curlew and White Heather lost their small boats but the flagship recovered her tender quickly.

The San Francisco Yacht Club was the first to hold its closing entertainment. At about 7 p. m. Sunday, October 20th, Commodore J. M. Punnett, ex-Commodore W. G. Morrow, the directors and members of the Club and guests sat down to the bountiful supper of beef, ham, pork and beans, pie, cheese, beer, coffee, etc., served in the boat-room, the floor of which had been cleared by hanging all the small boats up to the rafters. The supper was eaten with hearty appetite and was much enjoyed.

After supper the amateur tars adjourned to the main hall up stairs, where a jinks was given. Some good songs were sung, some bad stories told and a sketch artist drew caricatured portraits of ex-Commodore W. G. Morrow, Commodore J. M. Punnett, ex-Secretary W. M. Edgell, ex-Commodore T. L. Hill and other yachting celebrities. A. J. Treat kept up a running comment on the portraits, saying of Edgell that "Nature had evidently intended him for a telegraph-pole, but in his early youth he swallowed a fog-horn—a circumstance which changed the course of his life and led to his fondness for yachting." Besides the members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, Commodore J. C. Brickell of the Corinthian Yacht Club, "Jack" Short, Peter Lamb (owner of the sloop Vixen), E. J. Davis (Secretary of the San Francisco Press Club), and other guests attended the jinks. After the performance was over, hot frankfurters and other refreshments were served. A strong norther blew all day and continued throughout the night.

On Sunday morning ex-Commodore Tom Jennings in his fine sloop Speedwell and Fulton G. Berry in the handsome craft Nixie, cruised about off the Sausalito water front. The San Francisco tars were somewhat slow in hoisting sail; not that there was any lack of wind, for it was still blowing strongly from the north. About noon the flagship Curlew, accompanied by nearly all the fleet and the visiting yachts, got under way, nearly every boat under single reef and some under double reef. The fleet fell in astern of the sloop Gjoa (easier to write than to pronounce), in which Captain Roald Amundsen, the intrepid Norwegian navigator, sailed through the Northwest passage. Captain Roald Amundsen reached Oakland some days ago but awaited the arrival of the Gjoa, under the command of Lieutenant Hansen. The Gjoa, a remarkable-looking craft with a single mast, flying a big new Norwegian flag, dropped anchor off Hurricane Gulch, Sausalito, on October 18th. On Sunday, the 21st, she was towed by a launch to the San Francisco front, the yachts cruising after her to do honor to her skilful captain and his comrades of Arctic seas. Before the yachts reached Alcatraz the wind became much lighter and on the return trip the reefs were shaken out.

On Saturday, October 27th, the California, Corinthian and Golden Gate yachtsmen held their closing entertainments and on Sunday, the 28th, the last formal cruise of the season was made. A few yachts may remain in commission for a week or two but the middle of November will see them all stripped of their canvas and laid by for the winter. Some will be taken up on the "ways" at North Beach, Tiburon, Sausalito or South San Francisco, while others will go up the Corte Madera Creek, into the Tiburon Lagoon, north of the Sausalito ferry-slip or into some of the sloughs where duck

The Yawl "Truant," Winner in Special Class Yawls

Sloop "Perhaps," J. J. Sherry, Owner

abound. On the fine Sundays during the winter the man with the choo-choo boat will have his innings, enjoying to the full the smooth water and calm air that can be had only when the summer winds have died out. It is said that Carlton Wall, a coiny young Oaklander, who has met with so many disasters in his automobile that he has lost his taste for mobiling on terra firma, has a desire to motor on the water and will purchase a chug-chug craft.

During the latter part of the season ex-Commodore Allen M. Clay, formerly of the California Yacht Club but now a Corinthian tar, and G. W. Wakeman sailed the sloop Pactolus, once the Sam Vincent. She has now been laid up in San Leandro Bay for the winter. Now that A. M. Clay is comfortably settled in his Berkeley home, it is not likely that he will long forego his favorite sport.

Louis T. Ward, Skipper of Yawl "Iola"

The yawl Royal, formerly owned by L. S. Sherman of the California Yacht Club and sailed for a season or two by W. G. Morrow and W. M. Edgell of the San Francisco Yacht Club, has had a somewhat varied career. Originally a cat-boat, she was made over into a sloop and later was rebuilt and rigged as a yawl. In smooth water and with light breezes she foots fast, but a moderate amount of sea causes her to wallow and then she scarcely makes headway at all. She was sold recently to some Los Angeles yachtsmen, her former owners engaging two professional sailors to take her down to the port of San Pedro. After rounding Point Concepcion, she encountered a heavy sea and one of her crew fell overboard. The other cruised about for a long time but was unable to pick him up.

The season just over opened late and so was a somewhat shorter one than usual. None of the yachtsmen, however, have lost their enthusiasm, and it is probable that next season will be as lively a one as has ever been had. The San Francisco and Corinthian Yacht Clubs will, no doubt, hold their regular annual regattas and it is possible that there will be a race for the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup. The trophy is now held by the Corinthian Yacht Club, which won it with the sloop-rigged racing machine Corinthian, specially designed by Burgess to beat the Crowninshield sloop Challenger. As the Corinthians have held the trophy for three years, the Corinthian has fulfilled her purpose. As long as the idea is entertained that the Perpetual Cup must be raced for by 30-footers, there is little chance of any of the bay clubs going to the great expense necessary to make an attempt, with no high hope of success, to beat the Corinthian, especially as that craft is probably capable of greater speed than she has yet shown.

There seems no incontestable reason why a challenge should not be sent in by a schooner or a

yawl. The object of the donors of the Perpetual Challenge Cup was to encourage yacht racing, which in their opinion is a vigorous, healthy sport deserving of encouragement. It is quite certain that the Corinthians would defend the trophy, no matter in what class it might be challenged for. Thus the prime object of the donors of the Perpetual Cup, viz: the bringing about of a yacht race, would be achieved. If the Corinthians should fail to retain the trophy, they might challenge the year after in the 30-foot class and regain it. While no club likes to lose a cup that it has once captured, it must be admitted that, if a club seems to hold a mortgage, duly signed, sealed and recorded, on a trophy, others become discouraged and the sport languishes. Good, honorable, clean sport is the really important matter; which particular club holds a trophy is a matter of detail.

A Jolly Party on Dr. T. L. Hill's Sloop, "Queen"

AUTOMOBILING

By Arthur Inkersley

THOUGH at the time of writing (October 22d) it seems likely that there will be no more regular events under the management of the Automobile Club of California during the present season, it is quite probable that further attempts to lower the record for the trip from San Francisco down the coast to Los Angeles will be made. The record of 21 hours 12 minutes for the journey of five hundred miles was made by George A. Hensley, July 28th and 29th, 1905, in a 15-horse-power White steam car, 1905, model, at a time when the roads were in a very dusty, rough condition.

Fernando Nelson (a well-known automobilist who holds the record for a trip from Stockton into the Yosemite Valley), accompanied by F. H. Fried and G. Hall, started in a Columbia touring car from San Francisco at 10 o'clock on the night of Wednesday, October 17th, hoping to beat the record time for a round trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles and return. Careful arrangements had been made, a chauffeur named F. Wright having been stationed at San Luis Obispo and another named B. Theil at Los Angeles, to relieve those who operated the machine on the first part of the trip.

G. Hall drove the car out of San Francisco, taking the road past Uncle Tom's Cabin to San Jose. This road for the first fifteen miles is in very bad condition and the tires of the machine suffered greatly fom the hard usage. After passing through Salinas City, Hall proceeded on the Del Monte road and had run a considerable distance when he discovered his error, which cost twenty minutes. When fifteen miles from San Luis Obispo and an hour ahead of the record time, the tires gave out and at San Luis Obispo it was decided to proceed no further. Hall proceeded by train to Los Angeles and the rest of the party turned north, with F. Wright at the wheel of the car.

George Middleton, manager of the Middleton Motor Car Company, which has the agency for the Columbia car, says that a second attempt to lower the record will be made with a Columbia, but that the driver will wait till the first rains of winter have laid the dust and improved the roads.

Two attempts made by Tony Nichols, the well-known chauffeur, and a party of professionals in a six-cylinder Franklin car, proved equally unsuccessful. The first failed through the breaking of one of the rear wheels, Nichols having forced the car at high speed over the roughest places; and the second through a series of disasters to the tires. The machinery, however, of the car behaved splendidly and G. A. Boyer, agent for the Franklin car, says that he feels certain that Nichols, driving the same machine, can beat the record time. Meanwhile, George Hensley, holder of the record, is not saying much, but there is little doubt that, if any chauffeur should succeed in establishing a new record, he will try to recapture the honor. The White steamer with which the record was made has been remodeled and supplied with new tanks in readiness for any work it may be called upon to perform.

* * *

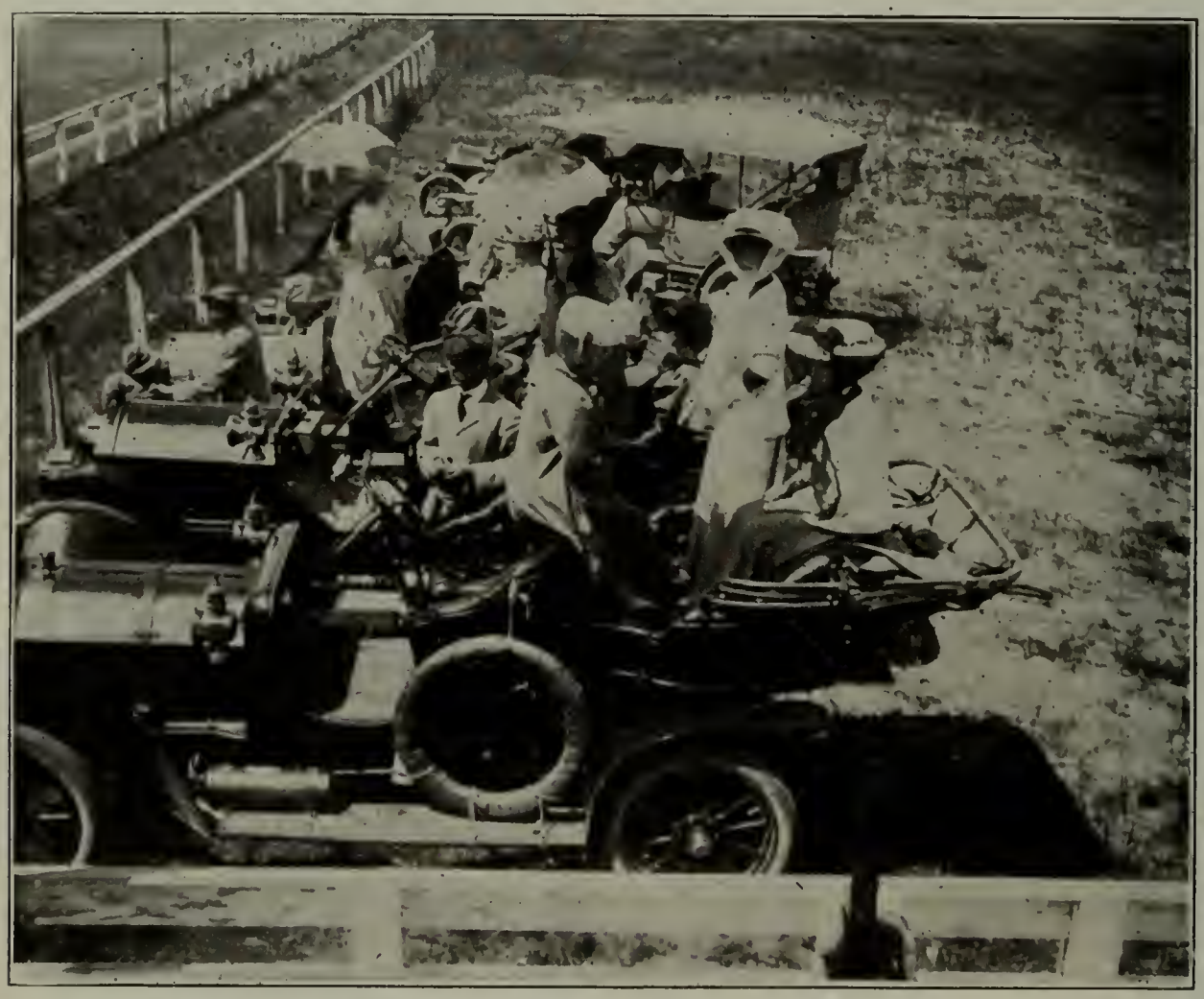
The newest automobile organization in California

is the Santa Clara Valley Automobile Club, which held its first run on Sunday, October 14th, from San Jose to Almaden. Thomas Derby invited the motorists to spread their luncheons, which they had brought with them, on the banks of the little lake in the grounds of the Almaden Quicksilver Mining Company. Among those who took part in the event, which proved a very pleasant one, were E. P. Lion, Mrs. E. P. Lion and party; A. H. Marten and Mrs. Marten, Frank Marten, J. R. Chase and Mrs. Chase, George H. Polhemus and Mrs. Polhemus, Miss V. Markle, J. S. Williams and Mrs. Williams, V. Hancock and Mrs. Hancock, Charles B. Polhemus, J. H. Faul and Mrs. Faul, Dr. A. M. Barker and Mrs. Barker, G. H. Osen, Mrs. Osen and party; H. P. Smith and Mrs. Smith, J. H. Jackson and party. J. H. Jackson is a member of the Berkeley Automobile Company and drove an American car, which he put to a high speed. After a short stop at Almaden, he returned to San Francisco by way of Redwood City and San Mateo.

Just as the motorists who have been trying to make record time between San Francisco and Los Angeles attribute their failure to defective tires and express themselves as entirely satisfied with the manner in which the engines of their cars behaved, so E. R. Thomas, speaking of the recent races for the Vanderbuilt Cup, says:

"The sole cause of the failure of real American racing cars to make a creditable showing was due to the tire manufacturers, who were able to furnish only ordinary, touring-car, non-skid tires for the race."

Though the Thomas Flyer was prepared only the evening before for the race, whereas each of the foreign cars had been tested thoroughly in three or four hard races, no mechanical trouble occurred during the whole 297 miles of the course. Le Blon started on the first lap with American smooth-tread tires, but at Mineola rain fell and he was obliged to change tires, which cost 26 minutes. Another lap trouble with tires cost 6 minutes. The winning 100-horse-power Darracq, driven by Louis Wagner, changed tires only once, and the 135-horse-power F. I. A. T., driven by Vincenzo Lancia, who took second place, had only one puncture during the whole race. The average time per hour



Inkersley, Photo

Watching the Automobile Gymkhana at Del Monte

made by the Darracq car was 61.43 miles and by the F. I. A. T., 60.70 miles.

The American non-skidding tires proved "utterly worthless," one lasting only three miles and another flying off and becoming entangled in the steering gear—a mishap that, but for Le Blon's skill and nerve, would have turned the car upside down. American tires took from six to eight minutes to change, while the foreign tires were changed in two or three. Wagner, the driver of the winning car, changed tires when he was only six minutes ahead of Lancia on the last lap. Le Blon had to have tires changed three times in one lap and seven times in all, yet, in spite of these discouraging incidents, he covered several laps in little more than 30 minutes each. Naturally, he felt no confidence in his tires and drove more carefully than he would otherwise have done, but for all that he passed Lancia twice at full speed. The smooth-tread American tire, however, is said to be quite as good as the foreign-made tires.

E. R. Thomas thinks it unlikely that the Vanderbilt Cup races of the future will be held on public roads near large cities, as the crowds prove quite beyond control; but he thinks the contest for supremacy in a highly important industry is certain to be continued; and that the Federal Government ought to encourage the competition, in which American automobiles have so far made a poor exhibition. E. R. Thomas believes that the high cost of racing cars is money well invested.

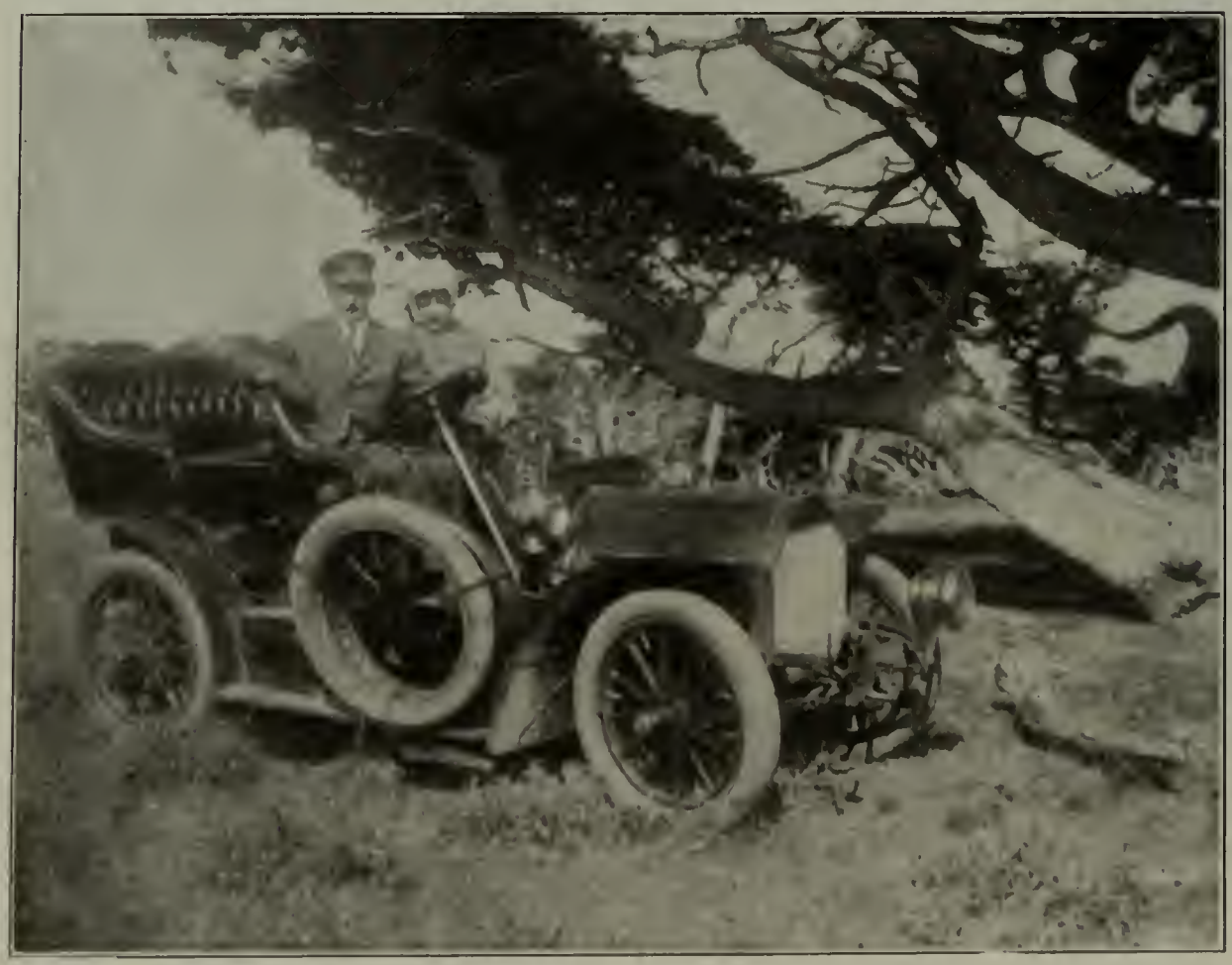
The Automobile Club of California having held two gymkhanas successfully, it is likely that meets of this kind will be held elsewhere on the Pacific Coast. It is probable that the Coronado Country Club at Coronado Beach will hold an automobile meet in the spring of next year. Early in the present year an endurance run from Los Angeles to San Diego took place under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club, which also arranged automobile races on the track at Coronado Beach. The events, however, proved so troublesome and in various ways so unsatisfactory that it is not likely they will be repeated next year. An auto gymkhana is more easily managed and affords a good deal of fun to the spectators, so that an event of this sort may be arranged by the Coronado Country Club.

Inkersley, Photo

Drs. Freeman in Their Locomobile

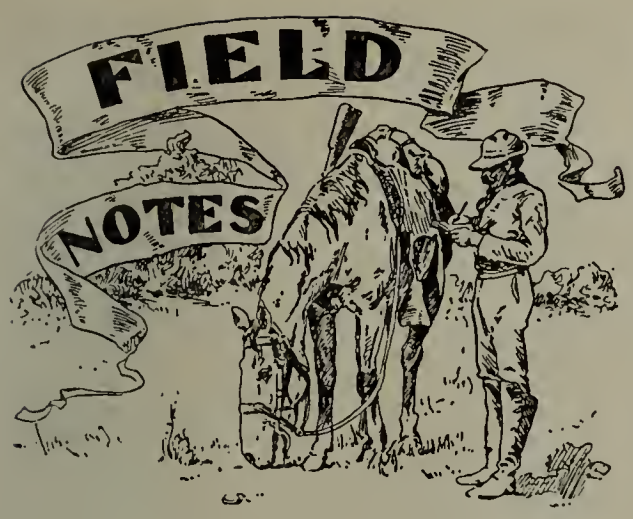
Inkersley, Photo

In Front of Hotel Del Monte



Inkersley, Photo

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Condon in Their Locomobile at Monterey



THE FAIR IN 1909

SEATTLE—a ten million dollar fair three years from now—that's what the town of Seattle, the State of Washington, and the Pacific Northwest are looking forward to. The start has been made, a wonderful start, by the raising of $650,000 in one day through the sale of stock in the exposition corporation.

October 2d was a gala day in Seattle, the biggest day the Washington metropolis ever had. It was known as Subscription Day; the Mayor, by proclamation, made it a holiday, and the slogan "Everybody helps," adopted by Will H. Parry, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was made a reality. There was a constant flow of checks and gold up the elevators to the fifteenth story of the Alaska Building, where the temporary headquarters of the exposition have been estabished.

The fair already gives promise of a scope yet unattained by Western enterprises. The name, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, contributes an idea of the general nature of the show. It will be primarily an Alaska fair, held to exploit to the world the resources of the little-known northland, and in this connection will be gathered the most remarkable mining display ever shown at a world's fair. The gold that made the country originally famous will be told of through specimens and photographs and machinery, and the other ores more recently discovered will have proper representation. And more important, the agricultural and industrial possibilities will be effectively exploited.

Besides Alaska, the great Yukon country will contribute samples of its untold wealth, and the islands of the sea will show their marvels. One of the principal objects of the exposition will be to bring together in trade the shores of the Pacific. With a population ten times as great as the United States, occupying a territory three times the size of Uncle Sam's domain, Asia and Oceanica produce enormous quantities of wares which Americans might use, while on the other hand, they need millions of dollars' worth of goods made in America. To bring the two together, through the medium of exhibits, will be the object of the Seattle fair.

State participation in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is already a certainty, and the United States Government is counted upon to put up a building or series of buildings, and make a display worthy of the richness of the land. The Western States learned through the Lewis and Clark Fair held last year, the advantages to be gained through generous participation in national exhibitions, and can be counted upon to make even better displays than those which helped make the 1905 show attractive. Oregon is certain to have a fine building, stuffed with products, and California, always a good show State, will be there. Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and the other States, as well as the British possessions to the north will be adequately represented.

With nearly three years remaining before the exposition, the beginning of preparation has already been made. The Washington University grounds, comprising 355 acres, bordering on Lake Washington and Lake Union, have been chosen as a site, and landscape gardening will soon be begun. The site is situated twenty minutes' ride from the center of the city, and is in every way adapted to its purpose.

MR. BABCOCK DEMURS

Editor Western Field: I have just read H. T. Payne's article in your September number, entitled "The Santa Cruz Fish Hatchery," in which he does Mr. C. B. Gould and myself an injustice. Writing of the establishment of that very valuable and successful station, he states that some ten years ago Dr. Hibbard was selected by Mr. J. C. Stubbs of the Southern Pacific Company to make an investigation and report on the probability of the success of a hatchery in Santa Cruz County.

He says: "Mr. Hibbard reported favorably on the location. The company, however, thought it wise to consult with the State Board of Fish Commissioners before the commencement of operations. Mr. Gould, then a member of the Board, favored another location, and, in support of his views, referred the company to Mr. J. P. Babcock, then the Chief Deputy of the Board, who at once denounced the plan as visionary, giving as his reasons that the waters of the coast streams were too warm for artificial propagation, and further, that fish hatched from spawn taken in those streams could not be successfully reared. Therefore, as Mr. Babcock was supposed to have some practical knowledge of the subject, the matter was dropped so far as the Southern Pacific Company was concerned."

There is no truth in the above statement (though for once Mr. Payne may not know it). I never advised the Board of Fish Commissioners, the Southern Pacific Company, or any one else, that "the plan was visionary; that the waters of the coast streams were too warm for artificial propagation, or that fish hatched from spawn taken in such waters could not be successfully reared." Furthermore, I was never asked by the Board or the Southern Pacific

Company or any one else, to express an opinion on those questions.

Some ten or twelve years ago the Southern Pacific Company asked the Board of Fish Commissioners if they would supply the company with rainbow trout eggs, provided it would construct and pay for the maintenance of a suitable hatchery in the Santa Cruz Mountains, stating that they desired to increase the number of rainbow then being planted in those streams, and had been advised that the Board would supply the necessary eggs, as they were then doing for the California-Northwestern Railway Company's hatchery at Ukiah. They did not at any time during my connection with the Board suggest that they were desirous of establishing a hatchery for the propagation of eggs to be collected by their own agents. The Board, in reply to the inquiry of the company, stated that they could not supply it with a sufficient number of rainbow trout eggs to warrant them in undertaking such an expense; but that the Board could and would supply them with the same number of Tahoe trout eggs that were annually assigned to the Ukiah hatchery, and on the same conditions; i. e., the Board to have the right to name the waters into which one-half of the fry should be planted. The Board also stated that it had been unable to obtain sufficient rainbow trout eggs to fill the State hatcheries, and that, as the Santa Cruz County streams were receiving their full quota of the total number of rainbow trout propagated by the State, that number could not be increased in justice to the claims of other sections, even though the company was willing to pay for them. Later, Mr. C. B. Gould, who at that time was associated with Mr. A. T. Vogelsang in the managemtnt of the Board's affairs, arranged with the Southern Pacific Company for the establishment of a rainbow-trout spawn-collecting station on the Sacramento River, near Sims, the Company to pay one-half of all expenses and receive one-half of all the fry resulting from the operations. The experiment was not a success. The company paid its half of the bill of expense, which closed the arrangement.

At no time during my connection with the California Fish Commission was any proposition on this subject submitted to the Board by the Southern Pacific Company.

I will be obliged if you will kindly give these notes space in the new issue of your magazine, in order that Mr. Payne's mis-statements may be called to your readers' attention.

Very respectfully,
JOHN PEASE BABCOCK,
Government Building.

Victoria, B. C., October 4, 1906.

A CRITICISM

Editor Western Field: I have an abiding faith in the sincerity of your persistent advocacy of the rigid enforcement of all laws for the protection of game, hence my astonishment in discovering that you are giving publicity to an attractive article in which the author confesses to being instrumental in killing three, if not four, deer in one season. I have reference to "A Month's Outing in Lake and Mendocino," by J. M. T., in the September number, 1906.

On page 536, column 1, J. M. T. says: "George and I fired twice at the bigger one, * * it ran two hundred yards before the dogs bayed it"; on page 536, column 2: "I took good aim and he dropped in his tracks"; at page 538: "we both shot together * * he fell in a heap, * * all four shots had hit him"; and on page 539: "he got a hot reception * * I fired four times * * the dogs killed him, etc."

J. M. T. is quite enthusiastic and his article reads well, but he should be more cautious about publicly admitting that he violates the game laws—the influence of such admissions will be pernicious. On your part I presume it was an oversight, but it is up to J. M. T. to visit the nearest Justice of the Peace and ask permission to pay a fine. Call his attention to the action of Dr. Barker of San Jose, who, on discovering that it was unlawful to kill a swan, voluntarily repaired to court and asked to be penalized. I suppose this is only one out of a hundred instances where the limit has been exceeded, but that is no reason to parade the fact. If J. M. T. is going to be so frank, I would suggest that his remedy to keep within the law is by taking only two loaded cartridges on his future trips. The law fixing the limit at two deer for one season is a wise provision under existing conditions, and I remain yours for the enforcement of the law.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[If "Subscriber" will again carefully read the article in question, he will find that there is a probability that, in two of the four instances he quotes, the other man who fired simultaneously with J. M. T. may have killed the deer. And as there was a fair doubt in the matter, and as his companions and himself did not *in toto* exceed or even achieve the legal limit, we think that J. M. T. is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.—Ed.]

In the death of Hon. E. B. Edson, who passed away on October 23d at his home in Gazelle, Siskiyou County, *Western Field* loses one of its best friends and America one of its best and most typical citizens.

Mr. Edson was a gentleman of strong personality—a sterling, rugged character whose word was his bond, and whose honesty and uprightness have passed into proverb.

Like most men of the West, Mr. Edson was a born fighter and served with distinction in the Union Army during the Civil War; at its close he returned, Cincinnatus like, to his plow, and made a success of farming as he made a success of all things, by dint of honest work, hard application, and intelligent thought. A clean, manly sportsman, he loved the things of the wild with a great love, and was one of game protection's staunchest friends.

Mr. Edson was 67 years of age, and has served nation and State with distinction during every day of it. All California mourns his loss.

SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS ORGANIZE

An important meeting of representatives of Southern California sportsmen's clubs was held in Los Angeles recently in the rooms of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Thirteen delegates, representing nearly all of the duck clubs shooting in the Bolsas and Chico districts of Orange County effected the organization of a mutual benefit and protective association, to be composed of all the members of the affiliated clubs, ex-facto, and to have an advisory board, comprising one delegate from each, to act with a committee of three appointed by the president of the association.

The club representatives were: W. R. Leeds and E. A. Curtis for the Westminister and Golden West; R. B. Stephens, the Blue Wing; Godfrey Fritz, the Christopher; William Mackie, William Graham, Charles Baum and Harry Van Vorst, the Olympic; A. T. Jergins and Dr. C. G. Stivers, the Blue Wing; Messrs. Gordon and Andy Caubin, the Center; E. L. Hedderly, the Canvasback. Through its president, Count Jaro Von Schmidt, the Bolsa Chico tendered its hearty co-operation, although he was unable to be present in person. General Last of the Green Wing and the Chico Land and Water Company were similarly represented. Edwin L. Hedderly was chosen, president and Godfrey Fritz, secretary.

A committee of three, consisting of John Hauerwass of the Chico, Dr. O. P. Roller of the Lomita and the president, ex-officio, was then appointed to draw up regulations and by-laws, and empowered with full authority to act upon several important matters which came up. This committee will report at the next meeting, which will probably be held just before the season opens.

On motion of R. B. Stephens the matter of reducing the bag limit voluntarily was taken up, he suggesting thirty birds. Twenty-five was the popular sentiment, and proved the unanimous choice of those present, they arguing that in no other way could the good faith of the sportsmen in the cause of game protection be better shown. Owing to the fact that one or two of the clubs were not present in person, it was decided to put the matter up to each of the clubs as a suggestion unanimously recommended by the association, and this was done, all present declaring in favor of the reduction. The butchery of ducks by market hunters in the San Joaquin Valley was next taken up, and the committee empowered to act to its utmost to bring pressure to bear that would stop this illegal slaughter. A communication from the Santa Clara County Game and Fish Protective Association was presented, requesting co-operation in the removal of Chief Deputy Charles A. Vogelsang of the State Fish Commission, on the alleged charge of using his official capacity to protect violators of the game and fish laws, and of discharging good and faithful servants of the sportsmen for no cause other than that of doing their duty; or as Vogelsang expressed it, "Not carrying out the policy of the Commission." This action was taken, and the committee empowered to go any distance to secure the appointment of a man with the interests of the game at heart, rather than those of the pocketbook.

The delegates present at the meeting represented a total membership of over 200, and a land area of some 3000 acres, all owned in fee simple by the clubs themselves. This was the first definite move toward an organization of the clubs, and it is proposed to extend it to other sections eventually.

NOTES FROM SEA GIRT MEETING

THE late Sea Girt meeting of National Marksmen was certainly the greatest and most interesting of any that has been held in the United States. The magnitude of numbers overwhelmed the facilities and was the cause of much dissatisfaction on account of thereby being compelled to leave out some of the scheduled matches and shortening the President's Match by leaving out entirely, the 1000 yd. range, and closing the meeting September 10th instead of September 6th as originally scheduled. Those on the outside muttered and grumbled because it appeared to them that there was much lost time that might have been utilized to good advantage. It was, however, no small job to do as well as was actually done under the circumstances, and the governing officials are entitled to universal thanks. The first lesson taught is, that if the national matches shot by teams coming from each state are to continue to be shot at some one place, there must be a great increase in the number of targets at each range and more telephonic communication with each target; and there should be a corps of markers who are interested in their work, who should be paid for their services. If the State of Ohio has the next meeting, as it now looks as if she would, her officials will have a golden opportunity to overcome nearly, if not all, the so-called shortcomings of the last meeting.

A sufficient acreage must be taken, enough targets erected and each supplied with proper communication with the firing line, and each scheduled match commence on time promptly, and there you are! How easy it seems, hey? It can be done and we believe Ohio will be equal to the occasion.

Another lesson well impressed on the minds of the shooters, was the fact that Krag barrels wear out rapidly when using the hard metal covered bullet. There is no mistake about it; worn out barrels were very much in evidence at Sea Girt. The writer was especially interested in that line, and went to the meeting fully prepared to measure all barrels that were brought to him. He was tented with Dr. W. G. Hudson and John Taylor Humphrey (Editor Shooting and Fishing). The tent was well filled nearly all the time by interested shooters, even until midnight. We have a record of upwards of three hundred barrels that were measured, some from nearly every state in the Union, and the greater number of them measure above .3095 in. and some as high as .3135 in. You can easily imagine what the results would be when shooting at 1000 yards with such a barrel when using a bullet measuring the standard size of .308 in. Some of them did very good work at the shorter ranges, but were out of it at the long

distances. Some who were fortunate enough to get a different rifle, after their visit to our tent, stated that our measurements confirmed their suspicions and accounted for the poor work that they were doing at the long ranges. It was very noticeable that men from certain states, especially the Southern states, were not as well posted as were the men from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio and others, who have been intensely interested in national marksmanship for a greater length of time. It was seldom a rifle was found from these states that measured above .3085 in., they had just been equipped with the best they could get. We were showered with thanks from many of the southern officials, who stated that the lesson learned at our school tent would stand them well in hand for future meetings. There will be some Adjutant Generals importuned for new barrels as soon as possible.

It is these exchanges of experiences at a large meeting more than anything else that will cause the national matches to continue to be held at some one large range, rather than divide the meeting under various departments as East, West, North and South, thus, they might tend to become sectional, and sectional strife might not be to the best advantage of the whole.

One barrel was found to measure .305 in. It was, however, badly fouled with an adherence of the metal from the jacket of the bullet. The barrel was corked up at the breech and filled with Dr. Hudson's solution. The component parts of this solution are as follows, the quantities given being sufficient for the treatment of half a dozen barrels: one ounce ammonium persulphate; 200 grains ammonium carbonate; six ounces ammonia, twenty-eight per cent; four ounces water.

The ammonia mentioned is what is known as "stronger ammonia," containing twenty-eight per cent ammonia gas. The ammonium carbonate and persulphate should be pulverized and left in the solution for a half hour, in order that it may become thoroughly saturated.

A convenient method of manipulation is to force a cork into the chamber of the rifle and fill the barrel to the muzzle.

There was an interesting test of two sharp pointed bullets of the Spitzer type, at 1000 yards with the new Springfield rifle by Capt. Hof of the United States Ordnance Department. A muzzle velocity of 2750 ft. per second was obtained. We understand there were between thirty and forty shots fired in the barrel. The rifle was brought to our tent and it showed cupro fouling toward the muzzle for about six inches. It was treated with the solution for about an hour. The results showed that much of the cupro fouling was removed. It was thought best, however, to give it another test and it was left in the barrel over night. There was but a slight trace of cupro in the morning, demonstrating the fact that the solution will clean the worst barrels if left in them for about an hour. With a muzzle velocity of 2750 ft. per second, to the minds of the experienced, the barrel might be expected to have been well coated with metal from the jacket of the bullet. With this example before us, a conundrum arises to the mind of the writer: if the Krag with a velocity of 1950 ft. per second wears out barrels rapidly and cupro fouls them, what would a velocity of 2750 ft. be expected to do in that line?

Some idea may be had of the extra interest taken by shooters relative to worn out barrels, when no less than two hundred and twenty-five signatures were attached in one day, to the petition formulated by Dr. W. G. Hudson, which was addressed to the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, requesting the right for individuals to purchase new barrels from private manufacturers and to have them viewed and stamped by government officials, which would permit of the use of them in all national matches. Signatures of officials of various grades and the names of many officers of the regular army will be found on the petition. It is hoped that the Board will act favorably on this petition and that governmental sanction may be secured. While this, as stated above, impresses the lesson on the minds of all that the Krag barrels are continually wearing out, and if the petition above be granted, it will provide an extra venue through which some new barrels may be purchased, providing the individual or military organizations may be well enough supplied with cash, it of course, in no way lessens the wear on the barrels and it is simply a continuance of the endless chain of wearing one out and getting a new one.

Capt. G. W. Corwin, Insp. Rifle Practice of the 71st Regt., N. Y. N. G., volunteered the statement that the 71st Regiment had used many thousands of the Ideal bullets No. 308,284 with 23 grs. of L. & R. Lightning powder this spring for their shorter ranges and that next year they expected to use them for all practice work up to 600 yds. and including the skirmish runs. It is the rapid fire and skirmish work that heats up and wears out the barrel most. Many states have used these bullets quite extensively this spring and they are universally expecting to increase their use during the season of 1907, and many are now preparing to reload their empty shells ready for the coming season. The practicability of this reloaded ammunition and the economy of it, is now well known. The use of it well proves the old adage as far as the worn out barrels are concerned, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." This feature of reloading the empty shells with the Ideal soft metal bullet is, to say the least, worthy the attention of those who have not tried it.

The writer fully appreciates the interest that was taken in the Ideal Match that was scheduled at the late Sea Girt meeting, and desires to herewith thank the many gentlemen that composed the various teams that were entered to shoot in the match. We know they were very much disappointed because it was not pulled off, as many state officials were interested in the expected demonstration. The writer, however, recognized the fact that larger and more important matches were curtailed and left out, and he felt that it was his duty to do the next best thing, which was to distribute the ammunition that was left over, placing a box here and there, among the officials of the different states, thus imitating the Egyptians of old, casting their bread upon the waters with the expectation of its returning after many days.

The writer, who for the last thirty-five or forty years has had more or less experience with the manufacture of arms and ammunition, fully realizes the

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fact that it is very much easier to criticise and find fault with guns and cartridges in general, than it would be to correct many of the so-called imperfections, and I desire to impress it on the minds of my readers that the following is not written in the spirit of pessimistic criticism or fault finding, though when stubborn facts come in our way, we should face instead of dodge them.

At the suggestion of Dr. Hudson, I made and took to Sea Girt with me, a tool to withdraw bullets from loaded cartridges. Same was fitted to the Ideal loading press which was on exhibition. One evening while various visitors were with us, I withdrew nine cartridges, U. S. ammunition issue of 1906, from a bandoleer and with the above tool took them apart, carefully preserving every kernel or grain of powder in each shell. Dr. Hudson weighed the charges on a pair of Apothecaries' scales and John T. Humphrey, Editor Shooting and Fishing, wrote down the results, which were as follows: 35.1, 35.2, 34.6, 33.9, 34.6, 34.7, 34.9, 34.3 grs. weight. This shows 1.3 grs. variation from the lightest to the heaviest charge. The weights of five of these bullets that were taken from the shells were as follows: 220, 218.9, 219.5, 220.4, and 218.4. The extreme diameter of bullets: .309 in., .309 in., .308 in., .3101 in., .3085 in. These bullets seemed to be enlarged in the center, bulged out. Would account for this only by the possibility of their having been forced in the neck of a shell that was altogether too tight, thus bulging the bullets. Lt. Townsend Whelen, U. S. Army coach, who was witnessing the test, vouchsafed the statement that one grain variation of powder, in the Krag rifle with the regular bullet, would cause a variation of 4 ft. at 1000 yds., thus a shooter having nine cartridges loaded with the exact equal charge, might be sighted correctly and make nine consecutive bullseyes and the tenth cartridge having one grain less of powder, the shooter having exactly the same sighting as with the other nine, the bullet would drop in the dirt one foot below the target. If this is a fact, it will account for some of the erratic shooting at 1000 yds. Those who are not familiar with the difficulty of measuring 30 cal. or W. A. powder, at once condemn the ammunition as made by the government, as being inferior, while the fact to the contrary is, that the machine loaded ammunition as made at Frankford Arsenal and at the various private manufactories never was better than it is at the present time. General ammunition must be made quickly and in great quantities at a time. It is astonishing to one who knows what there is to contend with in making cartridges, that the general product has reached such a high state of perfection and uniformity. The general factory product of course is not to be compared with the special hand loaded product. It is right here where the hand loading outfits in the armories get in their work. Those having these implements, can make their own ammunition, as perfect as it is possible to be made. They can select the shells, and be especially careful in preparing, the bullets may be, as they are, selected as to weight and uniformity in size, and lastly, each charge of powder can be weighed and the whole assembled with an Armory Loading Press. Such ammunition loaded by the individual at home or by

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the organization at the armories, or loaded at the factories for special match purposes, is superior to the regular machine made product, wherever it is made, and those who are accustomed to loading their own, know this well, for any of the matches where they are privileged to use any ammunition, the special carefully hand-loaded cartridges are used. Those who expect to line up with the winners must do as the winners do.

I believe I am well inside of the truth when I state that there is not as yet, neither do I believe there ever will be made a bulk powder measuring machine that will measure 30 cal. or W. A. powder that will not show as much variation as is shown in the above nine cartridges, and if the test is made with one hundred or more, I will add one grain more to the variation. The only way absolute uniformity can be obtained is by weighing. What is wanted now, is a practical weighing machine that will operate with sufficient rapidity. I believe there is something of this kind in the air. It will certainly be a long stride toward perfection when such is produced.

The American rifle shooter of today, in the minds of some, has become altogether too well posted for the manufacturers. He now carries a micromoter in his pocket, measures his bullets and his barrel, and talks about a quarter of a thousandth of an inch, and in many cases finds fault when things in general are not up to his idea of perfection. All this is good, but there is a limit to everything. There is no doubt that the shooting fraternity in general is indebted to the everlasting desire for improvements in the minds of such men as Dr. Hudson, William Hayes, and others. The results each successive year show improvement over the preceding. Impossibilities, however, should not be expected, and if they are, they will not be realized. To expect a rifle barrel with an exact bore and depth of rifling to a fractional part of a thousandth of an inch is too much. When the thought is given to the matter of the hardness of the steel from which these barrels are made, one wonders how it is possible to get so near to an exact uniformity, when the wear of tools is taken into consideration. The makers of the Krag at Springfield, as well as the private manufacturers of arms are entitled to consideration, and we all should appreciate what has been done under the most trying difficulties.

A large blue flag with the letters P. S. A. L. could be seen from all parts of the encampment, and much curiosity was expressed by visitors in general as to the meaning of those letters. It was the headquarters of the Public School Athletic League of New York, Lt. H. C. Wilson and Capt. G. W. Corwin of the 71st Regt. N. Y. N. G. took a lively interest on behalf of the schoolboys. These officials expressed regrets because the boys were not given an opportunity to shoot in the Ideal Match. The schoolboys are keenly interested and are certainly showing great proficiency, which is a credit to the officials who have them in charge. The popularity of this school work should certainly increase. It will be a wide and great field from which future military organizations of the country will recruit their best men.

The closing of the Sea Girt meeting is virtually the closing of the outdoor practice shooting. The New York regiments are now at work getting ready to reload their empty shells for the coming indoor shooting season, which commences early in November. Thomas Anderton of the 7th Regt. N. Y. N. G., stated that last season his organization loaded and

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used over 250,000 rounds in their winter practice. Their range is 100 yds. They used the Ideal bullet No. 308,278—175 to 180 grs. weight. This bullet permits of rapid fire work.

Many were the questions asked as to what is best for indoor rifle practice. In reply would say for the benefit of your readers who may be interested, that all rifle organizations should have facilities for indoor work, even if space limits to ranges no longer than 35 or 40 ft. Of course a range of 50 to 100 yds. is preferred. Many use the 22 cal. rifles. The shooting of any rifle is of benefit. The 22 cal. barrel fitted on a Krag action is better than the regular 22 cal. rifle for the motion of operating it is the same as with the Krag. The writer, personally, believes in each soldier taking care of his own arm, and using it in all rifle practice, whether indoor or outdoor. He thus finds out the peculiarities of the sights, the trigger pull and the general hang becomes fitted to him.

The New Jersey boys reload their empty shells, using 7 grs. of Laflin & Rand Unique powder and bullet No. 308,241. This ammunition is the lightest that we know of, which will permit of rapid fire practice. It may be used in any ordinary gallery with a proper back stop for any distance from 35 ft. to 100 yds. Scores of 35 or 40 consecutive bulls eyes have been made with it at reduced 100 yd-target.

Speaking of rapid fire, I would say that the records of all the national matches will show that most of the best shots at the slow deliberate fire are deficient at rapid fire and skirmish. Indoor practice with the Krag rifle and the above reloaded reduced charge will be very popular this winter for rapid fire practice.

There has been hard and steady work done by all the U. S. service teams for the past few years, to wrest the championship from the New York militia. Glory has at last crowned the Army team which this year stands 60 points above the U. S. Cavalry, who were second, with Massachusetts third. It is fitting that the regular service men should win. Their entire business is supposed to be shooting. They are now at the top, after a hard fight and they will have to continue to fight hard to retain the position that they have attained. The state militia is composed of superior military material. Honor is due Lt. Townsend Whelen, who coached the Army team. The result of his continuous and arduous labor was shown in the victory won. The latest book, "Suggestions to Military Riflemen," is written by Lt. Whelen. This work is of the greatest value to the military shooters, and I am pleased to recommend it to them. Whether the sale of the book will help the Lieutenant is not to the point. I know every soldier in the regular or state militiary service will be helped by reading it, if the soldier desires to know how to shoot his rifle, whether it be a Krag or a New Springfield.

Sea Girt meeting of 1906 with all so-called shortcomings has without a doubt done more for the further development of military shooting than any other meeting that has ever been held in the country. It has further demonstrated the fact that the Krag rifle is a first-class arm although criticisms were to the contrary, when it was first issued. The meeting has demonstrated the fact that the United States Government as well as the private manufacturers can and do make first-class ammunition. The experience and information gathered at this meeting will be silently working during the coming months for the good of the next meeting which we all think will be so conducted as to realize our most sanguine expectations.

J. H. BARLOW.

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Vol. 9 DECEMBER, 1906 No. 5

DECEMBER GOLD

WHAT is this gleam of mellow light
Along the woodland edges?
So long ago the golden rods
Grew sere beside the hedges!
And vine and branch were stripped of fruit
By frost and thrifty vintner,
But here a glint of summer lives
Though all around is winter.

The gentians on the frosted meads
Are brown and crisp and dying;
The sturdy winds from arctic hills
Through leafless woods go sighing;
The forest chorus born of June
Has spent itself with singing,
And winter comes with touch of ice
A dirge of sorrow bringing.

And yet, along the woodland ways,
The gold of August lingers
In wonder shapes and festoons rare,
Like rings for fairy fingers.
Witch-hazel gold amid the brown,
The summer's last bright ember,
To light and cheer the waning day
That glooms in gray December.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COULD NOT WAIT

By "Montezuma"

CHEYENNE, sitting cross-legged on his bunk in the fire-lighted bunk-house, and abstractedly stacking up and pinching off with unerring exactitude in clips of five the roll of double eagles which for two years he had been accumulating in a baking-powder tin, was of two minds about one thing.

Of course there was a woman at the bottom of his trouble—worse, there were two of them. And as is always the case in a complication of this kind, he loved one of the women with all the strength of his nature, and the other he loved not at all. And as is invariably the rule, the latter was the one that he ultimately favored. Since that first day when the Earth was blessed—or cursed—with one other woman besides Eve it has always been so; and so will it be to the end of all time. There is logically only One woman on Earth for every man; lovers vehemently avow it and Convention so ordains it, but all the same another woman bobs up and generally gets away with the goods.

It would have to be so in his case, but as yet he did not know it. He was trying, in fact, to steel himself against the inevitable—all unconscious that it was such—and he was having a bad quarter hour over it. You or I could have told him instanter how it would come out—had we been there to have been asked—but as was usual with him he was fighting his own battle single-handed and unaided, and as was very unusual, he lost.

Three years ago he had hitched up with the "O-K" outfit as horse-wrangler, and nine months later he had met the Widow Dubois at a dance on Big Alkali. With him it had been love at first sight, or as he succintly phrased it, she "caught him at the first throw." The Widow was a petite little brunette of twenty-three, with a world of hair and color, and with eyes that snapped like a cap and went black as night when she was incensed. And to incense her was the wise first thing that Cheyenne did.

"What business *you* got to be a widow?" he audaciously asked her as, still palpitating from the magnetism of her touch, he sat beside her at the end of their first—and only, dance. Of course he meant it as a compliment and so the Widow was well aware; but the very uniqueness and clumsiness of it angered her and she snapped back:

"What business have you to ask me such an insulting question, sir? I thought all cowboys were gentlemen."

Cheyenne, nothing abashed, leaned back and roared at the counter thrust. "Say!" he ejaculated, slapping his thigh in enjoyment, "you're the gal fer my money!" again meaning only a compliment.

"And how much money have you got, pray?" she contemptuously asked. Cheyenne was sobered instantly. The malice in her tone was apparent and the logic of the taunt was undeniable. Yet he was a man not easily discomposed and his reply was instantaneous:

"Not enough to keep you an' me awake o' nights countin' it, but it's all yourn and I'm goin' to make more—an' that'll be yourn, too!"

"Indeed! And suppose I decline both it and your further acquaintance as well?"

Cheyenne was on his feet instantly with a world of contrition in his eyes and voice. "You won't do that, Mrs. Dubois—" But the Widow arose and coldly left him without a word. Thereafter she sedulously ignored him and he was too manly to obtrude any further attentions upon her. And that was the second wise thing he did that night. For the Widow, communing with her reflection in her dressing-table mirror early in the dawn, confided that he was the best favored man on the Medicine Bow range, and that she was sorry she had said that about his money. Of course he could not be earning much as

a horse wrangler, but he had fine eyes, splendid shoulders, and they said he was the best rider in the State. He was a gentleman, too, despite his crude audacity—and she was not vexed to recall, on awakening late that afternoon, that she had dreamed of counting money all night with a man who assured her repeatedly "it's all yourn!"

Kittie Dubois was the relict of a man who should have been, but wasn't, the richest cowman on Big Alkali. Killed on the day of their wedding by a fractious team, his virgin bride found herself heiress to a heavily mortgaged ranch which she wisely disposed of at the earliest possible moment, realizing only as many hundred dollars as Dubois was popularly supposed to be worth thousands. The amount being inadequate for her maintenance she accepted the position of teacher of the district school, and speedily endeared herself to every living being, from the Elk Mountains to Stinking Water. Especially was she dear to the bronze-faced cow-punchers, who to a man proposed at every favorable and unfavorable opportunity, but with no success. Up to that night of the dance on Big Alkali she had never felt one tender thrill of emotion for any of her suitors, and even then she was not sure whether she really hated or admired the superb audacity and assurance of the horse wrangler of the "O-K" brand.

Nevertheless she was interested enough to make sufficient inquiries about him to find out that he was regarded as one of the most dependable and efficient men in his business, reckless and impulsive but in nowise vicious, a paragon of courage and loyalty to his friends and employers—altogether a fine type of the American plainsman. And when he, with adroit *finesse,* secured a re-introduction to her under circumstances which made her powerless to avoid it, she graciously accepted the inevitable and even went out of her way to be specially nice to him and put him at his ease. Whereupon he offended no more and openly worshiped the ground she walked on.

But having been taught his lesson, his adoration was now retiring instead of aggres

Photo by Dr. J. Clark Big Alkali

sive. A lion among men he was a veritable rabbit of diffidence in her presence. And, parodoxical enough, the widow could have viciously shaken him for it. As she told her dearest woman friend, Mrs. Vaughn, "one loves to see the wondrous love light in the eyes of a dog, but one likes to see him show his teeth now and then, just so as to be sure he has them!"

Had she known the real reason for his diffidence she would have been vastly comforted. One day, while engaged in tightening his saddle girths in the Vaughn corral where he was assisting in some horse work, he had overheard her clear, resonant voice, drifting through the open living room window across the balmy June silence of the ranche, saying to Mrs. Vaughn: "No dear. When I marry again —if I ever do—it will be to a man who has money in hand." The rest was lost in the noise of a sudden commotion among the horses, but all that night Cheyenne, tired though he was from his hard day's work, lay awake and pondered over her words and thought innumerable things. When the dawn reddened in his eyes he shut down his teeth and said: "Not a word of love making till I have the money. Only I must find out how much she needs."

It took him three months and then he was favored by pure accident. His first thought had been to go and ask her direct, but his wisdom tooth had grown materially since that night in Big Alkali, and so he bided his time, figured much on ways and means, and trusted more to luck. All things come to him who waits, and one night the trick turned all unexpectedly.

At the supper table at Vaughn's, about a month after his involuntary eavesdropping, he was a guest at the insistence of the good lady of the house, who like all happily married women was a confirmed match-maker. His divinity, sitting opposite him where he could gloat on her to his heart's content, was unusually vivacious and gracious that evening, and he was in the seventh heaven of silent transport.

They were discussing the marriage, dilated on with the usual verbosity in the weekly paper, of a famous Denver heiress with a comparatively poor young suitor. Vaughn with a look of ineffable content at his comely helpmeet, opined that "after all it's the woman that counts—and the man. Not the money."

"But a little money helps out, eh, Kitty?" said that good dame in reminiscent mischief. The Widow colored furiously and her eyes snapped a threat of something coming to her interrogator the next time they were together alone. But she heroically faced the issue, noting out of the corner of her eye the tense expectancy of the man sitting opposite her, whose bronze face was a little less ruddy than ordinarily, and said firmly: "I think there ought to be money, too."

Cheyenne was looking her squarely in the eyes and there was an unspoken question on his tongue to which he was making an effort to give utterance; he was moistening his dry lips for the second time and she was trembling with dread at what she feared when Vaughn brought the matter to a happy climax by teasingly asking: "How much money, Mrs. Dubois?"

'Oh! said that young lady in an agony of relief, scarcely weighing her words, "the mere amount is a matter of no significance, provided that they love each other."

"How much, please!" The horse wrangler's words were as much a command as an entreaty and Vaughn looked sharply at him in sudden enlightenment. His wife with wonderful tact relieved the strain by carelessly venturing "Oh! a couple thousand dollars, she means, of course." And not knowing what she did the Widow confusedly nodded her assent.

"Well," said Cheyenne with conclusive deliberation, "that much can be got—in a couple years," as an afterthought, and there was a piteous imploration in the eyes that vainly sought to engage hers. But to no one at that table was the significance of his words lost.

That very night Cheyenne went to the owner of the "O-K" brand, who happened to be in camp on a visit of inspection, and asked for a raise of wages. He was much gratified to be met with a counter proposition to take charge of an auxiliary ranche at the other end of the range, at a salary of $75 per month, his present foreman having unqualifiedly recommended him for the position. It is characteristic of the man that he went to bed at once and slept like a log.

The next day he rode up to Vaughn's to say good bye and to convey the news. Kitty's cheeks crimsoned as he took her hand in his, and she said almost in a whisper "I am so

glad!" But the man looking at her as a hungry boy looks at a pie said only, "Well, so long!" But at the gate he checked his flying bronco so suddenly that it almost sat down on its haunches. Dismounting, he picked up a glove which Mrs. Dubois had dropped a few minutes before. This he thrust in his shirt bosom, and without a backward look rode away.

* * *

And now at the end of two years he had the money and a little more—enough more to buy a wedding ring, pay for the license and other entailed expenses. He had resolved to wait until Christmas eve before proposing to her. Of her acceptance he had not the slightest doubt, though no love making had passed between them. About a dozen times each year he had ridden over the hundred or more miles from Ten Sleep to visit the Vaughns and take a long hungry look at his lady-love. And the last time she had laughingly given him the odd mate to her pilfered glove.

He had come over night as far as the "O-K" home ranche, less than five miles from Vaughn's, where he had planned to remain until just time enough to ride up and join them at supper. And awaiting him here he had found a letter that completely upset his whole calculations. It lay beside him now as he sat in the bunk, and mechanically he picked it up and re-read it for the hundredth time that day. It was addressed to "Mr. William Stanton"—which was Cheyenne's other name—and bore the postmark of an obscure Wyoming hamlet. It was a tear blotted missive in a faltering feminine handwriting and was neither remarkable for grammatical or orthographic accuracy.

Photo by George Gignac

Elk Mountain

Deer Mr. Stanton—I taik my pen in hand to tell you your old frend John Wistar is ded. He was kikt by a hors and only lived too hrs. It was in the stummich and he suffert awfull. Befor he dide he says to me rite to my old frend Billy Stanton at Big Alkerli. he will do for you, as he nows I would do the saim for his and hisn.

John and me was orphants Mr. Stanton as you now and we nether of us had enny reltives. I have bin in bed sick for too munth. We have three baybes, one is Liza 5 and one is Johnny 3 and one is Willie 2 named for you. We have no munny and but littel to ete. I owe for the funral and doctor for myself and Willie has the meezles. We have a mortgig for six hundred dlrs. on the house wich is all I have left. If you could help us the good lord will bless you. hoping this fines you in good helth.

Yrs very truely,
JANE WISTAR.

He laid it down again and stared long in the open fire. Jack Wistar had been his friend leal and true—had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in times of bitter need. Full well did he know that the dead man would have beggared himself to help out "him and hisn" under similar circumstances; and now he could do no less in honor.

It was not of himself he was thinking—that part would be easy. But he thought of the sweet-faced girl waiting his expected coming up at Vaughan's—his Rachael for whom he had served so many heart-eating hours, and he groaned aloud. The money was nothing to him, it was the loss that its giving would entail. Then he tried sophistry: had he a right to make her wait two years more? But sharp and clear flamed his duty from the soiled letter at his side. That helpless woman and her babies must not suffer. His jaws shut with a snap.

He rose to his feet and carefully folding the letter in its original creases, replaced it in the envelope and put it in his inside pocket. Then, facing toward Vaughn's he held his arms out longingly. His face worked strongly and the cords stood out on his brow and neck. For a minute he stood so, then with a dry sob his arms fell to his sides. Automatically he donned his riding equipments and went out and saddled his horse.

It had grown late and it was ten o'clock when he reached Vaughn's. All the way up he had been resolving to tell his story at once and have it over with; but the love light lay so warm and sweet in her eyes and her soft hand was so tumultuously delicious to his touch that his heart failed him. Tonight he would enjoy the rapture that the morning would take from him—maybe forever. Tomorrow he would tell her all.

But the gall of the deception chafed him. He would tell Vaughn at any rate before he went to bed. With a heavy heart he feverishly strove to join in their pleasantries, even promising little Dickie Vaughn that he would hang up his stocking on the chance that Santa Claus would be good to him. Then, just at midnight, he took Kitty's hand in his own and gravely wished her a Merry Christmas.

"I will have something to tell you tomorrow" he said, and her eyes fell under the yearning of his. "Good night—may God be good to you!" Yet spake he never a word of love. It was his creed that he had forfeited all right.

Asking Vaughn to come to the bunk house he told the whole pitiful story. He did not ask for, nor was he proffered any advice or consolation. For Vaughn, too, was a man of the range and realized its exactions. Instead of words he held out his hand and the men gripped each other hard. Then Vaughn, intentionally retaining the letter, looked with a great approbation at the stalwart fellow calmly taking off his high heeled boots, and with a last kindly "good night, pard!" went out into the night.

Cheyenne called him back. "One minute, Vaughn. I promised Dickie I would hang up my stocking with the rest and I must keep faith, you know. Lucky I brought an extra pair along" and he extended a coarse grey woolen sock of generous proportions. His host took it silently, looking once more the sympathy that range etiquette forbade him expressing. Then he softly closed the door behind him.

Half an hour later two women were crying softly in each other's arms. "Don't be hard on him, dearie," said the elder. "It's the law of the range to stand by your friend and he's a man of honor. There was nothing else for him to do. God bless him! He's done what I want my Dickie to do if the need comes. Girl, you should be proud that such a man loves you. But, Oh! the pity of it! Take heart, dearie; in another two years he'll have it again—"

"Another two years!" scornfully said the Widow, "another two years of weary waiting and heartache! Not for me, my friend. I have waited long enough!" and she wiped her eyes determinedly.

"But, dearie"—pleaded Mrs. Vaughn, and then with a sorrowful look at the inexorable

face of the Widow, said no more and after a while went thoughtfully to her own room.

* * *

Worn out with his previous vigil and the enormous mental strain, Cheyenne slept soundly. It was broad day-light when he awoke, and anxious, yet dreading to have the whole miserable thing over, he dressed hastily and hurried into the house.

As he entered the living room he saw the Vaughn family standing before the fire place, the Widow being seated in an easy chair beside it. Vaughn, gazing at the array of hosiery dependant from the mantel shelf, was chuckling delightedly and Mrs. Vaughn was quivering like a moulded jelly with suppressed emotion.

"Look what's in yer stockin'," yelled little Dickie ecstatically, and Cheyenne, looking over the array failed to locate his own familiar foot wear. Thinking it might be lying on the floor he cast his eyes in that direction. The Vaughn's as a unit stepped aside but again he saw it not. He looked inquiringly at the Widow whose face was suffused with blushes; his eyes fell upon an opened soiled letter and a heap of gold pieces in her lap, then on a coarse woolen sock protruding from beneath the hem of her skirt—a sock that grew animated and was deftly withdrawn from his view as he gazed in incredulous comprehension.

Photo by Geosge Gignac

Vaughn's

For a moment he stood irresolutely looking at the brimming eyes now raised to his. Then he got down on his knees before her and laid his head in her lap.

"Come, Dickie!" said Mrs. Vaughn softly, "Santa Claus has waited a long time for you to try your new skates."

"Come, Dickie!" said the deep voice of his father; "it's a shame to wait that way."

DECEMBER

THE old year fades like one who clasps dread death,
And withering, sinks to go he knows not where;
And thro' the barren woods the mournful breath
Of ancient winter vaguely stirs the air.
When my life fades like that gray waste around,
Will it decay, to never rise again—
Dead as the ages buried underground,
And never knowing that the dream was vain
Which whispered of fresh worlds, and haunts immune from pain?

—*Frank E. Hill.*

SCUPPING

By Charles E. Jenney

BORN and brought up on the shores of Buzzards Bay, one of the keen pleasures of my boyhood was "scup" fishing, and the opportunity to enjoy it once again was eagerly seized last summer. Though better known to contemporary literature as the scene of blue-fishing, as an actual fact the latter sport is a more precarious one in these waters and never, to my mind, can yield the enjoyment of waiting for the bite of the whimsical "porgy". It may be the power of old association, but hand-line bottom-fishing will always afford me more pleasure than the more practiced west coast method of pole fishing.

The "Scup" (Stenotomus Argyrops), also variously known along the Atlantic Coast as "porgy" and "scuppaug", is a whitish, silvery-scaled fish, varying from the size of one's hand up to a foot in length, plump and the most delicious eating of any fish I know or can imagine. It appears along the coast soon after the period of frost, say about the middle of May, in schools swimming close to the bottom and frequenting the rocky ledges as best suited to its feeding habits.

At five o'clock, one late May morning, we arrived at the beach just at the ebb tide; the bay spread out before us smooth as glass, the only sound being the soft lap of the tide on the pebbles or the musical clink of the oarlocks from an early rower on the water. We had brought our hoes and in half an hour had dug a couple of buckets of clams for bait, first striking the hoe-blades against the stones, which caused the clams to spurt upward a stream of water and thereby revealing their presence. Then running our row-boat out over the flats, we sculled to our catboat moored some distance out and hoisted sail.

At first it seemed as if we would have to take to the oars, but soon light puffs of wind began to push her along down the harbor. In another half hour the breeze, though light, was ideal for sailing, and getting out from behind the wooded head of the inner harbor, we were spinning along toward our fishing grounds. Past the white cone of the Ned Point light, past the row of gay summer houses on the beach of Pico Cove, past Pine Island Pond and along the stretch of Strawberry Point we were wafted, watching the sun coloring the water; the dark green of the pine woods contrasted with the yellow green of the new foliage on the deciduous forests; the gulls swooped and dipped with their pulley-like creak, and the ripple of a shoal of small fry hugging the surface, or the silhouette of an old salt, pipe in mouth sailing down the bay in his weathered catboat for a quiet morning communion with the sea and a mess of fish for dinner, made a beautiful picture.

Off Angelica Point, and quite out in the waters of Buzzard's Bay, we worked up into the wind for our ranges, dropped anchor and sail and made snug for the fishing. Half a gunshot away our friend, the Old Salt, was already smashing clams on the gunwhale and scattering them in the water to attract the fish. Our lines showed about fifty feet depth and from the distinct striking of the lead sinker we knew it was a rocky bottom without eel-grass. The water was of considerable opaqueness, owing to brine, sediment and vegetable matter held in solution, so that we could see but a few feet below the surface; this added much to the zest of our sport, as we were often unable to tell what kind of a fish we were drawing up until he splashed out into the air. For although we had come for "scup", we must take the fish as they came and might expect tautog, a rock-bass, a grunt-fish, and—king of all bait-stealers—a chog-set. In fact, the scup might not run or bite at all that day.

The first thing we pulled up—and it gave us a good tug and great expectations—was an ugly looking whitish young shark with long, slender, cylindrical body and a wide sweep of fins, which he had used to advantage in getting a purchase on the water. It required several hard blows with an oar-handle to quiet him and he left the line in somewhat of a tangle.

We put two hooks on each line and for bait used the snout, rim or belly of a clam, although the former is about the only portion strong enough to stand more than the first nibble. Soon a scup was pulled in, his iridescent scales gleaming with all the hues of the rainbow, and his high dorsal fin erect like a hedge-hog's bristles. Then the sport began to be lively, sometimes two to a line coming in, and varied by a big, lubber-lipped six-pound tautog, mottled with splendid browns.

The wind, as is usual here, had been slowly rising until a good breeze was blowing by the middle of the forenoon, making the fishing a little more difficult owing to the effort of holding the line steady, and the rocking about on the seats, but we knew that it would make merry sailing back to port. By eleven o'clock, although there was no abatement of the sport, we had all the fish we knew what to do with and decided it was time to start home; so, hoisting anchor and sail, we steered for home, dashing the spray high over our bow and into our faces. We had taken, all told, about fifty scup, ten tautog, and several other varieties of less desirable fish. We made the homeward trip just in time to clean a mess of the scup, which were fried crisp for dinner and tasted to our fisherman's appetite the best of anything we ever ate.

* * *

BALLADE OF WINGS OF STEEL

THE fen and dell are spectre-white;
  Wild nomad flakes float on the breeze;
My skates clasped firm, and fastened tight,
  I wake the echoes with the glees
  That swing to Winter's symphonies—
With silver toe and flashing heel,
  I speed past snowy meadow seas
On slender, shining wings of steel.

By ghostly woodlands, frost-bedight,
  By pale bejeweled shrubs and trees,
I fare my frozen way, despite
  The plaint of winds that mock and tease;
  There are no days like unto these
The ides of snow-time would reveal,
  When river lengths are run with ease
On slender, shining wings of steel.

I wend my way, a merry wight,
  All silver-shod, by crusted leas;
Nor fear the faintest fear nor fright.
  I smile at Winter's stern decrees,
  And note the tall pine's icy frieze:
The forest-charmed way is staunch and leal,
  And I my longings would appease
On slender, shining wings of steel.

L'Envoi.

For some, the dignified degrees:
  My pleasure when old Winter's seal
Allows the gladness one foresees
  On slender, shining wings of steel.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

WINTER

GRAY winter's here; I saw his face
Peer from his pallid hiding place
And frown, I heard his voice declare
A strident pean on the air;
I saw his wan form cover space.

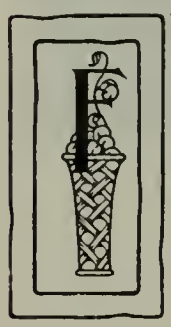
And swift, his minion winds, apace
Kept well before. No day of grace,
When now, triumphant-voiced, they blare:
"Gray winter's here!"

A tyrant he, to quick efface
A princely autumn's web o' lace
Wove to a scarlet net, and fair
For Miss November's dainty hair—
To clasp fall in a dread embrace,
"Gray winter's here."

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

The Hand of the Rain

·BY HARRY·H·DUNN·



FROM the mesa at the mouth of the Mesquite the low rolling hills rise gradually to rounded summits, dipping anon into basins of waving green, or brown, as the season may be, only to lift again sharp, stone-covered mountain-sides. Time was, when all these foothills were mountains and the river's bed a boulder-strewn gorge, when many little streams ran down and through and among the hills, but today all these are gone—all save here and there a dry wash or a choked up lake-bed. Graveled are the floors of these pools, gray-brown oval flats let into the clay and marl of the hills. Through them the water, gathered from the autumnal rains, slips down and away through the undersoil to refresh the thirsty mesas below.

Little draws and passes go out from these silent vales, but none lie low enough to drain in the least their waters, so well did some mighty effort of the dead days serve to fill the crevices of the hills. And from this it follows that, for a brief time before the fresh dawning of each new year, there is water, much water, in all these pools. To them come, morning after morning, the little kindred of the wild, the quail and the cottontails and the squirrels, to slake the thirst of the night. After them, later in the day, mayhap more quietly and with less voicing of their wants, come the silent, gray-winged doves, beating their way in from far fields filled with fallen seeds where for hours they have been a-gleaning. To all these, as to all that live, comes death—now in the guise of some hungry cat, soft-footed in the gray dawn; then by the sharp claw of a wandering winged hunter, far borne through the heavens from the great cliffs beyond.

* * *

Above one of these lake beds, now dimpling with its bowlful of blue water, floated the dull mist of early morning. A faint breeze, made visible by tiny ripples, strove with the fog, tearing here and there ragged rents in its folds; bearing dimly across the water the morning cries of a band of quail not yet mated that moved slowly out from the brush-clothed slope. Behind them, slipping from shrub to shrub, noiseless, almost invisible, came a fox—following, following, until his time to strike should come.

Suddenly a breath of breeze stronger than usual lifted for an instant the half of the fog-curtain which covered the lower end of the lake. For a breath's space the fox raised his head, his nose and ears alert; one breath he drew, one sound he heard, and, dropping the silver-tipped brush he bore till it lay far a-trail, he slipped away, close to the ground, the birds forgotten, his hunger gone. Surely no coyote could have given him such a fright, and a bob-cat would not have noticed him. But one of the four-foots hated him—that one waged war against him amid the rolling hills and on the level mesa.

And now through the lifted blanket of fog this one came, treading softly on the broad pads of his strong feet, his brush a-trail but not through fear, his black muzzle lifted to catch whatever of news the breeze brought him. Silver gray was his coat, heavy and thicker than that of the valley coyotes, brighter than that of the fox. In truth he was a wolf—one of California's small gray wild dogs, less mighty than those that make the forests of the northern steppes ring with their lonely howling, but a wolf nevertheless. He crossed the trail of the fox, pausing for an instant, his nose to earth, to make sure what manner of creature had so lately passed that way. Then he resumed his steady gait, passing around the end of the lake, keeping well out

where the sand and gravel was most dry so that his scent should lie but lightly to the nose of any that might come after.

At the opposite side of the pool a broad bit of green, sloping a trifle to the water, caught the hunter's eye. For the first time his whole body seemed to change; flattened close to the ground, moving on feet and legs and belly, he gained a thick clump of brush that flanked one side of the green. Here he laid himself at full length behind a fringe of cover, just where many leafy openings gave him a clear view of the field. On his broad forepaws, spread to the full length of his massive legs, he laid his head, two black eyes gleaming above the twitching nose.

For a full hour he lay so, lay while the fog lifted and one by one the blue bush rabbits came out of their morning feeding-places in the shadow of the glade's border and moved across toward his hiding place. Brighter shone the sun, the fog was quite gone, and they of all the wild, provided with fleet feet, had little to fear. Then one, larger a bit than the others and so more bold, fed further and further away from his mates. Suddenly there was a movement among the brush, a gray body slipped out. He did not spring, for there was none of the cat in him, but he seemed to glide over the soft sand so swiftly, fell his feet so suddenly, his shadow closed above the rabbit. There was a frightened scream, a scurrying of a small body and the wolf, gripping anew the dead thing in his mouth, started at a rapid trot to retrace the trail by which he had come. As he passed he saw the scattered blue feathers where the fox had made away with one of the quail band. Unsuccessful in his own hunting, the wolf might have stopped to reckon with his lesser kind, but now home was for him—home and his mate and their young. Had he been of the coyote breed his trail would have led him to some well-hidden cave in one of the rough conglomerate ledges that everywhere marred the face of the hills. But his were the ways of the wolf kind, and after some circling about among the brush, many crossings and recrossings of his own path, he came at length to a great fallen sycamore log. One end of this he rounded gently and came upon another of his kind suckling here two young, now but a few days old, yet well able to stand upon their feet, well able to run like the wind for short distances. Their hope of safety from all pursuers lay not in the swiftness of their running, however, but rather in the skill with which they could creep through thick underbrush, the rapidity with which they could break new trails in rough, untrodden places. And to this had they so far been trained, going a bit further each day from the rounded form wherein they had first opened their eyes.

Now they fell upon the one rabbit, tearing the fur from his warm body as skilfully as did the older animals, eating it with as much joy of appetite, finishing as hungrily as the parent pair. Then, raising his nose again to the breeze as he had done in the earlier hours, he that was to provide for this hungry brood slipped away again into the brush while his mate and the two curled up in a gray pile to await his return. This time he took a new direction, away from the lake, down where the open spaces were less, where the four-foots that had fed in the open glades in the morning now came to nibble the soft grasses in what they thought was perfect safety. Between two low hills he dropped suddenly into a dark opening many times his own height and width, a tunnel formed by the draining waters of another lake as they sought access to the flats below.

Possibly five times his own length was this runway, but so often had he used it that he thought nothing of its darkness, imagined no danger that might come to him out of its shadows. On the other side the sun glinted fair from small patches of open green, and as he came through he paused for an instant to look over his hunting field from the vantage point the summit of the slope gave him. Well was it for him that he waited, well for him that he gave nose and ears full sway for a moment in the morning breeze that blew so freshly over the hills and valleys. In that brief time there came to him, far flung from out the distances of the mesa below, the cry of a wandering hound. Another breath and it had grown to the blended notes of the pack, rising and falling in musical cadences—sweet song to the hunter, the death song of the hunted. Nearer it came and nearer, and then the four-foot knew that they were following a trail of his made carelessly the night before. And yet he waited, waited while the song grew louder, his hunters nearer, until at last with one long glance backward into the sheltering shadows of the passageway, he let himself down

Photo by F. A. Lothe To These Pools Come the Little Kindred of the Wild

through the sagebrush on a gentle lope, fearing to return the way he had come lest he lead the dogs and men upon his own hidden away there behind the sycamore log.

And as he ran he planned to outwit the pack now screaming on his trail. Far off through the hills he swung, pausing once at the brink of a little pool to drink sparingly and to wet the pads of his feet so that the dry earth might tire them less easily. Widely circling, moving low through the brush, he came suddenly on the trail of three others, three of his own kind. Well he knew the scent, knew it for his mate and their two, out

for a run while there was yet some chance of a lesser four-foot being abroad. Here for him was the first real danger of his long run; if he went on, running well away from them, he could save himself, but what of the three that he helped to guard so long? Perhaps he did not reason, maybe the heart within him had nothing to do with the thing he did, but he swung squarely over, increased his speed and fell in with the three just as they lay behind a clump of brush. In a moment his mate, too, heard the far calls of the dogs; in a moment she, too, was on her feet, the cubs beside her, their noses lifted to catch the fatal breath the wind brought them. Then all four broke into a gentle lope away over the hills, turning back this time toward the tunnel-cave, trusting mayhap to baffle the hounds in the maze of trails, hoping a bit to find safety nearer home.

So it came about that when they reached the dark passageway the hounds were well down the valley, along the western rise of the hills baying wildly over the trails of a half-hour before. Just at the arched entrance the four lay down for a moment, listening for the first clearer cry that should tell them the dogs had turned, resting on the dry sand ere they took up their run on the other side. Then of a sudden the sky became flecked with clouds, the scattered mist wraiths grew blacker and blacker, and, with a muttered roar of distant thunder, the storm broke. Gently at first, then more fiercely, fell the rain. Great drops spattered on their heated sides, and in a few moments a tiny stream began to trickle through the tunnel. Stretched at full length beneath its cooling breath the four hunted listened for but one sound, the break in the voices of the hounds that should tell of their having turned to follow the new trail. And full soon that sound came, floating up, a mile or more away, but yet near enough to raise the hair along the back of even the little wolves, enough to bare their teeth in a low growl. Somehow, here in the shadow of the tunnel mouth, they felt very safe, very willing to wait until such time as they should see the first brown coated hound pushing his nose through the mist. When it came they raised themselves, moved a bit closer to the edge of the shadow—and waited, for they are not of the same cowardly strain as the coyotes of the mesa and had there been but one dog it would have gone hard with him in the jaws full of sharp teeth, now laid bare in hate.

One after one the hounds came into view, their easy running of the early morning changed to a labored lope that covered ground but slowly, their joyous throatings turned to short, gruff barks, the slaver streaming from their jaws, anger red in their eyes for such a four-foot that could lead them so far and keep them from coming up with him as well. Still the rain fell, slowly, softly, steadily and still the rivulet through the tunnel increased, until as the dogs rushed up to it, noses and eyes to the ground so that they did not see the wolf pair, it had become a stream of sufficient size to cover all the scent of the four that had sprung suddenly into it. And here, so far as the dogs were concerned, the trail ended, the water swallowed up all, though hounds and men alike knew where the ones they had been following were gone. Yet it took some time at the entrance, time in which the wolves were slipping through the passageway, gaining the open world on the other side, threading across the basin round about the lake, gaining once more the wooded ridges of the northern flank of Grayback. So, at length, when the leader of the pack at last made up his mind that he would follow his old time foes the only way they could have escaped—through the tunnel—they themselves were far away across the hills on the other side.

Leader of all the deep-throated hounds was Reddy, a liver and brindle dog of uncertain lineage but undoubted worth. Into the black cave he plunged, bellowing loudly, for the body scent of the four was strong in his nostrils even though the tiny stream had swallowed up their foot scent. After him, perhaps a bit uncertain, but none the less willingly came the rest of the eight, following Reddy as he followed the dim trail of the wolf brood. Once through the tunnel it would be short work to the finish of the ones they hunted, and, as the end of the tunnel neared, Reddy's strength increased, his yelps resounded higher; to the tiring creatures running wildly for that which was very dear to them—their lives—it seemed that the end must be near, indeed they were about wheeling in their tracts ready to defend as best they might their right to live. Louder and louder, clearer and yet more clear to their ears came the calls of the hunters—then, suddenly as to them had come the chase it

stopped. There was a shrill, swift cry, more of fear than of strength, but even this was cut off in its beginning, and muffled in the tunnel the voice of Reddy died.

Swinging along at his best speed, his eyes distended by the dark, his great voice in full play had stirred from its clay-bound bed of years a boulder, many tons in weight, many feet in circumference. Soaking had been the rain, loose the hold this stone had in the earth, and the great roar of the voice of the dog had been just the touch required to bring it to the bed of the tunnel, crushing beneath its awful weight the devoted soul of him that hunted, cutting short in its very birth the day of triumph that greeted the sight of the dot of daybreak that marked the far end of the tunnel. One by one the dogs returned to the hunters, one by one the hunters returned to the lodge on the mesa, but no more home from his hunting came Reddy; and long he slept in his silent tomb, for the rains of the next winter buried in silt the mouth of the lakeside end of the cave so that today the pool of water is fresh and full the year round. On its banks still hunt the wolf pair and their numerous brood, though their den has been moved further back into the hills, and the sycamore log has long since mouldered into dust.

A DREAM OF THE NORTH

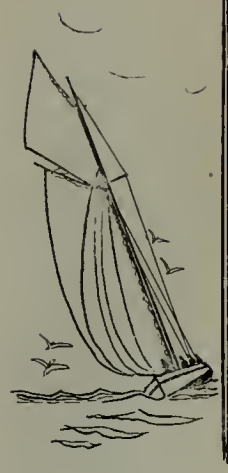
My dream is of a forest dark,
  Beside a rolling river,
Where laughing loons their crafts embark
  And leaping salmon quiver—
Like Helicon, so pure the springs,
And wild nooks hiding wonder things.

A forest stretching far away
  To silent northern places;
A river flecked with phantom spray
  And rollicking in races,
Now breaking through the hemlock groves,
Now rounding into rocky coves.

A maze of cedars, gray and tall,
  And swales of tangled sedges,
Where antlered monarchs browse and loll
  Along the lillied edges—
A scene unpictured, wild and rude,
Where beavers build and herons brood.

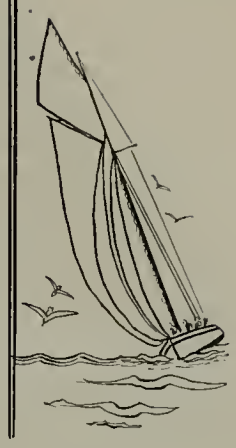
My dream is not the lust for kills,
  My hope no greed for slaughters;
My heart is in the silent hills,
  My soul on northern waters:
To live companion to the birds,
To roam as free as woodland herds.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*



Trip to Santa Cruz Isld

By E.A.Bayley



JUST across the channel from Santa Barbara and twenty-five miles away, lie the picturesque and romantic Islands of Santa Cruz; the largest of the group being twenty-six miles long and five miles wide.

They afford pleasure alike to the naturalist, geologist and artist, having many accessible landings and attractive caves, to one of which, the "Painted Cave," the writer wishes to draw particular attention.

It was early on a beautiful July morning that a congenial party of twenty ladies and gentlemen boarded the natty little power launch, "Pt. Firmin," Captain Short, of Santa Barbara, to enjoy a cruise to these islands to inspect the caves and fish.

Among the party were a naturalist, a photographer, and an artist, whose efforts to portray the varied beauties of the trip illustrate this article.

The day was an ideal one, and the glimmering summer sea was without a ripple, except that made by the flocks of beautiful gulls winging their way to Miramar Beach (their family feeding grounds) dipping down now and again for sardines.

To oblige the ladies, the captain passed close up to the immense whistling buoy moored in the channel; the sea being dead calm, the big lolling thing of the ocean only nodded and belched out an apology for a whistle. Our jolly little skipper sat on the companion way with the company clustered around as an audience, relating to us many exciting experiences during his twenty years of seal hunting and fishing in the channel waters, the most thrilling of which were the [illegible]ge combats between the "Killers" and the seals, fought off the seal rookeries.

On several occasions killers were shot by Captain Short, and an autopsy proved convincingly that they devoured seals, the evidence being large chunks of undigested seal flesh in their stomachs. While on a sealing trip on the north side of the island the Captain saw a large killer, probably twenty-five feet long, leap on to a rock close to the water's edge, where a young seal was sleeping, and deliberately push it into the water, when quick as a flash he gripped it and shook it as a dog would a rat, shortly afterward disappearing with his victim. Many incidents were related where the Killer entered the caves and robbed the seals of their helpless offspring.

After a most interesting trip of three and one-half hours, covering the distance at top speed to make the cave at low tide and to enable us to enter on a calm sea and with a degree of safety, greatly to our comfort we arrived at our destination. Our approach to the island was first indicated by the blue mist and golden haze which softened the towering mountain peaks and lofty precipices.

Like a vision this picturesque little "gem of the ocean" loomed up, and our arrival was announced by hundreds of beautiful sea birds winging their way to greet us. The grand slopes and canons were clothed with grass and herbage, kept succulent the year round by the moisture from the ocean, and the sweetest water I ever tasted came from a crystal spring that flowed down the canon at "Ladies' Harbor."

Santa Cruz Island is not only the largest of the group, but has the most varied and beautiful scenery, with a mild, equable climate, somewhat similar to the mainland, and of unlimited resources; the area of ninety-one square miles is divided into several large ranches, all connected by telephone, and from which are shipped large quantities of grapes, olives, wine, poultry, sheep and wool.

Santa Cruz is considered a geological puzzle; by many it is thought to be a fragment broken from the main land; others, considering its internal structure, assert that like its neighbors it is a little continent by itself, or remnant of a larger continent now submerged in the sea. However that may be, it is certainly a curious example of stratified and volcanic rocks jumbled together in bewildering confusion. The island is very mountainous, the main ranges being crossed by many ridges. The highest mountains are Picacho del Diablo and Picacho de los Encinos, from both of which there is a magnificent view, even the far summits of the distant Santa Ynez and San Rafael ranges on the mainland being perceptible through the soft dreamy haze.

The giant oaks and dense chapparal are everywhere; hill slopes to which wild cherry trees cling, precipitous cliffs and sea walls covered with beautiful Echiveria in full bloom, and in the spring time there are masses of bright wildflowers. Mosses and ferns grow rank in shady nooks or cling to the sides of water-dripping rocks. Many coves and small bays are to be found along the coast; while for miles the cliffs and headlands rise abruptly from the deep sea. All along their bases are beautiful marine gardens, brilliant with color, sea weeds, corals, anemones, abalone and other shells.

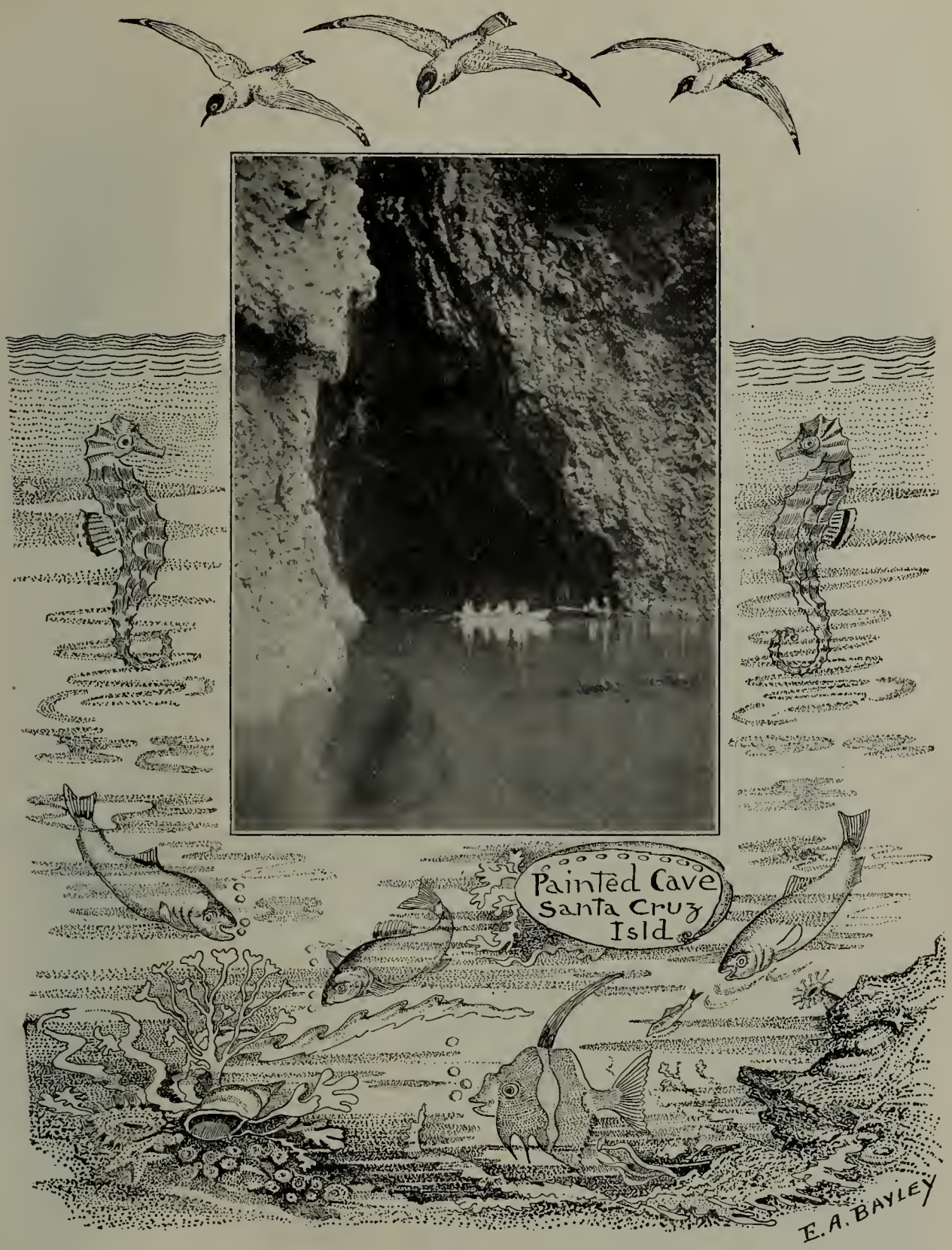
But it was to the Painted Cave we were bound and surely nothing could be finer: the opening was like the nave to a great Roman cathedral, great, lofty, wide-sprung arches resting on huge pillars on either side, ceilings and arches bright with many colors, making the contrast with the reds and blacks of the volcanic rocks. Gradually the walls and arches contract as one proceeds farther inward.

Captain Short, after sounding, dropped anchor at the entrance; the water was smooth as glass and as clear as crystal, and as we peered into its fascinating depths it looked like an immense aquarium crowded with attractive fishes and variegated marine flora. The mouth of the cave is about sixty feet high and thirty feet wide, diminishing in size; the darkness which deepens on entering requires a torch light to penetrate it. Captain Short and Captain Hendricks both had experience in exploring these regions before, and under their directions we were to take turns exploring, five people each time with one of the captains in charge of the small boat used for the occasion.

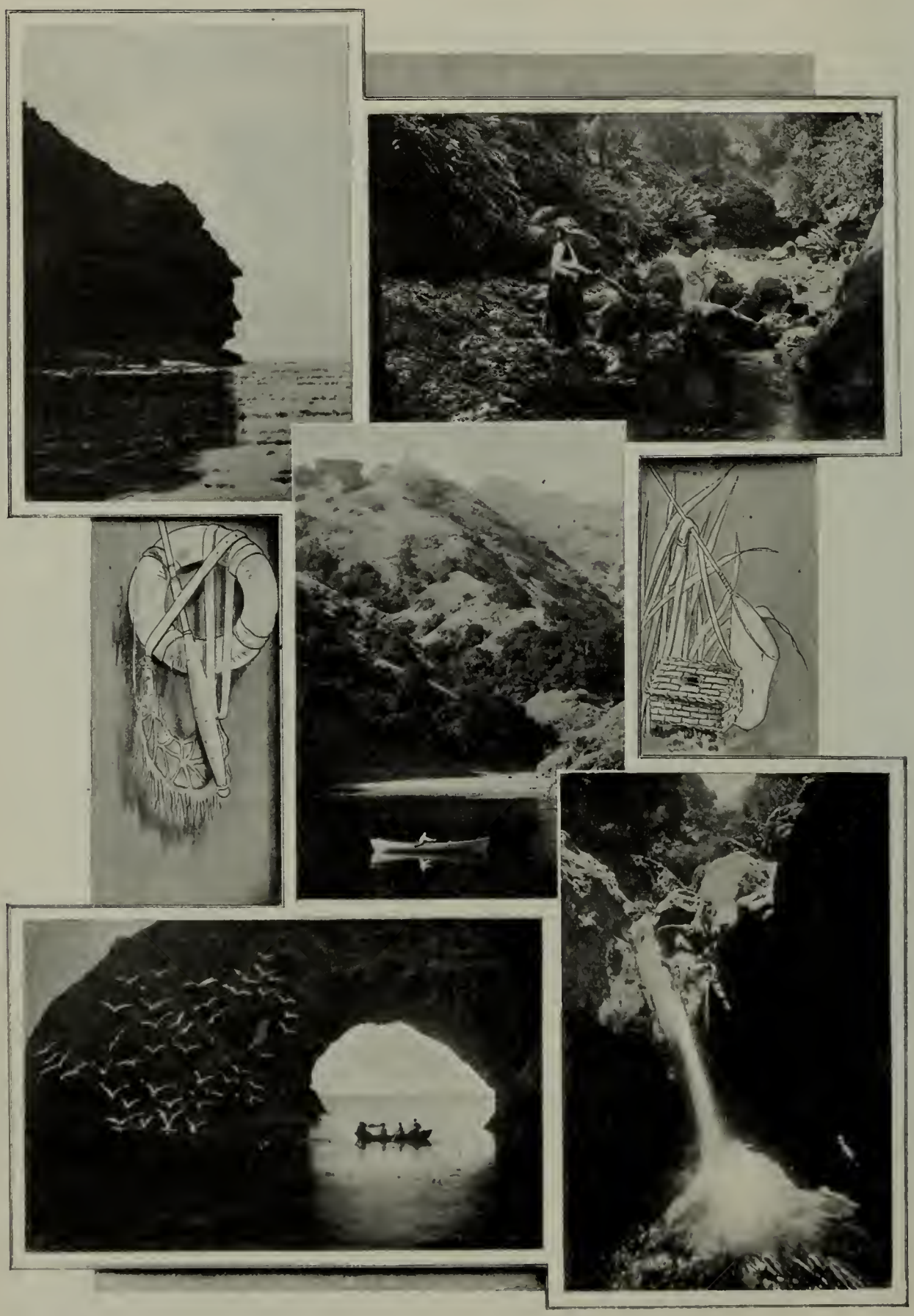
The ladies not caring to go far into such dark and uncanny places, and frightened by the barking of the sea-lions, and the ceaseless roar and thunder of compressed air and rushing waters, with constant plunging from shelving niches of the frightened sea-lions, or possibly a stampede and a probable capsize of the boat, cut short their explorations in that line. It was left to we of the sterner sex to be rowed cautiously to the extreme end, about one-quarter of a mile, piloted by Captain Hendricks, who was an experienced seal hunter and knew that marine monsters inhabited this cave and that the seals were vicious at this time of the year. To meet any attacks that might be attempted we were provided with revolvers and cartridges, with strict orders to shoot should a seal or devil-fish make any offer to stow away aboard our little craft, which was carrying her full complement and could not accommodate any more passengers.

As we paddled along under a sharp lookout, we were now and again sprinkled with spray as a monster seal took a header from some protruding rock overhead; several times they toyed with the blades of our paddles, getting far too familiar, and tried to play "tag" with our boat. We were in a passage way not more than twenty feet across in the last chamber, with the voice of the water and air surging and roaring deep in the heart of the mountain, when Captain Hendricks suddenly turned the torch on to a shelving rock a few feet away, (which serves as a boat landing) and related to us a narrow escape he once had there, having been attacked by a devil-fish.

"My mate and I noticed a baby seal asleep on that shelf, and I stepped out of the boat to secure it, (this was when I was seal hunting). On placing my right foot down,



having on my high rubber boots, I stepped on a slippery substance, and shouting to my mate to put the light this way I was horrified to find I had landed on a devil-fish, two of whose snaky-looking tentacles had entwined my leg nearly up to the knee. Like a flash I drew my hunting knife and sev red the tentacles,—which I could not have done had it not been for the protection of the rubber boots—and only regret the loss of the baby seal who disappeared at the disturbance."



Bits of Santa Cruz Beauty

This little anecdote cured all desire to fossick for rare specimens in this chamber of horrors, and adding to this the strong odor of guano and the damp, clammy atmosphere, we were glad to turn about and head for the entrance again to breathe the pure sea-air upon the bright blue ocean.

The cave is virtually an ocean birds' boarding house, sheltering a great variety of beautiful sea birds, gulls, terns and sea pigeons, which dart in and out of the cave with sparkling little fish securely held in their beaks. The screeching of the gulls and barking of the seals broke the solemnity of the cave in a rather disquieting manner.

"Look—quick!" shouted the Captain. "There goes a fight between a seal and a killer!" and instantly all were eager to witness it. At a spot about one hundred yards distant, marked by the foamy waters, was a large Orca, probably twenty feet long, who having waylaid a seal on his way to the cave, was butting the life out of him with his vicious attacks, forcing the seal up in the air and making him turn over like an acrobat. It was a fight to the finish! The killer showed the seal no quarter, being his master at fighting, and finally pounded the life out of his overmatched prey. Of course our sympathies were with the poor seal, who, the Captain said—he having witnessed numerous like combats—would sink to the bottom to be devoured by the killer. These Orcas or killers are great gourmandisers, with the appetite of a hog and the ferocity of a tiger, and cause great havoc upon the herds of seals.

What with sea yarns, sightseeing and fishing, we had postponed our luncheon, and now decided to run into Ladies' Harbor, a most charming little inlet with sandy beach, nearly land locked and a safe harbor from all winds. It is a favorite camping place, with plenty of good water the year round. Once on shore we soon realized that this is the prettiest spot on the island. Two canons join to make the harbor, in which are found growing in the greatest profusion many species of beautiful and rare ferns, with h re and there pretty water falls and deep pools of crystal waters. We were soon landed and enjoyed a barracuda dinner, deliciously cooked by the ladies, who, after lunch, spent half an hour gathering ferns.

After absorbing all the grandeur of the beautiful Painted Cave, part of our company manifested a desire to try their skill from the deck trolling for surface fish. Our Captain, an experienced island fisherman and familiar with the best fishing grounds and anxious to add pleasure to the trip, steered the launch toward a favorable spot. His sharp eyes soon sighted a large school of barracuda about two hundred yards off the starboard bow; they were swimming around the kelp beds, patroling the kelp to prey upon the little anchovies which were stealing a hasty meal off the marine flora, making them skip out of the water like silvery darts. A good catch seemed assured; quickly four long trolling lines with white bone squids and hook were run out over the stern of the launch. At this time our little craft was plowing her way through the immense school of fish, the Captain characterizing the sight as a record one.

Our bone and hook proved effective bait; ravenously did they bite, rushing out our lines like a flash of lightning and hooking themselves securely before the lines were taut. After an hour's hard pulling and tugging aboard of barracuda and their allies, yellowtail and bonita, our hands felt the worse for wear, and learning with pride that the fish locker registered over four hundred pounds, we reluctantly reeled in our lines. From the weight above given the reader may judge how fast the fish came tumbling aboard.

The biggest fish was caught by Miss I. S. Weston—a yellowtail scaling thirty-five pounds; he proved himself a splendid fighter and tried his best to foul the propeller.

When we bid adieu to the island the swell was setting in and evening shades were casting their purple shadows on the high peaks, as it had done in the days of yore when Cabrillo, the explorer, had landed (and it is reported died) on this beautiful island. The Indians who then inhabited the island were gradually induced to join the mainland tribes through the efforts of the Mission padres.

Heading for the Santa Barbara coast we landed safely after a grand day's outing (only three of our party had fallen sick by the way) and our dreams that night were full of the quaint and lively experiences of the day.

A CHRISTMAS HUNT

By R. Clapham

AMONG the many types of hounds in use for the hunting of fox, hare or otter, none can give more enjoyment to the amateur sportsman than the bassett hound.

Long in the body like the dachshund, and with the same type of crooked fore-legs, the bassett cannot command great speed, but to make up for this he is the possessor of an extremely delicate nose; and his voice, when he "throws" it in the excitement of the chase, is a thing to quicken the pulse of any one with the least spark of sport in their constitution. His head seems, with its long pendant ears, to be almost out of proportion to the long, low, body; yet when running there is no sense of disproportion to the eye of the critic.

The full cry of the pack, when on a good scenting day they stream over the fallows or the grass, resembles the music of the foxhounds; and should one not have the little hounds in view, the deception would be complete until they appeared to disillusion the watching hunter.

One such pack of these staunch little hounds I remember well, and maybe a short reminiscence of their doings will interest others who love the music of the pack and the wild excitement of the chase, when with a final burst they run from scent to view and the game quarry ahead of them meets its death.

In the writer's earlier days it was his misfortune to be connected with a certain firm in a West Yorkshire town, where the office stool and the restraint of a business career were most distasteful to a nature more versed in the wild things of the woods and fields than in the intricacies of bookkeeping and other brain-wearing office employment. One day in each week, however, was usually set aside by hook or crook to be devoted to the out o doors, and the bassett pack was as a rule the attraction in the autumn and winter months. The little pack of some nine couples was kenneled at the "Hall," about five miles from the city, and it was easy to take the car to the limits of the bricks and mortar, then jog the rest of the way to the meet.

The country we hunted was mostly arable land, with here and there a large pasture on the higher ground where in the distance the hills could be seen looming up dark against the sky.

The ground was thickly preserved by our friends at the Hall, the coverts swarmed with pheasants, and often the hares proved too many for us when we had out the pack; but we never failed to get a run, though not by any means always ending with blood. And now to the particular chase which I eagerly live over again.

It is a keen December morning as I climb into my friend's wagonette; we bowl through the suburban districts, emerging at last into the country where the trees are bare of leaves and a white frost sparkles on the fern fronds and the grasses as we swing on our way. Arrived at the Hall nestling among the trees, we find the pack already on the lawn in front, where a little crowd of friends are in waiting, the master in his uniform of green and red carrying the horn, and his two brothers acting as whippers-in to him:

We move off at length and cross a large paddock in front of the house, emerging onto the plough land beyond, where the little hounds spread out and hunt diligently for any signs of the whereabouts of "puss."

We have not proceeded far when a yell and cries of "Forrard—away!" warn us that things are doing; and look! There up a long furrow goes a big bouncing hare, loping away with the jerky stride which all hares seem to affect. She slips out of view through a hedge as the little pack stream in her wake, making the echoes ring as they gallop along.

Across the heavy plough we thank our stars

that bassetts have short and crooked legs, for we are afoot as is the custom when hunting with beagles or bassetts, and though short-legged, the little pack easily leads us over the sticky ground. They scramble through the hedge and tumble into the pasture beyond where the pace increases and we have to run hard to keep with them.

There are more hares afoot than is good for our chances of sticking to one till we kill, but we trust to luck and the master's knowledge, and race behind them, jumping the low hedges and crushing through others, recking naught of scratches or torn knickerbockers. So far we are all right, but there ahead of us is a small covert which usually holds a good supply of hares, and towards this haven of refuge we can see our hunted one in the distance steering her way. We follow the pack, the scent is good and they throw their tongues in a glorious cry as they dash forward.

As we reach the hedge row bounding the covert, a keeper appears and tells the master that our hare, startled by seeing his dog which follows at his heels, has veered off and gone across the plough in the direction of her starting point earlier in the morning. A toot on the horn and a sharp crack of the whip call the pack from the wood which they are keen to enter, and the master lays them on the line again.

Across the plough we flounder in pursuit, when suddenly right in front of them a hare

"Bellman"

"Boxer"

springs up and jerks away. With a yell of eagerness the pack dive in pursuit, but it is a fresh hare, she looks too clean and slick to be our friend of the morning, so the whippers-in by dint of hard running and much shouting of "Back to him, there! Hi, you Boxer get back to him!" manage to head them and once more we are on the line of the hunted one. It is two hours and more since we started her, and though the pack are none too fast she has been moved along at a steady pace and must be tiring.

It surely is our lucky day, for as we top a field of rising ground, there in the distance we can see our quarry; not the bouncing confident "puss" of the earlier hours, but a slow-loping, bedraggled brown creature, creeping up the side of a hedgerow, evidently far from fresh. The pack seem to know that she should be sinking for they drive ahead and seem to divine that their quarry's time is drawing to a close. Our hare is not so done as she appears to be, however, for we see her halt on the high pasture ahead, her ears listening for sounds of pursuit, then go off looking almost as fresh as ever.

She tries many little dodges and devices to outwit her enemies, but the keen noses behind on her trail will not be deceived and we are gradually drawn on nearer terms to her again. If we can but hold them to her now she is ours, yet the chances are against us, for hares keep getting up around us, though as yet not close enough to distract the pack's attention from their hunted one.

On we go, and two of us take a beautiful tumble as we charge a fence together and roll helplessly into the ditch beyond, where mud and thorns leave their marks indelibly on clothes and skin. We have no time to think of bruises and soiled linen, however, for the hounds are running for blood and our own is beginning to tingle with the excitement and the crisp winter air, as it whistles past our ears.

Suddenly the sound of voices dies away and all is silent, each hound feathering with waving stern down the side of the hedgerow, yet none of them can hit her off. "Bellman" clambers noisily to the bank among the hedge of thorns and almost from under his feet our hunted one slips out.

How they do give tongue and dash at her as she slips into the open field, dodging through them like an india-rubber ball, and losing a tuft of fur as "Singwell" just manages to fleck her! It is her last spurt, however, for the pack gain on her and she dodges fast and furiously for a second or two. Her strength is gone and she cannot get clear, "Boxer" grips her, she wrenches free only to fall and the others have her. There is a piteous scream and all is over.

The pack have earned their reward for a three and a half hours run, an excellent performance considering the number of hares afoot during the chase. The master saves her from being torn to pieces and cuts off "pads" and "mask" to present the lady followers as a slight memento of what the little pack can do. Then with a final note on the horn the dismembered body flies aloft and descends into the open mouths waiting so eagerly to receive it.

Such is a successful day with a bassett pack; when luck is in favor of the hunters and the hounds. In an arable country where hedges form the boundaries between the fields, bassetts are capital hounds to use, and if the

She Halts on the High Pasture Ahead"

stock of hares is kept well down, to reduce the chances of changing hares too often during a run, great sport is sure to follow.

Where stone walls are used as fences, bassetts are useless, for they cannot, like beagles, spring up the sides and jump over. Their short legs and heavy bodies prevent this, but through hedgerows they can easily force their way. Over the plough they are slower than beagles, allowing the foot runners a better chance to keep in touch with them, and for nose and music they are hard to beat.

For the man whose time and money are both limited, the bassett hounds can be recommended as a great attraction, for he can hunt them in the afternoon and yet keep his expenses down to very little. They are indispensable to the embryo hunter, who wishes to watch hounds at work and learn their ways and the habits and tricks of the game they hunt; for like the beagles they have taught many a well-known M. F. H. his first rudimentary lessons, which have stood him in good stead when in after years he has hunted foxhounds in some fashionable country; where criticism has to be endured, and deeds not words keep up his reputation in the hunting field.

A FIRST CHRISTMAS

A HEAVENLY Host—A Child—A Star—
And Wise Men coming from afar
To seek the place in which He lay,
On that first hallowed Christmas Day.

Good gifts they brought of gold and myrrh,
And low before The Child, and her—
The Mother Mary—bent the knee,
In awe of that Nativity.

A lowly manger was His bed,
But, shining 'round that Sacred Head,
A circle of immortal light
Dispelled the darkness of the night.

The startled cattle turned to gaze,
And then drew near in dumb amaze;
The shepherds left their flocks by night,
And came to see the wondrous sight.

While far above their heads, there rang
The song the choral angels sang;
The song that echoes now, as then,
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!"

—*Mary Vaughan.*

A TRANSPLANTED SPORT

BY L. R. ANDREWS

FLARING handbills, gaudy posters and gorgeous half-sheets were emblazoning from bill boards and blank walls an event that appealed strongly to the "sporting" element in San Diego, Los Angeles and Southern California generally.

While bull fighting is no novelty in Tia Juana ("Aunt Jane"), the sleepy border town on the boundary line separating California from Baja California (Mexico), and while "lady" bull fighters have ceased to be stellar drawing attractions at these contests between *El Toro* and his aggravating tormentors, the special features introduced on this occasion, the absence of horses, and the announcement by the *matadores*—one of whom promised to slaughter his bovine antagonist with the first thrust of his sword while kneeling on the ground, the other agreeing to shackle his ankles before giving the quietus to his savage foe—had the effect of whetting the appetites of the audience to a bloodthirsty pitch.

The opening event was inaugurated by Senorita Ramona Segobia, who advanced toward the infuriated bull clad in picturesque costume, flaunting her tantalizing *capador* in the face of the enraged animal, which charged her, head down at full speed. A gasp from the audience testified its sympathy for the plucky but somewhat sluggish *banderillera*, who was not quite agile enough to escape being knocked down and trampled by the beast. Bravo Moreno deftly flirted another red cloak before the bull, permitting the dishevelled but smiling Ramona to run for safety behind one of the shields at the sides of the arena, where she replaced a fugitive strand of her hair and sallied forth at the first opportunity to recover one of her slippers which had fallen off during the melee.

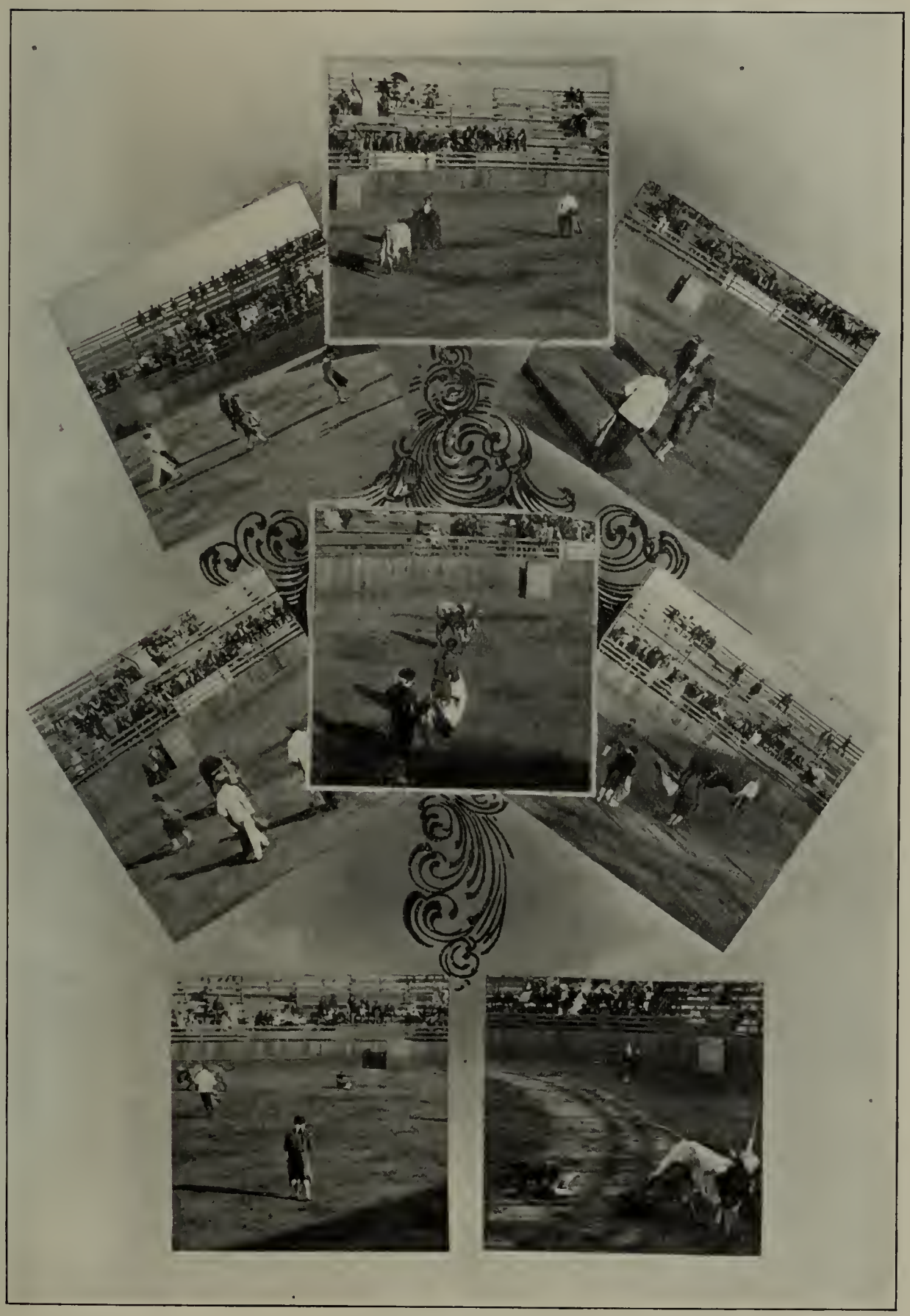
Senorita Angela Segobia next faced the charging brute with two *banderillos,* and as he approached her she drove them well back, on the side of the bull's neck, receiving a round of applause as she glided out of his way. 'Twas a clever feat, skilfully performed.

After a siege of rough house with his fair contestants, five of whom harassed him at once, during which they were badly knocked about but always taking their punishment good humoredly, the bull planted himself in the center of the ring and sulkily refused to fight, whereat he was driven ignominously forth by a *vaquero.*

An attendant placed a pedestal about three feet high in the ring, upon which Senorita Ramona awaited the onrush of the second bull her back being turned toward him. With blazing eyes, distended nostrils elevated tail and lowered head, the beast charged furiously at the strange object before him, suddenly stopped at a distance of about thirty feet, regarded it curiously, then resumed his mad attack, but the girl never flinched. Again he stopped short and was enticed away, while the plucky senorita *vamosed.*

The bull viciously charged the attendant who attempted to remove the pedestal, whereat that functionary dropped his burden directly in front of the bull, which struck it with full force, greatly to his surprise and discomfiture.

After being further goaded to desperation



Snapped at the Bull Fight

The Matadors

the frantic brute was faced by Senorita Elvira Segobia, who evaded several savage charges, and watching her chance, drove two decorated darts into his neck, then bowing her acknowledgments, en route, to the plaudits from bleachers and grand stand, she scuttled for safety. Each of the five female bull fighters, one of whom was only fourteen years of age, was knocked down and trampled by this animal while he occupied the arena, but they sustained no serious injuries and blithely followed their antagonist from the ring. During their rough encounters with their four-footed foes, their chief concern seemed to be for the condition of their back hair and their personal appearance in general.

Senor Barrera had a lively seance in attempting to place his *banderillos* in the neck of the third bull, which was in no amiable frame of mind, and managed to deal the *matador* a fierce lunge. The blow was very severe, and Barrera, who saluted the Lieutenant Governor nonchalantly enough after receiving it, was obliged to rest for a short period behind a shield while recovering his wind.

With an iron ring around each ankle, fastened to a bar, on each end of which were heavy metal balls or knobs, Senor Moreno then awaited the charge of the maddened brute, which after some maneuvering flung himself at the hobbled *matador*. Quickly swaying his body to one side as the animal neared him, Moreno skilfully drove his sword half its length into the body of the bull, just back of its shoulder. The desperately wounded animal whirled and dashed across the ring, but before reaching the further side, staggered and fell dead in his tracks. Ringing cheers greeted this thrilling exhibition of nerve and skill.

The fourth act introduced the largest and fiercest bull of the day, which swept into the ring like a whirlwind and found as his antagonists the two *matadors*, Barrera and Moreno. The veteran fighter Moreno, acting as *banderillera*, after many attempts and hair raising escapes, succeeded in planting his darts into the raging animal's neck, and barely reached shelter in time to evade the murderous charge that followed. Twice more Moreno decorated the bull's neck with a pair of darts and the animal was mad clean through.

Senor Barrera then stepped into the ring with his sword and gave an exciting exhibition of spectacular bull fighting, the audience standing in its anxiety to witness the contest. The animal charged a dozen times, only to be gracefully eluded by the *matador*, who finally sank to his knees, and at the onslaught of his antagonist thrust his weapon into its shoulder, but the blow was not fatal. Barrera struck the bull again, this time driving the blade home. Even this did not finish the fallen monarch, which received his quietus a la slaughter-house.

Compared with former bull fights, this one was accounted a success, the audience departing good naturedly, as having received its money's worth. One hilarious *hombre*, locoed by too frequent libations of *mescal*, attempted to disturb the serenity of friendly nations by riding his cayuse through the crowd, but was promptly seized by the vigilant rurales, who quick-stepped him to the cuartel.

THE TRAPPER'S STORY

By J. W. Schultz

THIS is the story of a very long ago Christmas time, told to me by my old friend Hugh Monroe, or "Rising Wolf," as the Blackfeet named him. Monroe, you remember, came to Mountain Fort, a post of the Hudson Bay Company, close under the Rockies, in 1816 and sometime after that entered the employ of the American Fur Company at Fort Burton. He was by turns *voyageur,* Company man, free trapper—but first and last a trapper—roaming with the Blackfeet, or alone with his large family all over the great plains and mountains of the Northwest, from the Saskatchewan to the Yellowstone and even farther South. He was ninety-eight years of age when he died. He has a grander monument than most men, the hugh red rock, snow capped mountain which towers above the Upper Two Medicine Lake, in Montana.

We named it the "Rising Wolf" in memory of him, and buried him in plain sight of it. You will find that it is so designated on the maps of that country; and if you travel over the Great Northern Railway, you will see the mountain itself just to the north of the Two Medicine pass. This much about the man; and now for his story:

"I do not remember what year it was, my son; 'twas 1857 or may be '58 or '59. I had entered the employ of the American Fur Company because I liked the factor, Major Dawson. He was a good, kind man, married like the rest of us to an Indian woman. She was a Gros Ventre, and we mostly had Blackfeet women; but that made no difference. She spoke Blackfoot well, and associated with our women just as if she were their sister, not disdaining common people even if she was the wife of a great chief.

"Early in the fall I had been sent out with the Blackfeet to keep them supplied with ammunition, to encourage them to be zealous in the hunt, busy with their beaver traps and deadfalls for the wolves, so that the company could do a big season's trade. The good factor sent for me just before I was leaving, took me into his own private room and poured out two big glasses of rum. 'We will drink to the good health of your family and yourself,' he said, 'and to the success of your mission. Keep 'em busy; give 'em all the powder and ball they want on credit.'

"'I thank you, sir, for your good wishes,' I told him, 'I go gladly, and I promise that the camp shall be rich in furs and robes. And now I beg one favor of your honor: I would like to come in with my family and spend the Christmas here with my old companions.'

"'That you shall do,' he replied, clapping my shoulder heartily with his big hand. 'Come by all means and partake of the good cheer that will be provided by us.' And with that he poured out another big drink and I went my way.

"To make my reckoning sure, I whittled out a four-sided stick, one edge of it for September, one for October, another for November, and the last for December, and each evening I cut a notch for the passing day. There was no danger of my forgetting it. My sons and daughters, young men and women grown, made sure that I should not, for they looked forward to the holiday feasting and dancing, the games and present-giving with the happy anticipation of the young. Not but what we were always happy and content—who wouldn't be with a vast region teeming with game to camp about in! But youth loves a season of festivity, and my good woman and I were not too old to take a turn or two in the dance ourselves.

"Crossing the river at the Fort, our big camp of more than five hundred lodges trailed South to the Judith river, and then up the course of that to its source in the mountains. Ah, what a game country that was! Besides the buffalo darkening the plain, such countless

"He has a Grander Monument than Most Men"

herds of deer and elk and antelope; and bands of mountain sheep. Wolves—thousands of them; and beaver, dam after dam of them along every little willow fringed streamlet. Bears, both the real ones and the little blacks, not by ones and twos occasionally, but frequently to be seen in droves of ten and more. Never, never anywhere else I am sure, was there such another country for game as that. I followed my instructions; I urged the hunters to kill. I gave out my store of ammunition with a free hand, and in every lodge the piles of beaver and wolf skins, and soft tanned robes grew more and more bulky as the days passed.

"Besides myself, there was another white man in camp, a free trapper named Bell, also married to a Blackfoot woman. He had a daughter, Annie by name, and I will say for her she was the handsomest young woman, and cruelest flirt that ever I knew. She was tall and well formed, and as graceful and lithe as a cougar. She had long copper-gold wavy hair (her father's hair was red), and her big eyes were black—sometimes blazing, burning black, and again soft and gentle as an antelope's. And such a pretty face she had! Cream white tinged with red. Such a beautiful nose, and red lipped mouth, and firm, dimpled chin. Such pretty hands and feet. Sir, she was simply adorable! And she knew how to turn men's heads and make them madly, desperately in love with her—and then when they begged her to marry them she would laugh and mock at them and send them away. Although her mother and my wife were of the same gens—the Small Robes band—and thus in the Indian way of relationship so-called sisters, I was afraid that my sons would disregard the law that people of a gens must not intermarry, and fall in love with her. I am thankful for their sake that they didn't, although—well, anyhow they didn't, and they always called her sister as they should, and treated her as a sister.

"Well, Annie was such an outrageous coquette that she even made eyes at the young Indians; and many a one of them sent his friends to her parents with offers for her hand. One big chief offered a hundred horses for her; and when he was refused he swore that no other man should have her. But 'twas

an idle threat. The story of the girl's beauty spread along down the river to the different Company's posts, and even north to the stations of the Hudson Bay Company; and from time to time there came men from those far distant places to see for themselves if the tales they had heard of her loveliness were true; and having seen they fell victims to her surpassing beauty, hovered near her, made her presents and made love to her, and one by one they finally returned whence they came with bruised and lonely hearts. There came from Fort Union that summer a Charlie Gray, post hunter, who exchanged places with our hunter. He was a fine-looking man—tall, well built, brown haired, blue eyed, and he was a man of high spirits; always laughing and joking, and playing all sorts of outlandish pranks.

"Bell and I were smoking an evening pipe out on the bank of the river shortly after he arrived, when he came sauntering easily out to us. 'This is Mr. Bell, ain't it?' he says holding out his hand, 'and Mr. Monroe? Glad to know you both. Well, Mr. Bell,' he said, straight out, 'down there at Fort Union I heard so much about the beauty of your daughter, the "Rose of the West," as they call her, that I just came up here to see her. I have seen her; I'm here to say that if you have no objections I'm goin' to marry her.'

"Bell burst out laughing and finally he says: 'Don't you know, young man, that it takes two to make a bargain? You ain't asked her, about it yet, I presume?'

"'No,' says Gray, 'I ain't, but I'm goin' to. However it won't make any difference to me what she *says*. If *you* don't object, she's goin' to be my wife.'

"'Well,' says Bell, 'I admire your nerve and you'd suit me for a son-in-law to a T. Sail in an' do your best, but I warn you not to let go your heart strings too soon; she has turned down many as likely a man as you are.'

"'So I've heard,' said Gray, laughing sort of easy and confident like. 'So I've heard; but you see she ain't never yet run across a fellow like me.'

"My son John introduced him to her that evening at a little dance in the tailor's living room. She began at once to make eyes at him and squeeze his hand tenderly in the dance, as she had done to her other white and half-breed suitors, but this Charlie man neither answered her soft glances nor returned the pressure of her hand. After dancing together two or three times they sat down to rest on a bench where my woman was seated, looking on at the fun. Perhaps Gray thought she did not understand English; more likely he didn't care whether she did or not. Anyhow, he said to the girl, never lowering his voice: 'It's a long ways for a man to travel from Fort Union up here jest to get him a woman!'

"'Ah!' she said, 'you have come up here to marry—who is the lucky one?'

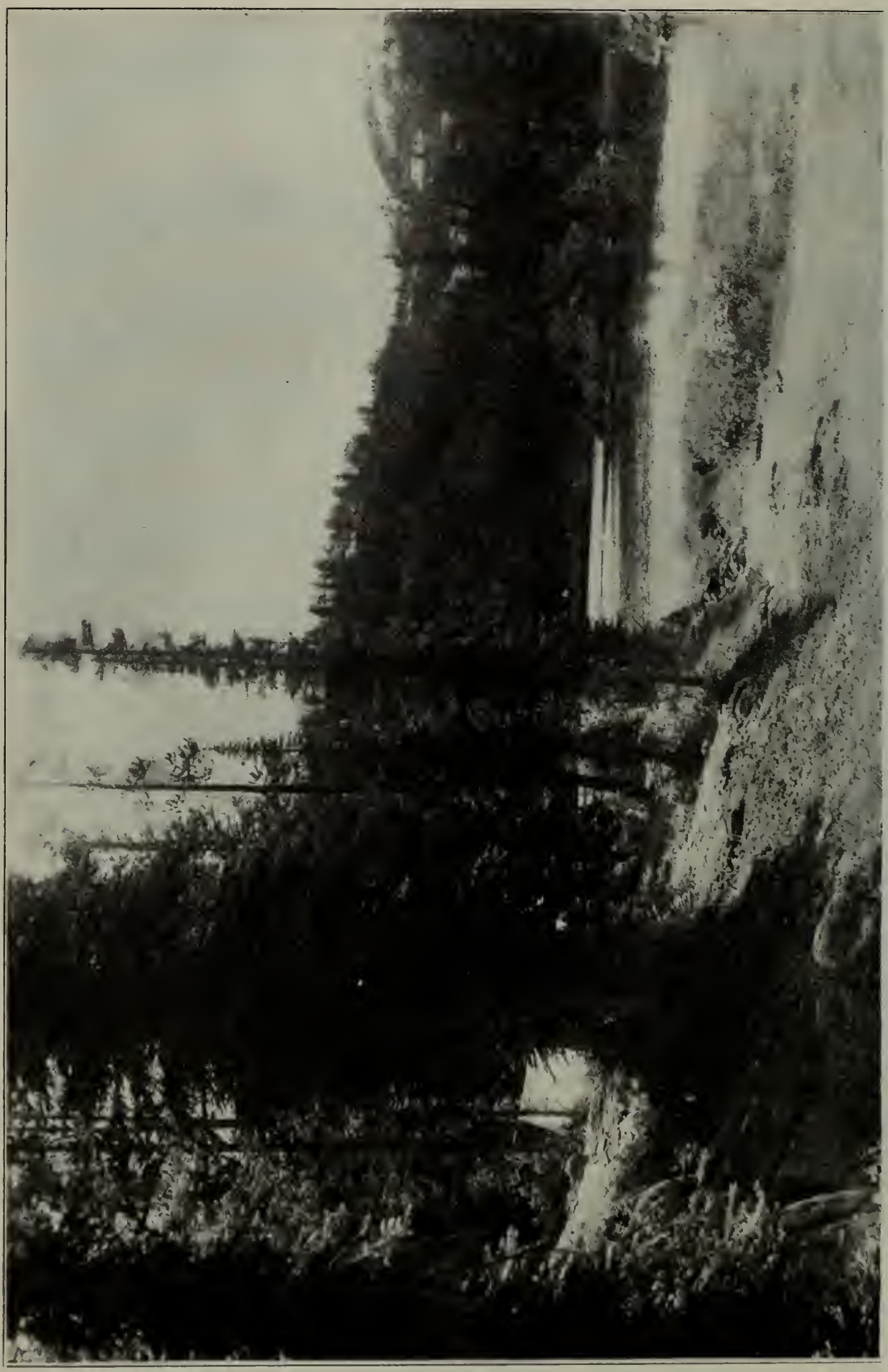
"'You, of course,' he answered, 'I've come after you.'

"'Ha-ha-ha!' she laughed. 'What a joker this Fort Union man is.'

"'So help me Gawd,' Gray exclaimed, seizing the hand that lay idly in her lap, 'I'm not joking at all. I came up here to marry you, and I'm going to do it. Do you understand? You're going to be my woman.'

"She was looking at him as he talked: he wasn't smiling nor speaking lightly, as she could plainly see, and the red color of anger spread over her cheeks; her eyes just blazed: '*I-me-tah,*' she hissed, slapping him across the mouth with her free hand; and then breaking away from his grasp, she arose and left the room. 'I-me-tah,' she had called him—'dog-face'—the most insulting word in the Blackfoot language. But Gray didn't seem to mind it. He laughed, and was soon dancing with another woman.

"About a month before we moved out on the hunt, some Cree or Red River half-breeds trailed in from the north, the women in their ridiculous two-wheeled, rawhide-bound carts, the men on horseback riding funny buckskin saddles padded with antelope hair. Now all the Missouri River people, including the Indians, despised these Red River folk—folk who prayed much and stole more, and eat dog, and dressed so queerly, and were noted for their cowardice. So one and all were somewhat angry at Annie Bell when she began a flirtation with one of the young strangers. He was what you may call a pretty man; a toy little man. About five feet two in height, slender, wiry, graceful. He had a pretty, pointed little mustache; a small, thin-lipped mouth. But he was black, the deep dead-black color of most of those French-Cree people.



"It was a Beautiful Game Country"

His coarse black hair was cut square off even with the top of his shoulders. He wore a black fustian *capote*, and fustian trousers bound with a bright blue, tasseled, silk sash. Also, he wore silk embroidered buckskin leggins; and soft soled, silk-flowered moccasins, and a hat with a long drooping red feather stuck in the band. He was so vain that he kept glancing down this way and that way at his clothes, and smoothing and dusting them. He was real effeminate; and yet he was always boasting of his deeds. He was the best shot, the best buffalo runner, trapper, hunter, in the whole north, and a fighter—according to his stories he had killed about twenty men.

"There was a dance nearly every evening somewhere in the Fort, but after that one when Gray first met Annie Bell, he could not get her for a partner. He always asked her though, generally three or four times of an evening; and when she refused he would just laugh pleasantly and say: 'Oh, well, there's lots of time; after we get married we'll dance and give lots of dances together, won't we?'

"To which Annie would reply with a sniff, and an angry toss of the head: 'Go away from me, Charlie Gray. You know that I'll never dance with you, nor marry you.'

"But she danced and flirted with Michel La Mott, the pretty little Red River fellow, more desperately than she ever had before, and people began to think, that she really cared for him. The Red River camp, of course, hoped that Michel would win her, and they were ever sounding his praise, in such a manner that Annie would be sure to hear it. All the others naturally hoped that Gray would be the lucky man, and were equally loud in praise of him. One morning in a big buffalo chase, La Mott wounded a cow, and the animal turned and attacked him. On their return to the Fort, his compatriots told what followed: 'The brave young man,' they said, 'sprang from his horse, laid down his rifle, and with only his hunting knife encountered the enraged beast. She charged; he jumped to one side and thrust his knife into her side as she passed. Again she rushed at him, and again he stabbed her deep, and she began to bleed, to stagger, and attempting a third rush, fell exhausted to the ground and expired.'

"Gray rode out to hunt the next morning as usual. In the summer time he had to kill two or three buffalo or a number of antelope each day to keep the people of the Fort and the visiting Indians supplied with fresh meat. In the winter the post hunter had an easier time for he could kill fifteen or twenty animals in a day, and then rest until a few wagon loads more were required. This morning he was accompanied by a number of Blackfeet and followed by his helper with a four-horse wagon. They surprised a band of buffalo when they reached the rim of the *mesa* north of the Fort, and dashed into them. Gray was riding his favorite runner, the swiftest and best trained buffalo horse in the country. With three shots he killed three fine cows, and then, slipping his piece into its saddle sling, he urged his mount up beside a huge bull, leaned over and grasped the shaggy hair of its hump, and vaulted over onto its back. 'Whoopee! whoop!' he yelled, pounding the animal's sides with his heels. And *'wai-hai-yah!'* the Indians shouted in astonishment, as they quirted their horses and sped after him to see what would happen. There probably never was a more surprised buffalo than that bull: He just humped up and bucked, and snorted, and kicked up his heels, and finding that he could not dislodge the terrible strange thing on his back, started off at tremendous speed in the wake of the fleeing herd. Gray let him run a quarter of a mile or more, and then drawing his sheath knife he leaned over and drove it to the hilt in between the great ribs. Blood instantly began to stream from the bull's mouth and nostrils, he stopped loping, walked a short distance and then stopped and stood, head down, swaying, staggering for a moment. As Gray leaped from his back his knees gave way and he plunged forward and died with one last gurgling gasp for air.

"I was sitting with Bell in his lodge that evening when an Indian came in for a smoke and to tell us about Gray's adventure. 'Well,' said Bell at the conclusion of his story. 'He went the little dog-eatin' whippersnapper one better, didn't he? Anyone a bit spry on his legs can badger a poor, weak, wounded critter, but there ain't many men would dare to hop off their horse onto a sound, ragin', buckin', bellerin', mad old buffalo bull and stay on like Gray did. Fact is, I don't believe there's another man on these plains

that could do it. I wish he was my son; he *could* be my son-in-law if this here foolish girl of mine would only say so.'

"'H'm!' Annie cried lifting her head sort of disdainfully, the blood rushing to her cheeks and her big black eyes flashing. 'H'm!' The idea! I'm tired of hearing about your Mr. Gray. The first time I met him he says to me just as cool as you please. 'I've come up here to marry you and I'm going to marry you.' H'm! The braziness of the man! I wouldn't marry him if he were the Factor of the Company instead of just an ordinary hunter from Fort Union.' And with that she picked up her shawl and flounced out of the lodge.

"So it went as long as we remained at the Fort: The little Red River fellow bragging on himself and doing great things which Gray always did better without any bragging. Michel swam across the river and back without touching ground. Gray swam it twice and back in the same manner. The little one brought in the skin of a grizzly one day and told a long yarn about the awful battle he had had, killing the bear at the sixteenth shot, every one of which had struck in a vital spot. The next day Gray borrowed 'Three Sun's' bow and arrows, went off down the river with some Indians to beat the brush for him, and he came back with two grizzly pelts, just one arrow slit in each one, just in the right place, low down behind the shoulder. I tell you he got big praise in the quarters that night, but when he asked Annie to dance with him she would not even speak to him and danced more furious than ever with the smirking La Mott.

"The day before we pulled out on the winter hunt, Gray had a few words with Bell. 'I suppose you see how things are going,' he said. 'Annie won't even speak to me any more, but I haven't given up by any means. I'll just ask one favor of you: As I can't leave the Fort to visit you soon I hope you'll let me send her a few lines once in awhile. If she won't take 'em, I wish you would, and sort of casual like read 'em out so she'll have to know what I say.'

"Bell promised, and the young fellow left us with a cheerful grin on his face. Wherever we were, more or less of the Indians were always going and coming on various errands to the Fort, and every few days one of them turned up with a note for Annie. We never knew what was in the first one she got, for she got red in the face when she read it, and threw it into the fire. Bell sent back an answer on the sly, and the next one that came was addressed to him. He opened it up and read it out loud:

"'Mr. Bell:—I understand that Annie can't read, so please tell her I've made up my mind that we'll be married on the evenin' of Christmas day; about seven o'clock. So she better be gettin' ready.

'Yours resp't'y,

'CHARLIE GRAY.'

"Say, but Annie was so mad that she cried! After that a note came along every few days, and they all read alike. 'Tell Annie I've made up my mind that we'll be married on the evenin' of Christmas day; about seven o'clock, so she better be gettin' ready.' When the girl saw an Indian hand her father a little folded paper, she would jump up and hurry out of the lodge; but that didn't do any good, for when she returned, or maybe at supper time, or just after they had all turned in, Bell would say: 'Had a note from Gray today, Annie, and he says to tell you * * *'

"And then she would say: 'I wish Charlie Gray would stop pestering me, or die; marry him! Why I'd rather become old "Low Horn's" sixteenth wife.

"Once she asked: 'What does all this mean? Dad, are you standing in with Charlie Gray on this? Are you going to sell me to him Indian fashion?'

"'No, my girl,' Bell replied, 'I ain't going to sell you to any one. But I stand in this much: That I'd awfully like to see you marry this good-hearted, clean, honest, young man, or, if you won't, at least quit foolin' with that little Red River pup. I declare! Every time I see him I just ache to take him across my knee and give him a sound wallopin'.'

"Annie didn't reply to that any more than to toss her head as usual, and give a disdainful sniff. You see, La Mott and some of his people had trailed along with us and set up their lodges close by wherever we camped; and nearly every evening he would come smiling and bowing, and *bonjouring* into Bell's lodge in his sickening Frenchified way. I didn't blame Bell for feeling the way he did. The fact is the mere sight of him set me all on edge, too.

Photo by George Gignac Two Medicine Lake

"Annie had been raised in the strict Blackfoot way: She wasn't allowed to go about with young men, or even gossip with them, except in her own lodge with some of her folk present; so La Mott couldn't make any headway courting her there, as he could in a dance at the Fort when the sound of the fiddles drowned what he was saying. But he did keep lookin' at her as they all sat around the lodge fire. Such a languishing, love-sick look as there was in his eyes. And it seemed to Bell and his wife and me that Annie's eyes were very soft and kind and worshipful-like when she looked at him. That's the way we thought they looked and I tell you we were scared; we were dead afraid that Annie was going to marry him. 'John,' I said to my oldest son, 'keep your eyes on Annie. You're the only brother she has. If you see that she is really in earnest with that Red River fellow, drive him off even if you have to do it somewhat forcible.'

"'Never you worry, father,' he replied. 'I'm watching the affair all right. He shan't have her, I promise you.'

"So matters went on, La Mott courting the girl without words, and Gray writing those queer notes until we moved into the Fort for the holiday fun. The very evening we got there Gray met Annie in the big gateway and drew her up to him and kissed her in spite of her struggles.

"'Got your things ready to begin housekeepin'?' he asked. 'Time's short, it comes off tomorrow evenin', you know.'

"'Annie broke loose from him and just stood there and stamped the ground three or four times with her pretty moccasined foot, so mad that she couldn't speak, and then she turned and ran out to her lodge.

"The next day was Christmas. Everybody got presents, the women silk scarfs, and red or blue trade cloth for dresses, lots of beads and trinkets—the men finding themselves rich

in new moccasins, fur mittens, fur caps and such like things. And what a dinner we employees had! All the bread and molasses we could eat, along with rich soup, and different kinds of game cooked different ways and to top off with, plum duff and stewed dried apples! On Christmas and the Fourth of July, only two meals in the whole year, we had bread and plum duff, so you can have some idea how we appreciated the feast. The Company couldn't afford to freight flour into the country; every bit of space in their boats was needed for goods that would buy furs and robes. In those days an Indian wouldn't have given a beaver skin for a houseful of it. He never did eat it until game became scarce and he had to or starve.

"The factor was here, there, and every where that day, exchanging Christmas greetings with the employes and their women, feasting the big chiefs and medicine men, and distributing bottles of rum quite frequent. Everyone was very happy and merry. The day was all too short, evening came before we realized it, and the dance began in the big trade room, which had been cleaned for the purpose. It was just about seven o'clock when Gray came in, behind him Bell and the factor. Annie was dancing with La Mott, and those not in the sets, and the big chiefs over on a bench were all watching her, breathlessly you might say, for she was in fact a perfect dream of graceful, lovely, supple youth. The fiddlers stopped playing at last and the dancers started arm in arm to find seats. Gray strode over and stood before Annie and her escort, and instantly such a silence ensued that you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. 'Annie, my girl,' he said clearly, pleasantly, 'I'm here to keep my word; the factor will marry us.'

"'*Sacre le Americaine*,' the Red River sputtered in French. 'Mees Anne, I will protect you,' he continued in English, and drew his knife and made a vicious lunge at his rival. Gray parried the thrust, seized his wrist with such a terrible wrenching grip that the weapon fell to the floor, and the next instant he picked La Mott up and tucked him under his left arm, face down and feet forward, where he struggled with the helplessness of a little child. A roar of laughter burst from the spectators at the ludicrous sight, and then ended as abruptly as it began: Gray was speaking to Annie, and at the same time his arm stole around her waist. We didn't hear what he said but we surmised what it was, and we were simply paralyzed with astonishment to see that instead of flying into a rage and breaking away from him, her head suddenly drooped and she nestled up to him and walked shyly with him over to the factor, Gray still holding the writhing La Mott under his arm. 'Ah, my children,' said the good factor, 'and so you wish to be married do you?'

"'Yes,' the young man said clearly.

"'And you, Annie; you take this man for your husband?'

"She bowed her head in assent.

"'Then I pronounce you man and wife,' the factor concluded.

"There upon Gray gave Annie a smacking big kiss. Next he set his humiliated rival on his feet on the floor and said. 'Scat! you little beast.' And La Mott scatted, leaving the air behind him blue with the flame of bad French words. Lastly, Charlie cried out to the fiddlers: 'Give us a lively polka, boys,' and away he danced with the blushing Annie. And that is the end of my story. I just told it to show you how little we men understand women. Gray acknowledged that his heart was in his mouth and that he had no hope of winning out when he entered the room that night. And in a round about way, as married men do get things, I heard Annie's version of it. She said that she fell in love with Gray at first sight, but wanted to be wooed and won, not commanded, and that she had held out just as long as she possibly could, and hadn't been made love to at all, by her ridiculous man after all."

A WINTER ON HOOD CANAL

By Katharine R. Franck

PART II.

EVENING came. The moon, from somewhere behind the smoky clouds lent a golden edge to the darkness. There was just enough breeze to waft them along. A deep stillness reigned, broken only by the soft hiss of the water against the boat's sides.

About ten o'clock they dropped anchor at Seabeck. Beach House loomed white and rather imposing, in the uncertain light. They could discern a flight of steps leading up to a terraced lawn and hear the tinkle of a fountain.

By the pale, uncomplimentary light of early morning Beach House was discovered to be a very ordinary looking, rather dilapidated two-storied, eighteen or twenty-room house.

"Where is Seabeck? I don't see anything but that old hotel," said The Woman, coming on deck at daybreak to view the surroundings.

"Seabeck proper is about a mile from here, up at the head of that little bay," answered Anton, pointing toward the West. "There's a store and postoffice and fifteen or twenty houses, nearly all vacant. Years ago there was a pottery there. The plant and other buildings were destroyed by fire and the place was practically deserted. We are now just about directly opposite the place we started from," he added. The Woman expressed surprise. Pointing eastward Anton said: "Right across there, eighteen or twenty miles is Port Orchard and the Navy Yard; and there's a good country road all the way from here there."

They stopped next in Pleasant Harbor, a tiny "pocket," about one mile above Brinnon, and between the Duckabush and Dosewallups Rivers. Deep enough for the anchorage of a large vessel, and with an entrance just large enough to admit the Spy.

The men had some thought of making this little harbor their permanent anchorage for the winter, but after looking over the adjacent "hauling grounds" they decided to move up toward Quilcene.

"I am glad we are going to move," said The Woman. "This is a pretty place but I'd hate to stay in here all winter. It's too monotonous. I want to be outside where I can see the waves pile up when the wind blows, and see whales and seals, and—and Siwashes."

On the mud flat near Brinnon they made their first "haul" on the Canal; the result being two hundred "dog" salmon and one silver salmon.

"How will you dispose of your fish, and how much will you get for them?" asked The Woman, to whom this was all new and very interesting.

"We'll take them to the Brinnon wharf and box them, and bill them to Dudden or the San Juan Fish and Packing Company, and they'll go to Seattle on the steamer tomorrow," answered Anton.

"How often does a steamer come?"

"Three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays."

The next day was what The Woman called "muggy"; warm and still, with scarcely breeze enough to coax the Spy along. Sky and water and mountains all the same color: looking, as The Man expressed it, "as if the Master Painter, after finishing the picture, had dipped the brush into a mixture of mauve and yellow and blue transparent paint and given the whole canvas a careless swipe."

"There is where I want to live," cried The Woman, as they came to anchor that evening in Jackson's Cove, about five miles above Brinnon. "Right up there in that log cabin on the bluff. What a lovely place this is! Is there a stream in that gulch, Anton?"

"Yes. A pretty good little stream; and

A "Waterhaul"

plenty of trout in it, too. This is a good place to haul for salmon, as they go up the stream to spawn. Dum poor anchorage though. If a wind kicks up out of the east or southeast we'll have to hike in a hurry."

When the men went ashore The Woman went too, to look at the cabin. "I always loved to look through empty strange houses," said she. "That's the reason I always like to move." She found the door of the cabin open and went in, peering around in eager curiosity. In one room there was an old rusty cook stove, a small table, and numberless empty bottles, tin cans, etc. In the other room were two bunks, a table on which were some old books and newspapers. There was also a big fireplace, at sight of which The Woman exclaimed:

"Oh, I would like to live here, just on account of that fireplace."

"You'll find plenty of cabins with fireplaces," said Anton, who with The Man had followed her to the cabin. "I guess we'll go on up to Quilcene Bay. There's good fishing there and good safe anchorage."

The next day was gray and chill, with a raw east wind taking a nip at the very marrow of one's bones. Flocks of silent, frozen-looking gulls were drifting over a lead-colored, choppy sea. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Spy was at anchor in Quilcene Bay, three miles from the town of Quilcene.

By five o'clock it was dark and storming fiercely. The Spy rolled and rocked violently, but Anton declared they were safe, unless the wind should change, which was not likely.

"I think this is fine!" cried The Woman, as she cuddled among the blankets in her berth and listened to the furious howling of the wind, the lashing rain, the roar of the waters. She could imagine the white-capped waves driven before the gale and breaking on the shore with crash and howl and dashing of spray. A little while later The Man spoke to her, and receiving no answer exclaimed:

"Well I'll be blamed if that woman isn't asleep! I believe she could sleep in a cyclone."

"Let her sleep," answered Anton. "She's just as safe here as she would be in a cradle on shore."

"Did you ever see such changeable weather!" exclaimed The Woman, as she came on deck the next morning. The sun was shining, the water blue, ripply; lazily lapping the boat's sides.

"Oh! that's Puget Sound," answered The Man," rain or snow one hour and sunshine the next."

"Nothing like having the spice of variety," said The Woman gaily, as she climbed down into the seine boat. "I kind of like it myself. I like storms and I adore sunshine."

They were going ashore to find a cabin to live in.

"We'll get moved as soon as we can and settle to fishing in dead earnest," said Anton.

"I'll be glad to get into a house," said The Woman. "I wouldn't mind living on the sloop if the ceiling was a little higher, but it's awful hard work to cook and wash dishes when one has to stoop so. I'll be as hump-shouldered as a—mud turtle by spring."

"Who owns these cabins, Anton, and why is it people don't have to pay rent for them?" asked The Woman, after they had taken possession of the most comfortable looking one.

"They were built by fishermen and prospectors, and they belong to the man that finds them empty and wants to use them. Any game around here?" he continued in answer to a question from The Man, "why there is more game up in these hills than any where else in the Northwest. There's bear,

deer, elk, sheep, cougar, grouse, quail and pheasant. And on the flats around Quilcene are ducks of all descriptions, hundreds of 'em, and geese. Game! well I guess."

The cabin stood near the mouth of Quilcene Bay, right down on the beach, where the waves washed over the doorstep at high tide. From the back door a narrow trail started straight up into the rocky, fir-covered foothills. Behind these, which, to The Woman's eyes looked a good deal like mountains, was the white grandeur of the "sure-enough" mountains; and between them and the water miles and miles of forest, for the most part so far unpenetrated by foot of man. All round just Nature, in all her primal splendor; grand, mysterious, awe-inspiring.

"Ah! now, this is what I call glorious!" exclaimed The Man, pointing toward the hills. "You can worship the sea if you will, but the mountains for me!"

"Yes, they are grand," The Woman assented; "but they are too grand for me. I can't 'realize' them. They fret me because I can't admire them enough or express my admiration. They are so aloof; I can't 'draw nigh' unto them. I don't know—I can't tell what I mean, but they baffle me."

"There is good rockcod fishing here at low tide," said Anton, "and any amount of oysters in that lagoon up there. And there's plenty of clams and crabs and shrimps."

"Good!" cried The Man, "when the tide's in the table is set, and when the tide's out the dishes are washed."

Hood Canal stretches its Quilcene-Bay arm four miles to meet the waters of the Big and Little Quilcene Rivers, between which two streams, at the head of the bay, stands the town of Quilcene. In the wide, rich valley are numbers of fine fruit and stock ranches. From Quilcene a government trail through the mountains is open to Dungeness.

"I think we'd better take advantage of this good weather and go aboard the sloop for a few days and haul for 'blackmouth' salmon near the Quilcene wharf," said Anton one day late in November. "We'll get lots of sole and flounder and perch, too." The Man said he was willing, The Woman was eager

My Berth Room

to go, and accordingly they locked the cabin securely and went.

Thanksgiving Day had been lovely, sunshiny and warm. In the evening, after they had eaten supper they sat out on deck, waiting for low tide and time to go fishing, which would be about half past eleven.

A four-day-old moon laid a silvery track across the water. Anton played snatches of melody upon a flute, softly. Sometimes The Woman joined in with song. Occasionally accompanying her clear treble, came a low, melodious throb of tenor or bass from The Man.

"What makes the boat rock so?" The Woman asked presently. "There don't seem to be a breath of wind."

"That is caused by a ground swell," answered Anton, "and if the wind don't blow like the old scratch before morning, I miss my guess."

"This won't be very safe anchorage in such case, will it?" spoke The Man.

"No; but we'll have plenty of time to scoot across to that little cove opposite the wharf if she does kick up any."

"Are you going with us tonight, honey?" asked The Man of his wife.

"Yes, sir; I am. I wouldn't miss going such a lovely night as this. But I do think you ought to 'lay off' for Thanksgiving night."

"All days look alike to a fisherman," laughed Anton.

(Concluded in Next Number)

OUR HUNT OF '98

By C. H. S.

PART II

WITHIN a mile I found where a large number of elk had come down into the flat, and had been feeding on the tender shoots and leaves of the willows; but all had gone back up the mountain, so, picking out a track of a big bull, I followed it. It took up the mountain for an hour, and then coming to the side of a peak exposed to the sun I found the snow had disappeared, making the task of trailing difficult. I abandoned it, striking for points higher up, where I thought the indications would be better. Over logs and across gullies and canons my horse went, a very black mare named Nigger on account of her color, a very gentle animal, who, if I would get off and throw the reins over her head, would stand all day without moving until I returned. This mare would walk up with the utmost indifference to where an elk had been slaughtered—blood in pools—look at the bloody sight, and show no further interest in it. I used to imagine what one of our Eastern horses would do at a scene like that. The sight and smell of blood would make them climb a tree.

I had a great affection for the little black, and we were good friends. A good hunting horse must have all these requirements; but very few will permit one to shoot off their backs. They "kick" on this.

We climbed the steeps, and very often slid down the banks. In many places I would get off and lead the mare. I had worked my way higher and higher, until I was, I suppose, about eight miles from camp, and but a short time before had seen by my watch that it was a few minutes of 12 o'clock.

My horse had just crossed a large log with her forefeet when I heard, a little behind me, and to my right, the challenge of a bull elk. I had never heard the sound before, but I knew in a moment what it was. It is called "whistling," and at a distance, say of half a mile, it does sound like a long-drawn-out whistle, but when within two or three hundred yards it is very like a squeal, or like the first notes of the bray of an ass, only modified and deeper or broader at the finish than at the start. The bulls only use it in the mating season, from about the middle of September to the middle of November. During that time they whistle every little while. It is a fatal habit often, as it guides the hunter and makes his task more easy. If this "gentleman" had not squealed I would never have known he was near, as the timber was heavy and thick.

I checked the mare at once, while yet a-straddle of the log; got off, drew the rein over her head, pulled her very quietly over the log, dropped the rein, pulled my rifle out of the saddle scabbard, examined it to see if it was all right, and then, treading on velvet, slipped over to where the bull had started his song. He had whistled twice more in the interval.

I had gone only fifty or seventy-five yards in the direction I heard his music when I heard him coming toward me. He evidently heard the horse, and not knowing what it was, and thinking it might be a cow elk, or mayhap a bull—in the latter event there would have been a fight instanter—and only hearing the noise once, he was coming to investigate.

I awaited him, rifle cocked and at my shoulder, and in a minute he showed through the bushes and timber.

I have had the good fortune to see many kinds of animal life, but I never in my life beheld so magnificent a sight as when that bull came into view. The first thing to show up over the wilderness growth was an immense pair of antlers. As they swayed

Photo by George Gignac Where I Killed my First Elk

to and fro as he rapidly advanced, 100 yards distant, and as his head shot into the open, proudly thrown back, nostrils distended, eyes flashing, the long dark hair or mane on his neck appearing to raise, he looked the very personification of courage and power, and the thought flashed through my mind, "What a magnificent animal!" That was followed by another flash which said, "If you don't get in your work pretty soon that bull won't be your bull." He came almost broadside, slightly quartering, and as I saw his position I saw my best chance—where I thought I could give him a deadly shot. I was careful, as I had heard that elk were very hard to kill—could carry off a heap of lead; so when the point of his shoulder came into view I held on it and fired.

I was standing in the open in full view, yet he had not seen me. At the crack of the rifle he whirled like a flash away from me to his left; went probably fifty yards and stopped. I had thrown a new cartridge into the barrel as soon as the first had been fired, and when he stopped I quickly drew a bead on his neck and pulled the trigger, but to my surprise the trigger failed to respond; the hammer did not fall; no report followed. I quickly realized that my rifle—Old Bets—had broken down; and there I was, eight miles from camp, alone, a savage wounded bull, and only a hunting knife.

I quickly looked behind me to see how far it was to the nearest tree, for if that bull wasn't badly hurt, and he made a charge and I did not get a tree between us, the chances of his playing ball with me for an indefinite period was good; but fortunately the bullet had gone true; had struck him in the point of the shoulder, smashed it, passed on and torn up his internals, and then, probably striking a rib on the other side, glanced, and came out the opposite side. He did not charge; he stood and looked at me and I at him. In a minute or less he turned from me, went a few yards,

and fell. In the next twenty minutes he got up, went 300 yards, and fell several times. I followed slowly, knowing he was my bull.

At last I saw where he had passed down into a little draw or hollow, and had fallen and lay there, and by his labored breathing and the bloody air bubbles which came up through the wound where the ball had come out, I knew he was about gone.

I went back to Nigger, brought her to the edge of the bank, and started down alone; and as I did not know if he were dead or not, as I approached him I thought discretion was the wise course, so, pulling my knife, I circled around him, got behind a big pine tree, and threw a knot or two to see if any life remained; but he was dead enough.

Now the question was how to remove his entrails, so I could leave him and return next day and get his meat for camp. He lay on the slope of the hill, and weighed at least 600 pounds. I started in, and I'll wager the State of Wyoming that if the gang could have come on the scene without me knowing it, they would have split their sides laughing. I pulled, hauled and tugged. I could not turn the brute up hill, so I had to cut from below. The perspiration run off—all that did not soak in, and when I had finished cleaning the animal, and had cut his head off, and skinned his neck, I was soaked with sweat and covered with blood from head to feet, and was a "sight for the gods."

I had to get a hurry on, for a furious snow storm had set in, and I was a stranger, and it is no joke to be lost in so vast and strange a country.

I led Nigger down to the slaughter pen, which I was glad to see she regarded coolly, placed and roped on the saddle the head, placed several empty shells along the slain bull to keep off timber wolves and mountain lions, took the bridle reins, and, leading the mare, started to make camp.

The snow had obscured all prominent landmarks, which on a clear day, enables a hunter to locate himself and find his way.

Photo by George Glenn Pacific Creek Bottom

I took a direction I thought would bring me out on Pacific Creek bottom. The mare obediently followed as I picked my way through the timber, avoiding places that would not permit the passage of the wide antlers.

At last I came out on the creek bottom, and was thankful enough. It was an easy task now to find my way to camp. The only thing noticeable on the way was an immense raven which followed me quite a distance—ordinarily a very shy bird, but who appeared to know that I had no means to injure it; and sitting on the trees only a few feet above my head, gave vent to that fiendish laugh time and time again. I had shot a very large raven the fall before in Montana, and I thought perhaps this might be its ghost.

I arrived in camp ahead of the rest of the boys, at twenty minutes of 5 o'clock. I had the honor of not only killing the first bull, but the antlers were the finest killed on the trip—and by my own unaided efforts.

All the hunters came in shortly empty-handed. Murry and Coon traveled all day, but saw nothing.

Friday, 30th. Boyd started for a trading store some fifteen or eighteen miles down the valley, for some salt and other supplies. Coon and Murry started to round up elk if possible. Shoop, Brady and self saddled our horses, and started to get my elk and save the meat, as we had nothing in camp of the meat kind but side meat and flitch.

I struck the place where I had come out on the flat the day before, and we started up the mountain. We had gone probably a mile when I stopped my horse, and held up a warning hand to the others. I had smelled the strong heavy odor of elk. They possess a heavy, sweetish smell, once sampled never forgotten. I had smelled it on my bull of the day before.

To their whispered inquiry, "What is it?" I replied in like manner: "Elk are near." As I whispered it, away dashed the band of elk through the timber. As I did not see any prepossessing looking bulls with prize horns I did not shoot. I carried a borrowed rifle. We left our horses and started after them, but though I caught a sight of them a distance away, did not get a shot.

We returned to our horses, and resumed our hunt for my elk meat, and though we searched high and low, in canon and draw, until late that afternoon, we could not, and did not find that dead elk. I flattered myself that I was reasonably expert in finding my way in the woods, but this stumped me.

I was guilty of an act that afternoon, which, if I could, I would blush to confess. I got off my horse with a remark to my companions that "over there," pointing to a big log ten or fifteen yards away, "looks like the log I got off of to go for the elk." I walked toward it, leaving my rifle in the saddle scabbard, something I never did before, thinking at the time, "You are doing a foolish thing." When I got there it was not the log, but a few yards along was another which *did* look like it, and so on, until I was forty rods away, and then up jumped a bunch of elk!

I stopped and looked at the elk, and said things softly(?) to myself about not bringing my rifle. They did not know just what alarmed them, and stood and looked. I softly and slowly backed away until I got behind some heavy timber, and then skipped, got my rifle and the boys, and slipped back; but the elk had vanished, leaving nothing but some footprints and a slight odor of elk.

We worked our way home. Coon and Murry got within seeing distance of a band of elk, but the elk were shy—evidently did not like the appearance of Messrs. Coon & Co., so the boss bull of the herd whistled his defiance and the band skipped. They finally, toward evening, ran onto the trail of three bears, but as it was nearly evening, could not follow them, and returned to camp empty-handed, and with stomachs in like condition.

Saturday opened with a heavy snow storm. No use to hunt.

Snowed all day Sunday. On Monday, the 3d of October, we got up to find it still snowing, and to hear a bull elk whistling up on the creek flat, about a mile distant. We had to cross the creek, and Mr. Coon, having on the only pair of high rubber boots in the crowd, carried us all over on his back, through water two feet deep. When he got each one in the middle of the creek we had

Photo by George Gignac Guides Making "Jerky" (Smoked Venison)

to apologize for little things he laid against us.

We finally located the elk, about fifty, on the flat in the willows, feeding. The creek was between us. We got opposite them by skirting the edge of heavy timber and then had a clear space of fifty yards to get to the bank of the creek, and within shooting distance of the elk. We covered this ground by crawling on our stomachs, sliding on our backs, and rolling over and over through snow five inches deep. We made the bank at last, behind some trees, without alarming the elk, and there had to wait until they moved out in the open so we could shoot. There were two bulls in the band, one the boss of the herd, with an immense pair of antlers. This was the one we wanted to get, but he kept well out in the willows. The other bull was there by sufferance, the stronger bull permitting him to skirmish on the outskirts of the herd, but when the big bull came near the weaker one had to fly. In all herds of elk, as also deer, there is a master bull or buck; he is the master because he is the stronger; and he has to maintain his leadership by fighting and overcoming all opponents. These fights are terrific. They charge on each other with those immense antlers, sharp as pitchforks, and meet with a shock that can be heard nearly a mile. I have, when skinning out heads, found where the brow pointers had bruised and cut through the heavy neck skin, half an inch thick.

I got tired and stiff sitting in the snow waiting for the bulls to come out, so I laid out on my back, telling Boyd, who was lying near me on his stomach watching the herd, to tell me when the bull came out. In about ten minutes he said, "He is out!" I raised up and cocked my rifle, and saw the lesser bull had come out of the willows, driving the cows and calves along. It is the bull who always keeps the herd moving, driving them ahead of him. If they don't move fast enough to suit his majesty he threatens them with those big antlers. This

is the work of the weaker bull, and that was what he was doing. He was 125 yards distant, broadside to me. I could not get a better chance, so, aiming at his fore shoulder, in order to smash the bones, I cut loose.

At the crack of the rifle he wheeled, ran a few yards and stopped—a sure sign that he was fatally hurt. Brady, who was next to me, then fired. Shoop, who carried a shotgun loaded with buckshot, cut loose and hit him. Coon fired at him and broke his hip. I aimed to fire at his neck, and just as I was pressing the trigger Brady run in front of my leveled rifle and raised his rifle to shoot again. If I had had my own rifle, using a hair trigger, Brady would have gone to join the ghosts, nothing could have saved him, for the slightest touch of the finger on the trigger fired it.

Boyd gave a yell as he saw him run in front. I took my finger off the trigger, shifted my position, and fired at the bull's neck, but I think I missed him.

It was the intention at the start to get the bulls, if possible, as they are always first prize; and one man, if he can shoot, is quite sufficient to take care of Mr. Bull, and I had intended, while crawling up to the bank, to let Coon, who I thought was next to me, have a shot at the bull on account of his not having a shot so far. When I fired, *all* opened a fusillade on the bull, instead of some trying to get cow meat for camp.

At the first shot away went the herd through the willows, the biggest bull in the lead, and when we finally turned our attention to the herd, it was out of shooting distance. Coon, however, turned his attention to them as soon as he had fired his one shot at the bull; he did no execution, however, nor did I when I took a long shot at the bunch running.

The first bull shot remained standing all this time, and no doubt would have bled to death and fallen where he stood but as soon as the herd disappeared, with one accord the entire gang charged pell-mell down the bank and through the creek, notwithstanding the water was at least two feet deep and full of slush ice. No one waited to be carried over, and the way the water flew was a caution. The bull seeing this demonstration, and having reasons to believe that the advance was not of the most friendly nature, took to his heels, and the dog Spot charged for his neck. The poor bull, being so badly wounded, could not make very fast time, but he could distance the crowd, and thinking he might get into the creek, and hurt the dog, I took a flying shot at his neck again. He went on, and the eager crowd after. He ran some three hundred yards, and took refuge in the creek, as the deer kind always do when hurt and strongly pushed. The dog swam after him, and if the human foe had not diverted his attention no doubt he would have killed the dog.

Murry yelled and cursed his dog to come out, but the dog was not inclined to obey; but finally Dick got him out, and fell upon, and gave him a good beating; and the yelps of the dog, mingled with that of the gang, made a kind of pandemonium out of the thing.

The bull took alarm at the howling of the dog and yells of the hunters, and charged out of the opposite side of the creek and up the bank to escape. Coon fired at his neck, hitting him, and down the bank he rolled; but the shot struck no bone, and up he got and back into the creek, his eyes blazing and the hair along his back up on end.

The poor brute was too badly crippled to take the offensive, and he stood in the flood; nor could we drive him out, and he sank down in the water. Shoop, taking aim at the neck, finished the work with the rifle I handed him. We crossed the stream, and seizing the antlers, it took the united efforts of five of us to pull him out of the water. We soon stripped the skin off his neck to his head, cut the latter off, cut off all the choice meat, and left the remains of the gallant brute for the coyotes; and that night we could hear them holding a banquet over their find.

We found on examination that the bull had been struck in the shoulder by my first shot, which had passed back into the body. One buckshot from Shoop's gun had entered between the ribs and penetrated the lights. Coon's first shot had broken his hip, and we found three bullets in his neck, one from Coon's gun, the last shot from Shoop, and one unknown; as we were all using 38-55 guns no one could tell.

The guides brought a pack horse from camp, and took the meat in. We dried out, and after dinner Coon and Dick went up the creek; were gone until evening, and while they saw one cow elk and in the dusk of the evening thought they saw a bull, it was not favorable time, and so came home empty handed. Boyd and I struck the trail of the flying herd of the morning, and followed it far up into the mountain, and while trailing them saw one cow which took alarm. We finally run onto the fresh trail of a bull and cow, and leaving our horses, we followed the track for miles, and as it drew dusk jumped them, but did not see them. We finally gave up the chase, went back to our horses, and got to camp in the gloom. Brady and Shoop did not go out.

On Tuesday, the 3d, Coon and Dick struck northwest, as usual. Boyd and Brady pretty nearly the same direction. I mounted Nigger and went on my own hook in the same locality I got my first bull.

I ran onto a fresh bull track alone about 11 o'clock, left my horse and followed it for about two miles, but as it had heard me I could not get a sight of it. I returned to my track, and when within three-quarters of a mile of my horse I happened to look down and saw something that interested me at once. It was the track of a big mountain lion, an animal very much like our Eastern panther, but more like the South American cougar. His track was as big as the palm of my hand. On close examination I found he was following my track from the direction I had come, and you may believe I got a hurry on me. If he got to the mare before I did she was a goner. When within 300 yards of the mare he had evidently heard me, for he left my trail and struck off down the mountain on a trot. I followed for some little distance, and then gave it up, as I could not hope to overtake him.

I saw and got nothing all day. Brady and Boyd run onto two cow elk. Brady got a shot at one and hit her, and followed the trail for one mile, but seeing the wound was not a killing one, gave it up. Experience has taught hunters that if a wounded animal takes all kinds of country, up hill as well as down, it is not badly hurt, and 'tis hardly worth while to follow it—unless game is very scarce.

Later on they saw, at a distance, a small band of elk with one bull in it, who whistled in a cheerful way and then the band skipped. As it was getting toward evening they did not follow.

But this was a "red-letter" day for Mr. Coon. He and Dick struck fresh tracks, and finally crawled onto a small band. Dick located the bull lying down, and Mr. Coon thought he would just keep him lying down; so, taking careful aim at his lordship's neck, he let go—but, alas! my countrymen! The bull was up and off like a flash. Coon's bullet had cut the hair off his neck, and that was all, but he did not despair. He got a shot at a cow with better results. At the crack of the rifle the cow came rolling and sliding down the hill, and stayed. Coon's stock went up a notch. He now took a shot at another cow, that had a calf with her; the cow dropped. Another rise in stock. Then this gentleman got blood-thirsty, and shot that poor little baby elk as it stood looking at its fallen mother—shot it full in the breast. It dropped; but as it dropped the mother got up and ran away. He ran up to bleed the calf, which by the time he got there, had got on its hind feet and was striving to raise to its front feet, and in its effort was pushing its poor little head through the snow, in frenzy at the shout of Dick to "jump on it and stick it"; but Coon was not going to run the risk of getting kicked by its small but vigorous heels, so he danced round to get an opportunity to knife it in the throat; finally the calf gathered strength and energy, and jumping up, skipped down into a canon, leaving Coon and Dick looking amazedly after it. They did not follow it, and I have no doubt it fell and died. Slight fall in Coon stock.

After cleaning the fallen cow the hunt was continued, and fortune did not desert them, for they ran into a band of at least 500 elk. They crawled on one unsuspecting bull, meditating on matters and things behind a clump of bushes. After maneuvering some little Coon got a shot behind his shoulder, and he went to earth. There were two bulls at this place, and when the shooting took place the bunch fled. Coon and Dick waited, Dick saying the bull would return to see what had become of the other bull, and in a short time the herd fed back in that direction, the rival bull whistling

Photo by George Gignac Where "Coon" Slaughtered Them

every now and then. His curiosity finally brought him close enough, and Coon put a shot through his neck, which induced him to stay; but at the shot the first bull knocked down jumped up and ran off a little distance, necessitating shooting him again.

Now, the Fickle Dame Fortune had indeed smiled on our friend, but she had yet more smiles in store for him. They finished up their butchering business at this point, and as it was getting toward evening, they got their horses, tied on the two bulls' heads and started for camp. When four miles from camp they routed out a four-antlered bull along the trail, who ran up a small spur or elevation. Coon banged at him four shots, two of which were killing, one being through the heart.

Now this bloody gentleman was filled full of joy. A recapitulation showed he had shot three bulls, two cows and a poor little calf; and he had always been particularly severe on killing infant deer and others of that kind—viewed with scorn any man who was guilty of such an ignoble, unsportsmanlike act. We will be charitable enough to say he possibly was not quite himself at the time; there was awakened in him the savage, which, 'tis said, lies dormant in all mankind; his mind was turned back upon itself; his reasoning power suffused with blood; and he, one might say, "run amuck" among those elk. I could expatiate at length on this bloody act but will forbear.

With a bull head on each of their horses, the two hunters had to walk—at least Dick did; Mr. Slaughterer, as he now re-christened himself, rode on air—he came into camp on a cloud; had thoughts of camping off a little way by himself, and not associating with the common herd—fellows who could only kill one bull per day, or who could not kill any. He would, every few minutes, with a lordly air, ask the two unfortunates who had killed nothing so far but time, to go and have *one* with him—at the creek.

(Concluded in Next Number)

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "Stillhunter"

No. XI—THE KING OF AMERICAN GAME FISHES.

BUILT like a torpedo, endowed with the greatest strength, pound for pound, of any creature that swims the sea, gifted with what seems at times to the tired angler an almost human brain, weighing anywhere from 90 to 700 pounds, the tuna of the Santa Barbara channel must be awarded the palm as the greatest game fish known to modern man.

No shark, tiger of the deep though he may be, is a match at the fighting game, either in point of strength or of intelligent use of his powers, for the leaping tuna. As a separate species, the "leaping" tuna is, of course, a myth. It is the same fish which is known to the market fishermen of Naples and Solferino as the tunny, and to Atlantic sea-goers as the horse mackerel. Out here on the west coast it has taken to itself the habit of leaping after the flying fish of which the greater part of its food is made up, and thence comes its local name.

The powers of endurance of this fish almost surpass belief, unless the angler has once gone against even a mediocre member of the tribe. Then he knows, and, knowing, has little respect left for all the fishes in the sea, no matter what their size.

After hours of the most terrific of fighting by skilled fishermen, the tuna, brought almost to gaff, will catch sight of the boat, mayhap notice the shadow of one of his enemies therein, and will dash away for two or three hundred yards at the top of his speed. Then the battle has to be fought all over again, and many are the anglers who have succumbed to the gruelling mill.

Nowhere but at Catalina and Coronado do the tuna take the hook. In the Mediterranean they are caught in huge nets of enormous strength; on the Atlantic I am told they are sometimes harpooned, more often taken in nets similar to those used by the Italian fishermen. Even trollers with hand lines, long the only method by which these huge fish could be taken on the west coast, have failed to get a single rise to their lure in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean; fishing for these creatures for sport seems to be practically unknown.

The tuna is a mackerel, typical of the tribe, but powerful out of all proportion to the small mackerel caught from wharves or from boats moored close inshore. The color is the same rainbow blend of blues and blacks and palest grays seen on the flanks of all the mackerel. The same vivid streaks of shimmering blue wander down the back, magnified many fold, while the fins and the white belly all add to the mackerel-like appearance. But it is the tail, powerful engine of propulsion and of grip on the water, in which the tuna differs from all other fish of this age.

Swinging in the arc of a crescent, such a tail as no other fish may boast, this mighty propeller turns out to end in two delicate tips, slender and small, yet powerful to do the thing their master expects of them. And by nature the tuna is a living, breathing bundle of electric shocks. He travels like an exaggerated albicore, and all those who have ever fished inshore along the west coast know what that means.

The speed of the tuna under water has been variously estimated; in all probability any healthy tuna could leave the fastest motorboat at the post, certainly he can run away without trouble from any of the launches which carry fishermen to his haunts.

Tuna, as a rule, appear in the Santa Barbara Channel between the first and the fifteenth of May of each year. In some

summers, however, they do not come to the channel at all, and all the lures offered them by anglers fail to draw one from the depths. Food supply is probably responsible for this condition of affairs, and not seismic disturbances under the sea as is commonly supposed.

June and July, however, are the prime months for the tuna hunters. With the coming of August the big fish begin to decrease, and by the end of that month all have disappeared. Where they go the best ichthyologist in the world cannot tell you; it is supposed, however, that they seek warmer and deeper waters off more southern coasts. The flying fish do not go south; possibly there are hordes of them already in equatorial seas, in any event they are almost as plentiful around Avalon and the Magic Isle in winter as in summer.

Beginning with the coming of the tuna—the first of May to be a bit more exact—the Tuna Club of Avalon opens a free-for-all tournament, with prizes for catchers of other fish as well as the tuna. The first tuna of the season usually wins an elegant rod, of the type which long experience has proved the best for the purpose of landing the big fellows.

The result of this active competition for the prizes the club offers is that a fleet of launches is scouring the channel for a week before the tournament opens and for a week thereafter every day. By this time some one usually has landed the coveted prize for the season and there yet remains only the prize for the biggest tuna taken. The largest fish taken in the six years just prior to 1905 were as follows, together with the names of their captors:

1899—C. F. Holder, 183 pounds.

1900—C. P. Morehouse, 251 pounds (the world's record).

1901—F. S. Schenck, 158 pounds.

1902—J. F. Stearns, 197 pounds.

1903—Smith and Alden, fishing together, 94 pounds.

1904—A. W. Barrett, 131 pounds.

In 1905 no new record was set, as all the fish were so small as to be unworthy of niches in this piscatorial temple of fame. From the list given above, however, the wide range of this giant mackerel in point of size is plainly evident, and that Colonel Morehouse's record fish has stood so far

Tuna

unchallenged shows that the real monsters of the tribe do not come so close inshore as the smaller tuna.

In the articles of the aforesaid club a great deal of attention is paid to rods, lines, reels, hooks, and general tackle, so that no one of the contestants shall have any advantage over any other one of his fellow competitors. Among other things these articles declare:

"Rods must not be less than 6 feet, 9 inches in length, the tip of which must not weigh more than 16 ounces. By tip is meant all that portion of the rod from the reel seat to the end of the rod. The line must not exceed twenty-four threads or strands and be capable of sustaining a

Albicore

dead weight of not more than 48 pounds. Every angler must bring his or her fish to gaff unaided, a broken rod, either before or after gaffing, disqualifies the angler. All fish must be brought to the club scales and weighed thereon. No allowance will be made for shrinkage. Tackle must be shown when the fish is weighed."

This rule, or rather these rules, are very rigidly enforced and the result is a contest which, even though one be no fisherman himself, is worth going miles to see.

Inasmuch as I am on the subject of tackle—and practically all the chances the angler has of landing a tuna, once he hooked him, rest with the tackle, I may be permitted to say a word regarding the hook and the leader. A 10-0 O'Shaugnessy hook is the one most commonly used, though any good hook of tarpon size and of standard make will serve the purpose equally well. The leader is either of brass chain of variable length or of piano wire. The writer prefers the latter as less liable to foul the line in some of the backward rushes for which this fish is famed, and as a trifle stronger and less liable to kink, which chains occasionally, though not often, do.

The line, of the size given above in the rules of the club, should be not less than 1000 feet in length, sometimes much longer. The first rush of the tuna frequently will carry out as much as 600 feet of this line, sometimes his last rush, just as he comes in to the gaff, will be a third of this distance; in either event the angler must be ready with plenty of line.

The only bait—so the boatman will tell you—for the leaping tuna is the flying fish. But despite all this, tuna have been taken on smelt, though, because their food during the greater part of their stay in Catalina waters is flying fish, the best bait for them is this gauze-winged, misnamed creature of the deep.

To properly adjust the bait to the hook, no matter what lure is used, the barb should be run down the bait-fish's throat, turned inside, and the point brought to protrude a slight distance through the belly. Then the mouth of the fish is closed on the shank of the hook, and carefully wired so, the wire sometimes extending up to meet the chain or piano-wire leader, as a precaution against the bait coming off.

It is worthy of note that practically all the tuna caught this year (1906) were taken with smelt instead of flying fish. The big mackerel came into the little bay at Avalon in hordes—but alas for the anxious fishermen, all were comparatively small, few ranging above 75 pounds, and many below fifty. Most of these were albicore of one sort or another, and while there were dozens (possibly hundreds) of fish called "tuna" taken during the run, I very much doubt if a half dozen of the real tunnies were hooked.

Within the past five years there seems to have been an invasion of these big Japanese albicore, from across the Pacific,

and while they satisfy the boatman and the man who knows nothing about the real, simon-pure tuna, their weak fighting is little sport to the trained tuna angler who has taken the real thing. They are not easily differentiated from the tuna, and most of them pass as tuna, though there are some very radical differences in fins, and, so I am told, in their internal structure.

The Japanese fish are much like the albicore shown herewith, except, of course, that they are larger, some of them rivaling the real tuna in point of weight. They are absolutely useless as food, and in small demand for bait. Unlike the tuna, they do not appear in Channel waters when small, but presumably they are about the same fish then as is the ordinary in-shore albicore, bonita and skip-jack.

In going after this fish as after no other, extra tackle is almost an absolute necessity if one expects to stay out long or to land more than one tuna. Usually not only two or three sets of lines and leaders are carried, but extra poles as well, for many times the dropping of a rod across the thwarts of the boat as the tuna breaks from the side for his last mad rush will result in a broken tip—and "tip" in the case of the regulation tuna rod, means all the rod above the reel seat, where the one joint in the rod is placed.

Probably the early morning is the best time to take tuna in Catalina waters, but when the regular runs are on, the fish may be seen jumping in all parts of the little bay and as far out in the open channel as the eye can reach. Guests at Avalon hotels can sit in their porch chairs, and with good marine glasses, watch many a battle royal which is taking place just outside the fringe of kelp tapestry that surrounds the Magic Isle.

Usually that is the first step in the making of the tourist angler; the second is a trip as the guest of some angler who does all the fishing while the man who is gradually acquiring the fever does nothing but watch. Then, when he gets back to the island, he goes down and fingers the catch of the day as it hangs on the rack for all to view. Next day he is getting a boatman of his own, and away he goes for the banks. Sometimes he gets the disease right. Then he buys all his own tackle, the best that money will provide—and pays about three prices for it to the island dealers—and goes out on his own hook.

Men whose business it is to sell you tackle, will tell you that to be perfectly sure of your fish you must put from $75 to $250 in tackle—and there are many sets of rods and reels and leaders which come to Avalon each year that are worth as much and cost more than the latter sum. But this is largely salesman's talk. A very good outfit can be had for $50; one which will do if the angler is careful for $30—but there are many reels alone which cost more than either of these figures.

Yet the fact remains that there is very little use going after this king of American game fishes with cheap and untrustworthy tackle. As long ago as 1895, Charles Frederick Holder, than whom no one has written more interestingly of Catalina and the Santa Barbara Channel, said:

"The tuna is the magnificent and mysterious fish of these waters (Catalina) attaining a length of five feet or more, and a weight of from 100 pounds upward. I have hooked but one in my experience, and the single rush took 300 feet of line and a part of the rod before I recovered. A tuna of the largest size—and I have seen one in the Atlantic that attained 1000 pounds—has been known to stop a large sailboat in the Santa Catalina Channel, when hooked on a heavy hand line."

But this was eleven years ago and nowadays hand-line fishing for tuna, or in fact any other fish in the channel, has been given up unless it be by the few market fishermen that come over from the mainland. It is all rod and reel now, and the game has developed a class of fishermen all its own, wealthy men who do nothing but fish through all the tuna season and then return to their homes in the East and North to spend the remainder of the year in devising and making rods and tackle for their own use and the use of their friends.

I am not at liberty to give his name, but each tuna season there comes to Avalon a rich wagon-maker from the Middle East. With him he carries two or three trunks full of tackle. How many times he is

a millionaire he won't tell, but he makes all his own rods, and leaders, just as he makes his own flies for his trouting trips into the North woods—not because he has to, but because he wants to.

He takes especial pride—this old-young fellow of fifty—in his rods, many of them made from one piece of hickory or ash that grew on his own farm back in the "States." All of his rods are made by hand, from wood seasoned in his factory, and cured by the best of known methods. Their resiliency is wonderful, and occasionally he remembers some friends with one that is practically priceless, for no such rods can be bought even at top prices from professional makers. He declares he was fifteen years learning to make a rod that would withstand the rushes even of the albacore and yellowtail, let alone the tuna, which he has since taken on his own make of rods. After all the fifteen years, having fished in Florida, along the gulf and in the salmon rivers of the North, he yields the palm to Catalina and the first prize for gameness to the tuna.

Among the tuna anglers of Catalina just now, however, there is a movement on looking to the abolition of the 16-ounce rods and the adoption of light- nine-ounce affairs, together with even lighter lines and leaders than those used heretofore. Several tuna of from 40 to 50 pounds weight have been taken under the new order of things on the nine-ounce rods, but no one has as yet had the opportunity of trying them out against a record-size fish.

What the result will be is only conjecture, but it is probable that, up to a certain weight, the greater skill, coupled with the intelligence of the man will triumph over the undeveloped faculties of the fish, giant though it be.

PEACE

I SOUGHT from strife and sordid ways,
With earnest spirit, my release.
And still, and still through weary days
My quest was Peace.

In city's way and crowded mart—
The battle ever to the strong—
I sought it still with anxious heart;
The paths were long.

I sought it by the green hillsides,
In woods where sun and shadows blent,
And here I found that Peace abides
In calm content.

The matin song of woodland bird
Bore Peace within its sweet refrain;
And in the murmuring streams I heard
It once again.

I know it in the wood aglow,
And further seeking I may cease.
The broad fields whisper, and I know
That here is Peace.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

THROUGH ALASKAN WILDS

By August Wolf.

FOUR hundred miles in 20 days, from Delta River to Fort Liscum, through the wilds of Alaska, is the marching record made by Company K of the famous "Fighting Third" regiment, U. S. A., in command of Capt. M. M. Beal, which reached Fort Wright, three miles west of Spokane, a few days ago. The company was composed of three officers, 39 soldiers and two signal corps men, besides 19 pack horses. The march was across unbroken and trackless country, the men and officers walking every foot of the way, blazing their path through forests, struggling across reeking bogs and fording rivers and streams of icy waters, sleeping on the frozen ground and living on short rations of canned meats and beans.

The company left Fort Gibbon July 12th and went to McCarty by boat to build the Delta-Gokono cut-off telegraph line and construct a practical trail. The men remained until September 2d, building 28 miles of line and a trail south along the Delta River. Soon afterward orders were received to march to Fort Liscum. Rations and supplies were so short at the Delta River that only bread, canned meats, beans and coffee could be carried along. Stoves were out of the question and it was impossible to procure even field ranges. Day by day the expedition struggled on with the light camp equipment, starting out in the early morning after a few hours' sleep on the hard ground and making camp at night almost too tired to gather firewood. To add to the discomfort, the pack horses kept slipping into bogs and had to be unloaded before they could be pulled out. Fifty-two such mishaps were recorded during the march.

The men marched through the rain ten days and forded dozens of streams, but they kept gamely on their way, and when Fort Liscum was reached boots, clothing and every article of clothing they wore were literally reduced to rags; but they were in excellent health; in fact, they appeared to be robust enough to undertake a similar journey on an hour's notice. They were re-equipped and shipped to Fort Lawton, afterward coming to Fort Wright, where they were received like heroes.

Captain Beal and Lieutenants Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., and J. W. Everington and the men brought with them a number of curiosities from the Northland, one of these being an Esquimo dog, which accompanied the company the entire length of the march, sharing with the men all the discomforts. The dog has been named "Spokane," and has been formally adopted as the regiment's mascot. The animal was born near Fort Gibbon, where, when the thermometer registered 65 degrees below zero, it ventured out, the result being the loss of part of its tail by freezing. "Spokane" has not yet become used to the shrill bugle calls and the thunder rolls of the drums, but the canine is the pet of every man and officer at the fort, from Major E. H. Plummer down.

The soldiers tell tales of adventure in the interior of Alaska, saying also, it is a country of wonderful possibilities in minerals and timber; but, they add, unless the game laws are more drastically enforced the great herds of moose and caribou in that country will soon share the lamentable fate that has overtaken the bison in the Northwest. Caribou are still plentiful in the wilds, but moose are being slaughtered by the market hunters, who sell the game at lower prices than fresh beef can be obtained, and as a result the inhabitants gladly welcome the coming of the Indian traders with fresh supplies.

Trappers on the lonely parts of the island, where they live with their dogs, are generally respecters of the law, which allows them eight moose or caribou a year; but the Indians and the post traders, the soldiers say, are not so scrupulous. They are veritable game hogs, killing as much as they can, knowing there is

always a ready market for the meat in the settlements.

The greatest obstacle in the way of enforcing the game laws is the extent of the country; for, by the time the warden learns of an infraction of the law, the violators are hundreds of miles away. Still, they say, the officers are zealous to do their duty, but distance and the primitive means of travel and the almost inaccessible trails do not bring satisfactory results.

One of the officers told of having seen more than 600 caribou in a herd grazing on a hillside, while smaller herds were feeding in the valleys; but the moose are rapidly disappearing, being fewer except in the farthest and wildest parts of the country. Ducks and other small game are also being slaughtered, tourists as well as dealers sharing in the destruction of the fowl in one of America's greatest natural game preserves.

The islands up the Lynn canal, where bears and deer were more plentiful than population a few years ago, are becoming game barren, and it is believed that if the government does not soon step in, Alaska will soon lose its prestige. Stricter penalties should be imposed than those which now obtain. They are at present about the same as those in the Pacific Northwest. Owing to the impossibility of ever obtaining many convictions, on account of the inability of the officers to discover infractions of the law until long after the booty has been disposed of and the trader goes to parts not known to the wardens, it is the opinion of the soldiers that the penalties which are in force in this country, where apprehension is easier, are wholly inadequate when applied to Alaskan conditions.

"As the matter now stands," said one of the men, who made a reputation as a guide in the Maine woods before joining Uncle Sam's company in the Pacific country, "with the increasing accessibility of Alaska to the outside world and the large number of travelers and settlers, the game is bound to become scarcer each year, and with game laws that can not be put into operation, the effects are certain to be disastrous."

The soldiers said that such pests as mosquitoes and gnats, which rival in size the widely advertised Jersey breeds, do not decrease in the same proportion. Their increase, in fact, is almost phenomenal. No part of the country seems to be entirely free from them, and in places they appear in clouds. They appear to be equipped with all the paraphernalia of warfare and they spare neither friend nor foe. Nor do the mules and pack horses escape. The soldiers tell stories of the mules with the expedition rolling about in the embers of camp fires, often burning themselves severely in their efforts to free themselves from the pests.

"But despite all these little unpleasantnesses," one of the men said, "we had a jolly time. Of course, it was a long tramp, but they were all companionable fellows and the officers were bully good men and did the best with us."

It may be mentioned that Fort Wright now has the distinction of quartering one of the oldest and most historic regiments in the regular service, and that Major E. H. Plummer, who is in command, is the proudest man in the Pacific Northwest. For more than a century "the Fighting Third" has been recruiting its forces from among the best fighters of the nation, and it has always been on the fighting line for the honor and glory of the country. In a word, the men of the regiment have fought and distinguished themselves in all the campaigns of the United States from 1792 to the present time. Its commanders were such men as Gen. Anthony Wayne, Gen. Zachary Taylor, Major Charles D. Gardner, Col. M. Leavenworth, Col. Benjamin S. E. Booneville and Major E. B. Bolton.

The annals of the Third present more than a century of courage, and in its long and picturesque career the regiment has upheld the tradition of the stern old fighters who have since gone to their reward: Ready and willing to fight and die to uphold the honor and dignity of their country and the reputation achieved in the days of "Mad Anthony" and other of their leaders.

The Third accompanied Wayne in his successful campaign against the hostile reds of the Northwest frontier; they were with Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812, when he broke forever the power of the Creeks, captured Pensacola and later took part in the brilliant victory of New Orleans. The regiment was in the hotly contested Indian wars in Florida, and fought with dash and spirit throughout the Texas campaign, winning honor and glory at La Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Vera Cruz, and one of the companies led the deciding charge at

Cherubusco, being the first to march into the conquered City of Mexico.

The Third remained in the Southwest until 1860, fighting almost incessantly against the Kiowas, Navajos and Apaches, and maintained the reputation for bravery and skill in fighting savages it had won in Florida, and when the breach widened between the North and the South, the Third was ordered from the Southwest to the scene of conflict. From the beginning the regiment was on the fighting line, and in the battle of Bull Run, it covered in perfect order the retreat of the Union forces, gaining a reputation to which it lived up during the trying years of the rebellion. At the close of the war the Third was selected to lead the forces in the review before President Lincoln at Washington, D. C.

From that time until the outbreak of the Spanish war the regiment was engaged in Indian campaigns in the West and the Southwest, and when hostilities broke out between Spain and the United States the regiment went to the front with the freshly recruited men of the north, south, east and west, taking part also in the campaigns in the Philippines, winning fresh glories and honors.

The Third has come to Spokane for a stay of three years, the impression being that Fort Wright will be chosen as a regimental post at the next session of Congress. Lieutenant Colonel M. Febiger will take command of the troops after the beginning of 1907. Major Plummer, now in command, will remain at the post for some time. The Third regiment has with it its famous military band, which has been heard in various parts of the country, having at one time been stationed at Fort Snelling and afterward at Fort Lawton.

CHRISTMAS ON THE PRAIRIE

WE'VE no bells to ring the Christmas chimes,
No holly bright as in other climes;
And the mystic bough of the mistletoe
On our treeless plains will never grow.
There are no pine trees dark and high
Silhouetted against the wintry sky,
And our chilly blasts from the frozen zone
Know not the fir tree's whispering tone.
But the spirit of the Christmas tide
Comes to all upon the prairies wide;
And as sure and fleet the reindeer go,
Far across our trackless wastes of snow.
For to north and south, to east and west,
In lone wood, on plain or mountain's crest—
Wherever man's restless footsteps fall,
The spirit of Christmas comes to all.

—*Hattie Washburn.*

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

THE TEST

IF THE State Fish Commissioners are really more than a mere political usufruct; if they actually have the game interests at heart and are honest and sincere in their efforts to preserve the public's heritage; if they are actually the honest and vigilant guardians of the people's assets and not merely the puppets of the Sacramento Punch and Judy clique, they can best demonstrate it by standing shoulder to shoulder with the members of the Fish and Game Protective Associations and the sportsmen at large of this State, in the effort to secure the passage of all the amendments recommended at the Monterey convention.

No man or body of men can sensibly lay claim to absolute infallibility. There is no cogent reason why the mere investure of office clothes the Fish Commissioners, either personally or as a collective unit, with any extraordinary acumen in the settling of what game laws should or should not be enacted so as to secure the best results. They are men of high and broad intellect it is true, but we urge that there are many other men not holding official commissions who are just as well informed on these questions, and whose opinions are justly of as much value and weight.

The State Fish Commission is merely an executive body, not a legislative or judicial one. It is not—as it unfortunately has hitherto assumed—the last court of resort, and falls far short of being a finality in such matters, as the sportsmen conclusively proved at the last session of the Legislature. Just now it assumes that the sportsmen of the State are wrong in their advocacy of a non-sale clause in our statutes. They vehemently declare that it is a sheer impossibility to secure legislation to this end, and pleading that an attempt to enact such a measure would result in the repeal of all the game laws—a patent absurdity on its face—they have elected to oppose it.

May it not be possible that the Commission is not just as much in error over this proposition as was a former Commission which took identically the same position, some years ago, in regard to the non-sale of quail? We were threatened then with exactly the same pessimistic predictions, and everybody knows what actually did happen in the premises.

Gentlemen of the Fish Commission, we ask you for once to subordinate the convictions of the three men constituting your honorable body to the concentered wishes and equally honest convictions of the State's forty thousand sportsmen, and work *with* instead of *against* them! Our differences are only theoretical at best, and you surely have the State's best interests at heart. The issue at stake is surely greater than any factor of personal resentment or pique. We need your help and we respectfully ask it. Don't fight us—fight with us! And so, incidentally, be on the winning side. For we are going to win!

THE SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION

TAKEN altogether the work of the sportsmen who convened at Monterey in November was very well done, and can not but help be of immense value to the game interests of the State.

While it is true that a great deal of precious time and valuable ammunition was wasted in a somewhat vindictive attempt to bring down one insignificant and much bedraggled crow—who, although grievously disfigured, got away from the whole bunch after all—it is gratifying to know that after they had finished their sport they got down to serious work and did things which reflect great credit upon them and their association.

First in importance was the recommendation of legislation prohibiting the sale of ducks and trout, a measure which, if once carried into effect will of itself virtually set the seal of perpetuity upon one of the State's most valuable assets.

Next to this in point of value was the recommendation of the enactment of a hunting license. If the sportsmen of this State succeed in getting these two measures on our statute books they will, with that one step, have stridden abreast of the most advanced States of our Union in the matter of game protection. The reduction of the bag limit on ducks was one of the convention's most gratifying and creditable conclusions. It proves not only the good faith of our sportsmen in the matter of preservation and protection, but it as well most effectually refutes the silly charge of "selfishness" which has been urged on every occasion by the opposition to our cherished cause.

When men voluntarily cut their own most cherished privileges in half, some other reason besides mere personal greed must logically impel the action.

The movement toward the re-enactment of the shrimp law repealed by the last Legislature, and the placing of restrictions on the seining of certain kinds of sea fishes in certain places, will doubtless be characterized by the unthinking as unwarranted officiousness on the part of the sportsmen, who logically are only most concerned with strictly game mammals and game fish. But in so far as the shrimp matter is concerned there was good and sufficient grounds for action. It is not that we are particularly concerned with the shrimps themselves—although they constitute a large part of the natural food of most game fishes, and consequently we have a certain interest in their preservation; but the fact is that in the wholesale and promiscuous seining of these crustaceans by the alien Chinese who are depleting our waters, they catch with the shrimps millions of young game and valuable other food fishes which are either illegally shipped out of the country or else are left to die and rot. At any rate they are destroyed and herein lies our interest and concern. The placing of a close season on wild geese we do not deem advisable at present. The fowls are very poor food and their numbers are actually a menace to the agriculture of the districts where they most abound. It is morally certain that under the present depleting conditions which menace all our game, geese will ultimately become valuable as they become rare, but just at present they should not be dragged in to fan a useless controversy and kindle a much to be avoided flame of resentful opposition to our good work in other directions. The close season on the comparatively rare black sea brant is, however, a distinctly good and sensible suggestion.

What we most regret is that there was not a recommendation to cut the bag limit on quail down to twelve, or at most fifteen birds. Either of these numbers is sufficiently great and quail are today more in need of protection than ever before. The same reduction on snipe would also be a desirable thing; these beautiful game birds are even more rare than quail and in need of even greater protection.

And now for a little heart to heart talk with our friends: With the adoption of the above amendments to our present really very good laws California will have as good game laws as any one can possibly desire. Let us therefore—once we have secured a non-sale provision and reduced bag limit—be content with legislative conditions and stop "monkeying and tinkering with them." Let us rather concern ourselves with the enforcement of the laws

we have, rather than the making of other radical and unnecessary ones that will only breed dissension and trouble for all concerned. And when we say *enforce* the laws we mean just that! Let us do a little less theoretical talking about it and a little more practical enforcing. Don't be afraid to give information of all violations of the law, irrespective of the personality of the violator. And make that information conclusive and of the kind that secures convictions. Don't prefer charges anonymously or ambiguously. God hates a coward! Do your work completely and impartially or don't try to do it at all. Half way measures don't amount to anything and hearsay evidence and mere personal deductions and conclusions cut no ice with a jury. In other words, don't go crow hunting with dust shot. Use buck or ball, and be sure that you've got plenty of powder behind them and that your aim is straight.

And be very sure that you can prove the corvine nature of the bird before you pull the trigger. It will save complications and expedite the bagging of the quarry. It will save good powder, too.

OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail — *25 in one day.*
Ducks, — *50 in one day*
Deer (male) — *2 in one season*
Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs. total weight) in one day.

	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.)									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 6½ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Complied by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr. of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[1]	Snipe.[1]	Woodcock.[1]	Rail.[1]	Duck.[1]	Goose, Swan.[1]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[2]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[3]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[5]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[6]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[8]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1-July 10[10]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[11]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[12]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[13]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[15]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 10	Jan. 1-Sept. 10	Dec. 1-Sept. 10[16]	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 10	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 18	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[18]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[19]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[20]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[21]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[22]	May. 1-Sept. 1[23]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[24]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[25]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 8-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[26]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[27]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[28]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[29]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[30]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[31]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[32]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[33]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[34]	Jan. 1-July 20[35]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[36]	Jan. 1-July 20[37]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[38]	Apr. 1-Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[39]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 30		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[40]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 8-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1906			Dec. 1-Sept. 1[41]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[42]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[43]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[44]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[45]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[46]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[47]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[48]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 9	Jan. 1-Sept. 2	Jan. 1-Sept. 2		Jan. 8-Sept. 1[49]	Jan. 8-Sept. 1[50]	18
	19	Indiana[51]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[52]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[53]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[54]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[55]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[56]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 15, 1909	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1909	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[57]		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[58]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[59]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[60]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[61]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[62]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[63]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15		May 1-Sept. 13	May 1-Sept. 15[64]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[65]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[66]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 16-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[67]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 15-Sept. 1[68]			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[69]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[70]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[71]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[72]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 15-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 10[73]			Apr. 15-Sept. 10[74]	Apr. 15-Sept. 10[75]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	10 local laws		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	18 local laws	18 local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia[76]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar 15-July 15[77]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[78]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws				Local laws			36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			May 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 1-Aug 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[79]			Mar 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[80]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[81]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[82]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[83]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[84]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[85]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[86]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[87]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1[88]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[89]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[90]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 10		Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[91]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[92]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[93]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 10	All the year[94]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[95]	Dec. 1-Aug 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[96]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[97]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[98]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 15		Mar 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[99]	May 1-Sept 1[100]	49
	50	Oregon	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[101]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[102]	To Sept. 15, 1909[103]	Dec. 1-Oct 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[104]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[105]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[106]	50
	51	Alaska	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 18-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 15[107]	May 1-Sept. 10			Feb. 1-Sept. 15[108]	Feb. 1-Sept. 10	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[109]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[110]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[111]	All the year[112]	53
	54	Yukon[113]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	Alberta[114]		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 29	May 3-Aug. 26		May 5-Aug. 28	May 3-Aug. 28		55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 29	May 3-Aug 26		May 5-Aug. 29	May 3-Aug 28		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba[115]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[116]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec 15-Sept. 1[117]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[118]		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[119]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[120]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[121]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[122]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[123]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[124]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1-Oct. 1[125]					Mar. 1-Aug. 20[126]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[127]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[128]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.		To Oct. 1, 1906				Jan. 1-Aug 20	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct		Jan. 1-Aug. 20[129]	May 10-Sept. 15[130]	63
	64	Newfoundland[131]		Jan. 12-Oct. 1				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21[132]	64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[1]	Moose.[1]	Caribou.[1]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[1]	Squirrel.[1]	Rabbit	Introduced Pheasant.[1]		Birds Protected in a few States only.		
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1913	1	PTARMIGAN		
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[2]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2	Nebraska	All the year.	
	3	Vermont	Exp't Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3	Colorado	All the year.	
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1906						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	4	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[6]	
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5	New Mexico	All the year.	
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.	
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Oct. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[8]	Local laws	To 1910	7	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[9]	
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[10]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	8	Yukon[10]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.	
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9	Alberta[11]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.	
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.	
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[12]	
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12	Nova Scotia	All the year.	
	13	Dist. Columbia[13]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.	
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws.	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14			
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15	SAGE HEN		
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 15[16]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[17]	All the year	16			
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[18]	To Nov. 10, 1906	17	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
	18	Michigan	Dec 1-Nov 10[1]	To June 15, 1913	To June 10, 1913	To June 10, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
	19	Indiana[19]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[20]	Oct 1-Nov. 10[21]	To Feb. 24, 1911[22]	19	Wyoming	Oct. 16-Aug. 1.	
	20	Illinois	To Apr 28, 1913						Jan.1-July 1		To Apr 28, 1909	20	Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1.	
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[23]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21	California	Feb 15-Sept. 1.	
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22	Nevada	Feb. 16-July 16.	
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 10.	
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 10.	
	25	Kansas							All the year[24]		To Feb 28, 1907	25	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[26]	
	26	Nebraska	Nov 16-Aug. 10	All the year		To Mar. 13, 1908			All the year		All the year	26	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 13.	
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1		To Jan. 1, 1911		Dec 1-Nov. 1[27]				27			
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911		All the year[28]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28			
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year		All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1		All the year	29			
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 16	To Sept. 15, 1913			Nov 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[29]			30			
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov 1, 1907				To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[30]		All the year	31			
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1							Local laws		32	REEDBIRD.		
	33	South Carolina	Jan 1-Sept 1[2]									33	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
	34	Georgia[3]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1									34	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov 1									35	Delaware	Feb. 5-Sept. 1.	
	36	Alabama	Local laws									36	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[4]	
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15						Local laws		Local laws	37	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[5]	
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907									38			
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[6]						Mar 1-June 1[7]		To Nov. 1, 1907[8]	39	CURLEW		
	40	Louisiana	Local laws								To Mar. 14, 1913	40			
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov 1									41	New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.	
	42	Oklahoma	All the year			To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[9]				To July 1, 1908	42	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.	
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year					Jan. 1-Dec. 1	43	Long Island	Jan. 1-July 15.	
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year		To Mar. 13, 1910	All the year[10]				To Mar. 13, 1910	44	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
						To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year				To Mar. 1, 1911		South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.	
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[11]	All the year		All the year	45	Nebraska	All the year.	
	46	Nevada	Nov 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov 16-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1908	46	Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	47	Utah	To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar 17, 1909			To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[12]			All the year	47	Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[13]	
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year			To Mar. 8, 1909	48	Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.	
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15		Nevada	49	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.	
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907							Hawaii	50	California	Feb. 16-Oct. 15.	
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[2]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[3]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	51	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 16.	
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 15	52	Utah	May 1-Aug 23.	
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						53	Alberta[5]	May 0-Aug. 23.	
	54	Yukon[6]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	54	Saskatchewan	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.	
	55	Alberta[7]	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				55	Quebec	Jan. 12-Aug. 21.	
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov 1[8]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[9]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[11]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				56	Newfoundland		
	57	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[12]	Jan. 1-Dec. 1[13]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[14]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[15]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[16]				57			
	58	Manitoba[17]	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1					58	CRANE.		
	59	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[18]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[19]					To Sept. 15, 1909	59			
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[20]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[21]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[22]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1910	60	Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.	
	61	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-Dec. 1[23]		61	South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910					All the year	62	North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.								Mar. 1-Nov 1	All the year	63	Colorado	All the year.	
	64	Newfoundland[24]		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[25]				Mar. 1-Sept. 1		64	Nevada	Jan. 1-Sept. 15.	
													Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.	
													Alberta[26]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.	
													Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.	
													Yukon[27]	June 1-Sept. 1.	

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr 30, Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 16-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 10; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1 6. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1906. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1909; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 16-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern counties, to July, 1909; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 23. Goose only. 24. Except wood duck, Saskatchewan, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, to 1909, Sept. 6-16. 22. Sec. 806, ch. 189, Laws of 1903, prohibits bunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 8, 14, 15. 24. Except brant, Long Island, May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 15-Oct. 1 26. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

(Revised to August 1st, 1906)

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

C. L. Powell, Pleasanton; Dr. I. W. Hays, Grass Valley; A. S. Nichols, Sierraville; H. W. Keller, Los Angeles, and Chase Littlejohn, Redwood City.

Executive Committee—C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; W. W. Richards, Oakland; A. M. Barker, San Jose; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco, and J. H. Schumacher, Los Angeles.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker, Capitola; W. C. Correll, Riverside, and R. H. Kelly, Santa Cruz.

Committee on Legislation—H. W. Keller, C. W. Hibbard, J. B. Hauer, A. R. Orr, and W. Scott Way.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scot Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ——————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Burns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Bancroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanley, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Mohawk Valley F. and G. P. Association—Fred King, Sec.-Treas., Cleo, Plumas County.

Monterey County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n—B. Ramsey, Sec., Monterey.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbra, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Marie, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzey, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River F. and G. Ass'n—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CALIFORNIA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

THE seventh annual meeting of the Calfornia Game and Fish Protective Association was held at Monterey on Friday and Saturday, November 9th and 10th. Ever since the organization of the association each successive meeting has been larger in attendance and of greater interest than its predecessor. This rule was fully sustained by the Monterey meeting, at which thirty-two local associations were represented, and several of them by full delegations. Besides these an unusually large number of the individual members were present to participate in the proceedings.

As usual the annual session was opened on Friday evening with a public meeting at the Opera House, which was well filled by a large audience of the citizens of Monterey. After a selection by the Del Monte orchestra, Mr. H. A. Green, representing the Mayor of Monterey who was absent from the city, welcomed the delegates in a very appropriate address, to which the presiden of the association responded as follows:

Mr. Mayor—It is seldom when called upon to respond to an address of welcome that I find myself embarrassed by a conviction that I must surely fail to do even partial justice to the occasion. But, sir, as I stand before this assemblage tonight, representing the California Game and Fish Protective Association, I cannot help but feel that in my poor vocabulary there are no words rich enough in their expression of gratitude to convey the great measure of thankfulness we feel for the kind words with which you have greeted us, and the more than generous hospitality with which we have been received by the citizens of Monterey. And I am only relieved from that embarrassment by the recollection that one of America's greatest orators has said, "the most forceful language in which a sentiment can be expressed, is the plainest words in which the thought can be conveyed." Accepting this as a truism, I will follow the advice therein given and say, sir, we thank you, and through you all of your people for the kind and most hospitable manner in which we have been welcomed to your city.

It is not only a pleasure but a valued privilege to meet in our seventh annual session within the confines of your historic city, for we feel that we are standing upon ground consecrated by the part it has played in making many of the important pages of our history. It was here, riding upon the waters of your beautiful bay, when the shores of the Pacific were farther away in actual time of travel and more isolated from the seat of our national government than is today the farthest habitable corner of the earth, that a single American gunboat cleared its deck for action and demanded the surrender of Mexican authority over all that territory lying between the northern boundary of Texas and the southern line of Oregon. It was here on your sacred soil that the stars and stripes were first unfurled from land to kiss the breezes of the Pacific Ocean. It was here, within the sound of my voice, where those grand old pioneers assembled to write that organic law, which upon the ninth day of September, 1850, placed upon our starry banner the brightest gem that glistens upon its field of blue. Mr. Mayor, if the influence of environment has the same effect upon the mind of the human race that it has upon the physical economy of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, then indeed yours must be a community of patriots, reflecting the noble deeds of Sloat, and Stockton, and Fremont, and Larkin, in giving to the American Republic a land so rich in mineral, agricultural and commercial wealth that it has, within the short space of half a century, transformed the once wild and unproductive western half of the continent into thirteen sovereign States filled with prosperous cities and productive farms. Citizens of Monterey, you have a right to be proud of the beauty of your scenic environments. You have a right to be proud of the salubrity of your climate. You have a right to be proud of your city being the landing place of that self-sacrificing Christian missionary, Junipero Serra. You have a right to be proud that it was here that the first constitution of the State of California was written. But more than all you have a right to be proud of the fact that the history of the westward expansion of our great Republic cannot be written without the mention of the name of Monterey. And we, the California Game and Fish Protective Association, have a right to be proud of the privilege of assembling on your historic soil.

It is our patriotism, our interest in the well being of the commonwealth, and our desire to preserve, unimpaired through all the years to come, one of the most valuable resources of the State, that has given birth to our association, and prompts us to gather together annually for the formation of plans and the devising of lines of action for the better and more perfect protection of our game and fish. I am aware that many of the general public, who have given but little thought to the value of the game and fish as an asset in the wealth of the State, or to the lines upon which this

association has been working, are prone to think that the sportsmen of the State are trying to preserve the game and fish for their own personal use and pleasure. I am aware that some of the newspapers, and a couple of the members of the Fish Commission who have very foolishly rushed into print recently, have taken this view and played a disgraceful part in misleading the public. Not only this, but these same papers and these same commissioners have put themselves on record as opposing legislation for the preservation of the game and fish supply, and even gone so far as to advocate the repeal of laws now on the statute books, through whose strict enforcement, and through that only, can the present supply of game and fish be maintained. No thoughtful newspaper, no thoughtful member of the Board of Commissioners, no thoughtful citizen can review the history of this association from the date of its organization to the present, and honestly say that it has been guilty of any act of selfishness, or shown any desire to secure to its members any privilege of whatsoever character that is not freely and fully granted to every citizen of the State, be he rich or poor, high or low. In proof of this let me briefly review that history.

At its first annual meeting, held in December, 1900, its members voted to place a limit upon the amount of game that should be killed in one day either by themselves or anyone else, and authorized the expenditure of every dollar in the treasury of the association to defray the expenses of one of its members at Sacramento during the session of the Legislature in an endeavor to have a law passed placing a limit of twenty-five for one day's shoot on quail, of fifty on ducks and doves, and a limit of three deer for the season. Was voluntarially placing this restriction on their own pleasure, in order that the supply of these birds and animals might be maintained for the uses and benefits of future generations an act of selfishness, or was it an act of self-sacrificing generosity for the public good? Not only this, but at the same session of the Legislature, the association made still another sacrifice of their pleasure by securing the passage of an act shortening the season in which they might kill game from five to four months. Was that a selfish or a generous act?

At the next session of the Legislature, that of 1903, we were so strenuously opposed by the Board of Fish Commissioners that we made but little headway in our efforts for still greater preservation. But in 1905, conditions had become so alarming, the enforcement of the laws against the dealers in game and fish was so neglected, and the supply was becoming so rapidly reduced, that the association at its annual meeting held in Visalia, decided to take heroic steps to secure such legislation as would prevent any further depletion of the supply. We therefore formulated a bill, after careful deliberation, to be presented to the Legislature, and appointed a committee to visit Sacramento and use all honorable means in securing its passage. In this bill we again voluntarily cut down our own opportunities for the sport we love, and denied ourselves many privileges that we had heretofore enjoyed. This bill proposed a further reduction on the bag limit on ducks. A limit of twenty-five on doves. A limit on all the shore birds. A reduction of the limit on deer from three to two for the season, and a limit on the size and number of fish to be taken. And in that same self-sacrificing spirit that has been the crowning glory of the sportsmen of the State ever since the organization of our association, we proposed, in order to raise more money for the enforcement of the laws, and at the same time relieve the taxpayers of the State, to enact a license law requiring every person who enjoyed the pleasure of killing game to pay an annual license of $2 for that privilege. I ask you ladies and gentlemen of Monterey if these are the actions of selfish men? In some of these we failed, because, for the reason best known to themselves, we were opposed by the Fish Commissioners and the Governor of the State. But even against that opposition we did succeed in reducing the limit on doves to twenty-five, on deer to two for the season, in placing a limit of twenty-five on all shore birds, and a limit on trout.

This is a brief history of the principle efforts of our association to have enacted such laws as, from our close intimacy with the game and fish, and our long study of the subject, we know to be necessary if the supply is to be maintained so that the youth of today and their children's children shall have a share of the benefits we now enjoy. But the few facts that I have related are a very small part of the efforts we have put forth, or the opposition we have encountered and have had to overcome. While we have accomplished much in the few short years of our existence, our labors are by no means ended nor is our vigilance in the least relaxed. On the contrary our spirit of self-sacrifice grows stronger and stronger as we see the game diminishing, and our determination greater and greater as we see the enforcement of the laws neglected by those who have been sworn to enforce them. In this battle for what we know to be right; in this battle for the best interests of the whole people of this and future generations; in this battle against the wanton destruction of public property for private gain; in this battle against corruption in public places, we have enlisted not for a month or a year, but, like under the call of Abraham Lincoln, we have enlisted for the war. Let the opposition be whatever it may, or the time be however long, we are here to stay until the game and fish laws of California are abreast of those of our sister States, and with such restrictions as will limit the killing in each year to such numbers as those that are left can reproduce in the season following, and until the State Commission charged with the enforcement of those laws is filled and managed by men who will strictly and honestly enforce them without fear or favor.

My friends it is possible that some of you, who have given but little study to the economic value of the game and fish to the State and county, may be asking yourselves the question: why are the gentlemen composing this association constantly working for greater restrictions upon the killing of game and fish, when by so doing they are limiting their own pleasure? The answer is: Because they realize its value, not merely as a source of pleasure to themselves during a few months of the year, but as a money producing resource for

the whole State, for every county and for every community around which it abounds. My friends, it costs money to hunt and fish. In every community there is some one or more men engaged in the occupation of selling guns, ammunition and fishing tackle, and these men and their employes are supported by the money spent by those who hunt and fish. In order to reach the hunting and fishing grounds teams and boats have to be hired and very often drivers and boatmen engaged, and every dollar paid for these comes from the pockets of the sportsmen. Wherever there is good shooting or fishing, hotels and resorts are erected, for the boniface has learned the value of the liberal patronage of the sportsman. Railroad, steamer, and stage travel is increased in proportion to the game and fish supply at the points to, or through which they run, and this means an increase in the number of men employed in these occupations. Hundreds of men and women throughout the State are employed in the loading of cartridges, the manufacture of hunting clothing, repairing of guns, manufacturing of artificial flies and trolling spoons, making of paper and other boxes in which these goods are put up and shipped, printing labels, setting type for catalogues and sportsmen's magazines, and in hauling all these goods from the factories and wholesale houses to the depots, and then again from the depots to the retail dealers in every town in the State; and all of these wage-earners are paid from the pockets of the men and women who hunt and fish. But even this is not all, for all of these men and women who are engaged in these occupations become the patrons of others and pay the hatter, the shoemaker, the clothier, the grocer, the baker, the butcher, the milkman, the doctor, the dentist, the landlord and the tax gatherer with the money they have received from those who hunt and fish for pleasure. Can you form an idea of the vast amount of money put into circulation in California and entering into every business and every occupation because there is game to hunt and fish to be caught, and men and women willing and able to pay for the pleasure of taking them. A very conservative estimate places that amount at over seven million, five hundred thousand dollars per year. Add to this the further fact that the wild game and those varieties of fish that are protected at seasons by law, furnish and will continue to furnish for all time, if properly protected, more than 23,500,000 pounds of good and wholesome food every year to the people of the State. It is an act of selfishness on our part to give our time and our money in an effort to preserve this food supply and this source of revenue to the wage-earners, the landlords, the merchants and the artisans, so that they and their children may profit by it? If so then I must confess that I am too stupid to understand what constitutes a generous and unselfish act.

It is true that we enjoy the pursuit of the game and fish, but if we had no thought except for our own pleasure we would not ask for close seasons in which the game cannot be killed, and a limit upon the number that may be taken in a day or a season and bag limits, but we would hunt and fish every day in the year, for there are enough to last as long as most of us will be able to endure the labor of taking them. It must be clear then to any thoughtful mind that the efforts we are making for their conservation is not for ourselves, but for those who shall follow us. We want to feel that when our stewardship is ended, and we lie down for the last time and wrap the drapery of our earthen couch around us; that we have left as a heritage to our boys, at least a portion of that life with which a bountiful Creator peopled the forests, the waters and the fields for man's uses and for man's enjoyment. We want to feel that when the twilight shadows have closed around the last days of the twentieth century, and the breaking down o'er yonder hills heralds the coming of another epoch in the limitless calendar of time, the men and women of Monterey who thread the shady avenues of your pine-clad hills, or sail upon the placid bosom of your bay, may still behold the stately deer within your forests; may still hear the sweet music of the unwinding reel and feel the electric thrill of the strike of the salmon and the trout.

Following Mr. Payne's address one of Monterey's fair daughters sang: "All for you" to the great delight of her audience, and was loudly recalled. Following this, W. R. Welsh read a rather long paper entitled: "The Reason Why."

After another musical intermission the assemblage was highly edified by an address by that polished orator, Mr. A. R. Orr of Visalia, on the necessities of better game preservation. Mr. Orr was followed by Mr. H. C. Hall of Corte Madera, with a very interesting address on "The Relation of the Game to Future Generations." Mr. W. Scott Way of Pasadena was programmed for an address, but the hour was now so late that he asked the chairman to cut him out and adjourn the meeting.

The audience was a large one and very appreciative, punctuating the telling points of all the speakers with frequent and earnest applause, showing their approval of the efforts of the Association and its advanced policy in the work of preserving the game and fish supply of the State.

The Business Meeting

The business meeting was held in the rooms of the Merchants Association, commencing at ten-thirty o'clock Saturday morning and lasting with two short recesses until nearly midnight.

The sportsmen of the State have long been dissatisfied with the policy of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, and the way they have allowed the laws enacted for the preservation of the game and fish to be openly violated, and some time ago the Santa Clara County Game and Fish Protective Association voiced these sentiments by an appeal to the other

associations of the State to take a positive stand in condemnation of this policy. This aroused the members of the Fish Commission and their chief deputy to a defense of their methods, making as it is claimed by the officers of the Association an effort to pack the convention. They were promptly on hand with a strong force of their deputies and personal friends under the leadership of Lieutenant Governor Anderson, and all qua tered at a distant hotel, holding themselves aloof from any intercourse with the rest of the delegates until the moment of calling the meeting to order. Besides the Commissioners, the following organizations were represented:

The San Francisco Fly Casting Club, Del Rey Gun Club, Recreation Gun Club, Southern California Rod and Reel Club, of Los Angeles, Sierra County, Alameda, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Riverside, Grass Valley, Truckee, Healdsburg, Marysville, Visalia, Redwood City, Fresno, West Berkeley, Monterey, Loyalton, Dry Creek, Paso Robles, Mohawk Valley, Madera, Selina, Clovis, Santa Cruz, Sierra Valley, Kelseyville, Stockton and Sission game and fish protective associations, and the California Audubon Society.

At 10:30 President Payne called the meeting to order. After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting, the calling of the roll of delegates and other routine business, the president read his annual report:

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

To the Officers and Members of the California Game and Fish Protective Association,

GENTLEMEN:—In obedience to the mandates of your constitution it becomes my duty to review the work of the year just closed and make such suggestions as may seem best calculated to further the game and fish interests of the State.

On account of the withdrawal of their assistance by the State Board of Fish Commissioners in the work of organization and the general education of the public in the value of the game and fish, and the necessity of enforcing the laws enacted for their preservation, I am unable to report the usual annual increase in the number of local organizations added to our roll of membership. Individual efforts, however, have added a few strong organizations to our roster. Among these are the Southern California Rod and Reel Association, with a membership of nearly three hundred, the Recreation and the Del Rey Gun Clubs of Los Angeles, two of the strongest organizations of their kind in the State, and the Clovis, the Mohawk Valley, the Dry Creek and the Stockton associations, and the Santa Cruz Rod and Gun Club, all active associations and all represented at this meeting.

The withdrawal of this assistance by the Board of Fish Commissioners, their constant neglect to enforce the protective laws, their endorsement of the repeal of the shrimp law; their advocacy of a bill to exempt the market hunter and game dealer from the provisions of the bag-limit clause, should arouse every member of this association to renewed efforts and more determined activity in the work for which we are organized.

While the recent discharge of several of their most efficient deputies was ill advised and a serious injury to the cause of game protection, we must recognize their absolute right to discharge any of their employees at will, and whether such discharge be for real or fancied causes, it is still a right inherent in office.

But when they delegate the exclusive direction of affairs of an important State office to a man wholly unfitted by instinct and training, faithless to his trust and a traitor to the cause of game protection, it then becomes the right and duty of this association to raise its voice in protest and demand that the affairs of that State office be administered in accordance with the purposes for which the office was created, and the people's money appropriated. Some action, therefore, should be taken at this session placing the association squarely on record as condemning the weak and time-serving policy of the board, which for the last two years has proved a positive detriment to the cause of game protection.

The rest of the report related to recommendations regarding the game and fish laws.

The reading of this report brought the Lieutenant Governor to his feet with a motion to lay the report on the table, followed by an attempt to tell the Association just what it must do. Mr. H. C. Hall soon arose to a point of order that the chair sustained. After this, Mr. Hall moved that the report be accepted and place on file. After Mr. Anderson had again volunteered his advice, which took more the form of dictation, the motion was carried with but half a dozen dissenting votes.

The reports of the other officers and committees followed without raising any conflict until the report of the Executive committee was reached and the following

RESOLUTIONS READ

"Whereas, The attention of your Executive Committee has been repeatedly called to the many and constant violations of the game and fish laws throughout the entire State of California, and the neglect and refusal of the State Board of Fish Commissioners to enforce these laws, particularly the sale of wild game and game fish during close seasons, and the possession of more than the legal bag limit, thereby working serious injury to the fish and game interests of the State; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by the California Game and Fish Protective Association, in annual meeting assembled, That the policy of the present Board of Fish Commissioners is detrimental to the best interests of the game and fish and is diametrically opposed to the purpose for which this board was created and the purposes for

which the money of the taxpayers of the State has been and is being appropriated.

"Resolved, That the California Game and Fish Protective Association do hereby emphatically condemn the manner in which the office of the State Board of Fish Commissioners is now being conducted.

"Resolved, That this association declares for a Fish Commission composed of men whose fidelity in game and fish protection has never been questioned, whose devotion to the enforcement of our laws will never tire, whose private interests will not prevent the necessary attention which the conduct of its affairs demands, and one that will recognize the assistance and support of the sportsmen of the State as a strong ally in the cause of game protection.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this association and a copy be sent to the Hon. James N. Gillett, Governor-elect of the State of California."

Andy Ferguson who was the only representative of three associations in the San Joaquin Valley, and the only defender of the commissioners South of Sacramento, at once opposed the motion to adopt the resolutions, stating that, so far as he knew, the board had been faithful in its duty and had always made arrests whenever notified of violations of the law. He forgot to state however that he was a deputy of the board.

Mr. Alden Anderson then claimed that it was the duty of the committee to present the evidence against Chief Deputy Vogelsang, if they had any, before the resolutions were acted upon. He knew, he said, that Vogelsang had been accused of not enforcing the laws against the sale of game; that he and many other people were not in favor of placing any limit on the sale of game, which he thought should be "free for all to take," and which if killed in quantities more than necessary for personal use, should be allowed to be sold.

The president here informed Mr. Anderson that he should confine his argument to the resolution, which neither dealt with the justice of the laws nor with what Vogelsang did or did not do. Vogelsang was only a hired man, the association was condemning his employers for their well known policy.

But Mr. Anderson still asserted that the committee should present its evidence against Vogelsang, tacitly admitting what had long been claimed, that Vogelsang was in fact the whole commission.

Commissioner Gerber, who had just returned from a protracted trip through Europe, then took the floor in defence of himself and the rest of the board. He admitted that Vogelsang had been offered a sum of money to secure the repeal of the shrimp law, but he did not believe he had accepted it. In a long speech he denied many things which Vogelsang is accused of, saying that all of these originated in the minds of a lot of men who either wanted to be commissioners or chief deputies. It was his opinion that Vogelsang was a model of honesty and ability, whose conduct had always been exemplary. He forgot to state in this connection why he had voted to reprimand Vogelsang on one occasion and to discharge him on another, and that on his own motion the Commission had entered into a contract with J. P. Babcock to take Vogelsang's place. In his remarks Mr. Gerber referred to the report of the President as being a misstatement of facts, and at the close of his long argument, the president called Dr. Barker to the chair, and taking the floor said, that in all the years he had served as president of the Association he had refrained from entering into debates, except where requested, and that on this occasion he had intended to leave the discussion wholly to the members on the floor. Mr. Payne said:

"Ever since the organization of this association invitations and pressing letters have been sent and personal appeals made to the Fish Commissioners to attend our meeting, counsel with us in our work, and add their voice to ours in the better protection of the game; but these invitations and appeals, while resulting in many promises, have failed to induce the members of the board to find time to meet with us and lend us their advice and assure us of their good will. Today, however, these appeals have borne fruit, and they have favored us for the first time with their presence at one of our meetings. We are overjoyed to realize that we have at last touched the right chord and they are now with us.

I have been acquainted with Mr. Gerber and Mr. Van Arsdale for many years. As business men and as citizens no one will question their standing or their probity. As men I hold them in the warmest friendship, but truth compels me to say, that as commissioners they are the worst I have ever known! Not because they are dishonest, but because they are so occupied with a multitude of private affairs that they cannot or do not find the time to attend to the duties of the office, and therefore delegate the whole conduct of its affairs to one of their employees. I make this assertion," said the speaker, as he approached Mr. Gerber, "not from hearsay or common report, but because I know whereof I speak, and you cannot deny it."

Mr. Payne then went into the details of the action of the board and their chief deputy, in their refusal to enforce the law against the illegal sale of ducks in the San Francisco markets, showing how they had agreed to keep this refusal to perform their duty from him and the public. How, when it did come to

his knowledge through one of the deputies of the board, Vogelsang denied it to him. But that when he was told who was the informant he finally acknowledged it, saying that "if the law was enforced the dealers would raise a corruption fund and repeal the whole law."

Lieutenant Governor Anderson again wanted more evidence against Vogelsang, and in reply Walter Welsh wno had recently been employed by the board gave it to the Association, in allopathic doses, speaking from his own knowledge and experience while with the board. Mr. Welsh gave in detail and from memoranda the dates and circumstances of where judges had stated from the bench that the enormity of the case demanded the severest punishment, but that they were constrained to impose the minimum fine *at the request of the board.* Welsh gave the details of when and where he had been told not to make arrests. Of cases where after arrests had been made, Vogelsang had refused to have the parties prosecuted; where, Vogelsang had, after conviction, ordered him to return seized property to the party convicted, contrary to law, and how he (Welsh) had refused to be a party to this violation of the statutes. Mr Welsh's story was told with all the circumstantiality of dates, numbers and names.

Other deputies and persons present followed in corroboration so plainly and so pointedly, that Commissioner Gerber again came to Vogelsang's rescue by declaring that he alone was responsible for the repeal of the shrimp law, expecting that by this he could lead into other channels the discussion which Anderson had wanted so badly, but which had unexpectingly developed into more serious matters, Mr. Anderson when demanding the evidence against Vogelsang having evidently reckoned without his host.

The multitudinous cases of Vogelsang's dereliction of duty were falling like an avalanche, sweeping all before them. At last Mr. Gerber told Vogelsang to get up and try the effect of his peculiar faculty of explaining away things, hoping thus to allay the storm of indignation now looming over his devoted head. But the misstatements and persuasive arguments that had led the commissioners into many serious blunders, were not of the kind to appeal to this large audience, and he soon abandoned that policy for one of flat denial.

His vaulting ambition in this line o'erleaped itself, and brought Mr. W. Hoff Cook, a former attorney of the board, to his feet. Mr. Cook spoke from an intimate knowledge of the inside history of the board, recounting the reasons which finally led to his resigning his position as the attorney for the board. "I could not," said Mr. Cook, "continue to associate with a man so untruthful and given to so many acts of deception. I therefore resigned."

During Mr. Cook's argument Mr. Anderson kept constantly interrupting him and annoying him with questions. The president suffered this longer than he should, but finally interrupted the Lieutenant Governor, saying: "Mr. Anderson, whenever you have had the floor no one has interrupted you, and you should in reciprocal courtesy allow each speaker to get through, after which you will be accorded ample opportunity to reply."

Anderson in a pompous manner retorted: "I was not addressing you." Quick as a flash came the incisive order of the president. "Then, sir, you will take your seat—and do it immediately!" He did.

Mr. Cook's grilling of the chief deputy was calm, clear and dignified, but it was pointed, positive, merciless, and finally dramatic; for in an evil moment Vogelsang was prompted to deny Cook's assertion that Vogelsang had told John Davis that he, (Cook) was discharged from the board for crookedness. On Vogelsang's denial, District Attorney Treat of Salinas arose, turned to Vogelsang, and pointing his finger directly at him said: Mr. Vogelsang, you very well know that you made that remark in my presence in your office."

This was enough. Even Anderson who had challenged the production of evidence turned red in the face.

"Question! Question!", rang through the hall, and the resolutions reported by the Executive Committee, after five hours of debate, were passed by the decisive vote of 117 to 57. Almost every negative vote was recorded by deputies of the commissioners, one man voting sixteen of them.

When the Sacramento delegation found that their efforts to pack the convention and whitewash the commissioners and their deputy had proved abortive, they left the room.

The report of the committee on ammendments to the game and fish laws was next taken up and discussed for a few minutes before taking a recess until 7:30.

Legislative Recommendations

On re-assembling, several letters containing suggestions for amendments to the game and fish laws were read and referred to a legislative committee to be appointed later.

On again taking up the report of the committee on amendments, the Association decided to recommend to the legislature the following amendments and new laws:

A reduction of the bag limit on ducks to 25 and the prohibition of all sales.

Placing the open season on English snipe the same as on water-fowl and the other shore birds.

Limiting the open season on doves to the single month of August.

Taking the first two weeks off the open season on deer, thus making it from August 15th to October 15th.

Making a close season on striped bass from February 15th to May 15th.

Prohibiting the sale of trout and compelling the return to the water of all caught that are less than six inches in length.

Changing the open trout season from May 1st to December 1st.

The re-enactment of the shrimp law repealed at the last session of the legislature.

The enactment of a hunting license law with the object of raising more money for the enforcement of the laws and at the same time relieving the general taxpayers of the state from being taxed for this purpose.

A law protecting all insectivorous and song birds not now protected except the English sparrow, sharpshinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, duck hawk, blue jay and linnet.

The matter of placing a close season on wild geese and black sea brant as suggested in a communication, and placing a restriction on the seining of certain sea fishes in certain places were referred to the legislative committee.

Provisions were made for the urging of these amendments before the legislature, and the president was instructed to appoint a committee of six, including himself, to visit Sacramento for that purpose. Some twenty new members were added to the list under the order of election of members. After the withdrawal of the Sacramento delegation such perfect harmony prevailed that business was rushed through like a limited train.

The following officers were all elected without any opposition: President, H. T. Payne; Secretary-Treasurer, E. A. Mocker; Vice-presidents, C. L. Powell of Pleasanton, Dr. I. W. Hays of Grass Valley, A. S. Nichols of Sierraville, H. W. Keller of Los Angeles, and Chase Littlejohn of Redwood City.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the press of Monterey and the San Francisco Bulletin for the courtesies rendered; to the Monterey Association for its assistance and hospitality, and to the Merchants' Association for its liberality in donating the use of its rooms.

Los Angeles was selected as the next meeting place and the date, the second Friday in November, 1907.

The President announced the appointment of the following committees:

Executive Committee—C. W. Hibbard of San Francisco, W. W. Richards of Oakland, A. M. Barker of San Jose, Frank H. Mayer of San Francisco, and J. H. Schumacher of Los Angeles.

Membership Committee—E. A. Mocker of Capitola, W. C. Carrell of Riverside, and R. H. Kelly of Santa Cruz.

Committee on Legislation—H. W. Keller, C. W. Hibbard, J. B. Hauer, A. R. Orr and W. Scott Way.

Sunday's Entertainment

On Sunday morning the visiting delegates were escorted by Mr. H. A. Green to the numerous historic land-marks of Monterey. Mr. Green proved a splendid guide, with a rich fund of historic data and folk-lore regarding the stirring events of a little more than half a century ago.

At noon the visitors and a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of Monterey assembled on the beach to partake of a fish dinner. The day was an ideal one, even for the splendid climate of Monterey, and the dinner—well, imagine every variety of edible fish and crustacean cooked, cured and served in the highest perfection of the art, where the light, though restless surf murmured a sweet yet sad farewell to the incredible numbers of its denizens that were finding their last resting place in the capacious stomachs of hungry sportsmen.

Most of the delegates left on Sunday afternoon for their respective homes, all rejoicing over the success of the meeting and the good work done. A few, however, remained until Monday morning, and these were entertained Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Few at their beautiful home on the hill.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By Norman Densham

WHEN the ball is kicked off, then you start at a run
As fast as you can, for the game has begun,
And you'll find, when you've tried, that there's plenty of fun
In playing the great game of football.

Their "Full" gets the ball and at once punts it back;
This puts you off-side, but stay right with the pack—
Your man will return it, then you may attack
And prevent them from passing the football.

Go straight for the man who has hold of the ball:
If you tackle him hard to the ground he will fall,
But don't let him pass (the hardest of all),
Cry "Held" when your hand's on the football.

When the ball has been held then it's time for a "scrum";
Get your head low and shove when you see the ball come,
Keep your hands off the ground or they'll tread on your thumb,
Break away when your "Half" has the football.

Back up your "Three-quarters" and back them up fast;
It's the ball you must follow wherever it's passed;
If you're right on the leather and wind's good to last
It's you who may score with the football.

Now, if to get hold of the ball be your luck,
Run straight toward the goal line until you get stuck,
Then pass the ball neatly—it shows better pluck
To pass than to buck with the football.

Now all you new players, pray take this to heart:
To work without praise is the young forward's part,
But when you have learned this you've made a good start
To become a great player of football.

IT is not my intention to compare the relative merits of the old Inter-collegiate game and Rugby. I am naturally prejudiced, having played Rugby ever since I was thirteen years old—and I shudder to think how long ago that was—so I shall use the old game simply as a means wherewith to explain Rugby to those readers who know only the American style of play.

I do not say that Rugby is better than the old game. I am not even prepared to say that it is a more satisfactory game as far as spectators are concerned; but I do state most emphatically that it is a gentleman's game, a sportsman's game, a clean game and a healthy one, and that it has one immense advantage over all other forms of out-door-sports: it is strenuous enough to develop the muscles and chest and keep the player in splendid health, yet not strenuous enough to unfit any player for study or business. The average young business man in England plays Rugby nearly every Saturday afternoon during the winter, and his brain and business are all the better for it.

Difference Between the Two Games.

The main points of difference between the Inter-collegiate and Rugby games are that Rugby teams are composed of fifteen players, without substitutes, as against eleven with substitutes in the old game, and that in Rugby it is the man who tackles the player with the ball who cries "Held", whereas in the old game it is the man with the ball who struggles as far as he can, with half the opposing team on top of him, and calls "Down" when he finds that he is unable to gain any more ground. These are the two main differences, the others are mere details.

There is no line up in the Rugby game. When the ball is downed the forwards form a "scrum" (explained later) and each side has an equal opportunity to get possession of the ball. If the ball be kicked out of "touch", that is over the side lines, instead of a line up in the center of the field the ball is thrown out by one of the half-backs in a direction at right angles to the side line.

There is no bucking or interference of any kind allowed.

In order to score a "Try" or touch-down the ball must actually be touched down behind the enemies' goal line. Sometimes the player who has the ball is tackled and the ball "held" while he is over the goal line and if he is prevented from placing the ball on the ground no score is allowed; instead, the ball is put into play five yards from the goal line.

A Line-out from Touch. Ball Thrown in by Half-back. Coach Lanagan of Stanford in Background

Full-back Tackling a Three-quarter and Preventing a "Try"

How Rugby is Played

At the kick-off the two teams line up across the field. The forwards, on the side that is going to kick the ball, in a line across the field immediately behind the ball, the other forwards ten yards toward their own goal line. Behind the forwards the half-backs are stationed and behind them the three-quarter backs, with the full-back right in front of the goal.

It should be explained here that a Rugby line-up is of two kinds, the regular English and the Australian. In the former there are eight forwards, two half-backs, four three-quarter backs and a full-back. In the Australian game, which is being played on this coast, there are eight forwards, one of which is called a wing forward. He plays outside the scrum and acts as a half-back, always putting the ball in the scrum. There is one half-back, whose principal duty is to pass the ball as soon as it comes out of the scrum, and the other half-back plays in the three-quarter line. As one forward is acting as half-back, there are five men in the back line. Two of these are called "Five-eighths backs" and stand near the scrum, while the other three stand further back and to one side, ready to take the ball when it is passed by the five-eighths.

When the ball is kicked off it is returned by the back who catches the ball and is usually again returned by one of the side who originally kicked off. This generally ends the punting and the backs begin to run with the ball, trying by passing it from one to the other to run round with it and touch the ball down behind their enemies' goal line. The players on the other side try to prevent them by tackling the man who has the ball, and holding it. Should one of them succeed in doing this he cries "Heid", the referee blows his whistle and the ball is immediately placed on the ground. Should the forwards be on the spot, a scrum is formed, but this is not necessary. Even though there be only the two men there, the one who has hold of the ball must place it on the ground and they each can try to heel it out behind them so that one of their own men can pick it up and run with it, or kick it away from their opponent and, picking the ball up, run with it and pass it to one of their own men.

That Greatly Misunderstood "Scrum".

If a forward pass be made, or the ball be held when all the forwards are round, a "Scrum" is formed. This is done by the forwards on both sides linking arms and bending over, placing their shoulders against those of the opposing side. Two, three or four men make up the front row and the other forwards push in behind in the same manner. There is a space in the middle of the scrum underneath the heads and bodies of the front rows. Into this space the ball is rolled by one of the wing-forwards. Immediately the ball is in, the forwards may raise their legs and try to get their feet over the ball, if they succeed in doing this it is their business to heel the ball out behind them so that it rolls clear out of the scrum, when it is picked up by their half-back who passes it back to a five-eighths or three-quarter who runs forward with it and passes it when he is threatened with a tackle.

The mistake made by the Stanford and Berkeley Committee which arranged the coast rules was that they figured on a scrum being formed every time the ball was held. The consequence was that the first games were a wearisome sequence of scrums. This was most uninteresting for the spectators who saw nothing but a series of meaningless scrimmages with only a few open runs and passing plays to relieve the monotony.

In the game as played in England and Australia there are few scrums. In fact the only time they wait to form a proper scrum is when the ball is passed forward or the referee calls for one five yards from the touch or goal lines. In this way the game is very much more open, although it is harder on the forwards who are kept going all the time and have no chance to stop and get their breath.

Past Games Played During This Season.

When it was definitely decided that Berkeley and Stanford were to play Rugby football this season, Pomona College, the keenest and cleanest institution for sports in the great Southwest, decided to learn the game and play the two big northern universities. The authorities did me the honor to request my services as coach and I accordingly went to Claremont, where the college is situated, and undertook the task of teaching a team how to play a new football game in a month and three days.

After a "Scrum"
Clever Work by One Wing-forward, Who Tackles the Passer-out, and with One Hand Calls "Held!"
Referee Blowing the Whistle

A Kick at Goal from a Penalty Kick. The Man Jumping Failed to Intercept the Ball

Pomona was beaten by both Berkeley and Stanford. For this I make no excuses either for the team or for myself, because it was conceded by everybody who saw the games that in both instances Pomona put up a splendid battle. There was no time in which to instruct the backs in the more intricate passing work, for which there are great possibilities in Rugby, so we had to be content with learning the rudiments of the game and learning them thoroughly. The first thing to be done was to get together a reliable pack of forwards. The forwards are the main-spring of a Rugby machine. Without a good pack in front of them, the finest backs in the world can do nothing. Pomona had a good pack, better even than Stanford's or Berkeley's. The men were not very heavy but they were fast, and when they formed a scrum bent low to the ground and pushed with an irresistible verve and "go."

Alas, when it came to selecting backs, there was plenty of willingness, cleverness and fine condition but no speed. The fastest men in college were either ineligible, or unable to get out for football on account of their work and studies. Pomona is very strict about studies. Each player in the game must show a certain percentage of efficiency in study and there are no favorites. Added to this many of the players were working their way through college and it made it very hard for them to do justice to their studies, their day's work and football also. It was no use therefore to try and arrange so that the fast runners could turn out. We had to do the best we could with the material at hand.

Pomona College met Berkeley on October 20th in Los Angeles and, when I first saw the northerners practice the day before the game, hope rose high within me. I saw that our scrum was better than theirs and, although their backs were very much faster than ours, they did not seem to handle the ball with the same precision that the Pomona boys had learned. Even when Berkeley scored in the first few minutes, I was not discouraged. Pomona "bucked up" after this first reverse and kept the ball near the northerner's goal line most of the time. But the backs were slow. Time and again our forwards heeled the ball to the backs who would scarcely start before they were tackled by the swift runners on the other side. Then Berkeley scored again from a very pretty piece of passing, but the score stood only 6 to 0 at half time and it seemed as though our men were sure to get the ball over the line in the second half. This they failed to do, but except for the last five minutes they kept the ball near the Berkeley goal line.

Stanford came down the next week and played us on October 27th.. Their backs were very fast and clever and they piled up a large score 26 to 0. Yet even here our forwards were superior and Stanford's defence was comparatively poor so that, had our backs been able to run fast, we could certainly have scored and perhaps beaten them.

Everybody in California has read of the great match between Berkeley and Stanford on November 10th, in which Stanford was victorious by a very narrow margin. Everybody who saw the game agreed that it was a good game to watch and the general verdict of the sporting writers of the coast was that Rugby football had come to stay. Judging by the difference in the scores made by the two teams against Pomona, many people thought that Stanford would win easily. But they had not followed the two games as carefully as I had and, before the game, I felt sure that Berkeley would win. I based this opinion on the fact that Berkeley had the better defence and the better pack of forwards and that their backs were just as fast as those on the Cardinal side. It is true that Stanford had better team work in attack, but this is merely a matter of practice while good defence is innate. You can take a good defensive team and make a world-beater, but a team that knows only how to attack will never learn how to defend itself against a stronger team.

Rugby football has taken a firm hold in Southern California. The High Schools have taken it up, and if the High Schools take up a game it is a sure sign the colleges will eventually have to follow suit. In Los Angeles we have a Rugby football club composed of some old English and Australian players and several Americans who have taken up the game because they find that they can play and enjoy it and still be fit for business. Besides the Los Angeles team we have Los Angeles Polytechnic High School, Pomona, San Bernadino, Redlands, Riverside and Long Beach High Schools with numbers of others debating seriously whether it would not be well to go over to the new game.

THE FIRST INTER-UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH

By Arthur Inkersley

THE first annual match of football between teams representing the University of California and Stanford University was played on the Haight Stret baseball ground, San Francisco, in March, 1892. It was won by the Stanford team 14 to 10. This and the fourteen succeeding annual matches, up to and including the 1905 contest, were played under intercollegiate rules. The 1893 and 1894 matches resulted in ties. The 1895 match was won 6—0 by the Stanford team. In 1896 the teams tied. In 1897 and 1898 the Stanford men won by great scores and in 1899 and 1900 the Berkeley teams were victors by wide margins. The 1901 match was won by Stanford by a small score. In 1902 and 1903 the University of California was victorious and in 1904 and 1905 the Palo Alto men triumphed. Stanford won seven matches, the University of California captured four and there were four tied games.

During all these years the intercollegiate game had been going from bad to worse, until the abuses connected with it became intolerable. In the Eastern States attempts were made to reform the game with the introduction of rules tending to render it more open and less brutal and deadly; but at the Universities of California and Stanford it was determined to drop it altogether and take up Rugby football. There was, of course, a good deal of grumbling from many quarters, but the undergraduates were made to understand that they must play Rugby or give up football. Naturally the many old players and adherents of the intercollegiate game were full of dismal forebodings about the new game, saying that it would never become popular among the students at the University or attract as great crowds as the old game on which they were bred and brought up. Because the chance of a man being maimed or killed outright are greater in the intercollegiate than in the Rugby game, attempts were made to represent the latter as an effeminate exercise, to dub it "ladylike" and to make fun of it in various ways. No argument is too weak to use when your mind is already made up.

The visit of the New Zealand Rugby football team to the Pacific Coast in February of this year dispelled from the minds of those who were open to conviction at all the idea that Rugby football is not a manly game, or that its exponents are afraid of hard knocks. The skill and marvellous speed of the New Zealanders were a revelation and created a degree of enthusiasm that swept many old-time players of intercollegiate football off their feet. Just as American collegians, working for a quarter of a century at the development of college yells, never devised anything approaching in thrilling intensity the Maori war-cry of the New Zealand team, so the San Francisco football fanatics had never dreamed of football so fast and kaleidoscopic as that of the visitors from Nova Zealandia.

On Saturday, November 9th, the Stanford and University of California teams met in the first annual Rugby football match ever played in Western America between large Universities. The game was played on the Berkeley ground, which had ben widened for the occasion. As the changes in the ground and in the arrangement of the seats were not completed until the afternoon of the match-day, and the long dry season had been broken by no continued rain, the ground was dusty and unfavorable to fast play. The day was a lovely one, warm, bright and perfectly still. The crowd of spectators was the largest ever seen at any athletic contest on the Pacific Coast, with the possible exception of the Stanford-Berkeley match of 1904. Though the game was a new one to nearly all the spectators and was by no means a fine exhibition of Rugby football, the greatest enthusiasm was displayed. The rapidity of the game kept the spectators on the alert and gave them something to look at and applaud all the time.

As a mere spectacle, as a riot of color, the 1906 match has never been outdone in California. A large number of the ladies, owing to the warmth of the weather, wore the light-hued dresses that always add so much to the gayety and brilliancy of an outdoor affair. At the top of the great pole on the campus, the blue flag with the big C floated gently and at intervals bombs were fired, which high up in air developed into blue footballs, blue and gold female figures on parachutes with blue flags lettered with the big C. The University of California rooters were armed with megaphones, some blue, some yellow, and were massed in such a way that they produced horizontal stripes of the college colors. The band was dressed in white and, as it played, the megaphones were swayed rhytnmically, the blue to the right and the gold to the left. Of course, the ladies had bunches of blue and yellow ribbons, blue and yellow flags, etc.

The Stanford rooters were not quite so numerous as the Berkeley rooters, but made just as much noise as their rivals. They wore cardinal hats and, when they took their seats after welcoming the Stanford team, a great white S was formed by the men putting on white caps and throwing white cloths over their shoulders. The cardinal rooters were supplied with red megaphones, from which red confetti were scattered. Pigeons with trailing red ribbons attached to them were let loose. After the game had ended in a victory for Stanford by a score of 6 to 3, the Stanford undergraduates poured from the bleachers on to the field and, headed by their band, executed a sort of serpentine war-dance all over the arena. As the marching line passed between the California goal-posts, each rooter threw his red headgear over the cross-bar, making a scarlet stream that was highly effective. The singing of "Hail! Stanford! Hail!" by hundreds of lusty young voices was a fitting conclusion to a brilliant afternoon.

As a spectacle, then, the contest left nothing to be desired. As a football match it was not so good. The players had all been trained to the intercollegiate

game and their style showed this. Rugby, when well played, is an exceedingly open game: the "scrum" is merely a device whereby the ball is put into play. The really effective work is done by the men who hover just in the rear of the "scrum," ready to take possession of the ball to run with it as far as possible. Whenever the runner is tackled or can advance the ball no further, he passes it swiftly to one of his comrades, who in his turn passes it to another. In the inter-University match the players repeatedly fell on the ball or hung on to it too long. This was the old inter-collegiate leaven working in them. It will be a matter, not of weeks, but of years, to eradicate this tendency from players who learned the intercollegiate game as boys in preparatory schools.

Pat O'Dea, an Australian, who played Rugby football for six years in Australia and then was for four years an intercollegiate player in the United States, is well qualified to criticize the teams. He says that the University of California men in the scrums placed too much reliance on their superior weight and did not play openly enough, especially in the first half. The passing of both teams was erratic and fumbles occurred frequently, though these were partly due to the fact that the ball was blown up too tightly. The kicking was poor and there was not enough of it. Pat O'Dea, who has seen many football crowds, says that he was "struck by the absence of all rough or coarse tactics among the rooters. The crowd was a clean one and the spirit shown was healthy and gentlemanly." Stanford was the faster team and in better condition, the passing and running being quite brilliant at times.

Dr. Oscar N. Taylor, the coach, and Haffey, the captain, of the University of California team, were both of the opinion that the Berkeley men were not well treated by William Unmack, the referee. Dr. Taylor said: "Our boys played an excellent game and thoroughly held their own throughout. That they were not outplayed by Stanford is evidenced by the fact that the Palo Alto men never got across our goal line, while we carried the ball across theirs. We were simply out-penalized. We played fully as good a game as Stanford. They owe their victory to our penalties and Fenton's free kicking."

Haffey, speaking in the same strain, said:

"We certainly did not get the best end of the refereeing. Stanford was favored repeatedly.....Unmack penalized us at every possible stage....I do not think we were outplayed at all. It is possible for an umpire to show a great deal of favoritism if he desires."

It is, of course, not to the coach or captain of a university team, especially a losing one, that one would look for an impartial account of a contest that has been foremost in their minds for two months almost continuously Their views may be interesting, but it is hardly possible that they should be just or unbiased. It is much more likely that Pat O'Dea, who has no associations with either university, was right when he said: "Mr. Unmack refereed the game in an impartial and efficient manner. At no time could any of his decisions be criticised unfavorably."

William Unmack himself said the better team did not win, being on the defensive most of the time. He also said that Fenton, through his great kicking ability, won the game for Stanford, as he kicked both the goals scored by his team. The Stanford goals were made from two free kicks awarded against the California team, one for charging a Stanford player who was at least six yards from the ball, and the other for handling the ball in the scrum. The Referee (William Unmack) said that the California team played the better game of the two, so far as combined work was concerned. He complimented it as quick in getting on to the ball when it was out and in tackling the Stanford men when they started to run. In the Stanford team one or two men outshone the others. Allowing for an inevitable partiality in Dr. Taylor and Captain Haffey, it is clear that they attribute Stanford's victory to the same causes—the penalties justly awarded against the Berkeley men and the splendid kicking of Fenton.

The general opinion was that the Rugby game is a good one, both for player and spectator, and that it has come to stay. Dr. Jordan, President of Stanford University, and Dr. Wheeler, President of the University of California, both agree that the Rugby game is an excellent one, Dr. Wheeler saying, "The old game cannot compare with it in point of interest."

All the amusing and ingenious "stunts" that were characteristic of the intercollegiate football matches and that had come to be considered inseparable from them can be performed by the rooters and spectators of a Rugby football match just as well. What made the intercollegiate matches the picturesque and interesting affairs that they were was the unbridled display of college partisanship; the varied and outrageous efforts to make the most noise and to outdo the rival rooters. Comparatively few of the wild, hooting mob knew anything of the technicalities of a game that had been rendered complex to the pitch of absurdity. Rugby football has the great merit of being simpler to play and easier to understand; it is full of variety, spice and surprise. It is much more recreative than intercollegiate and is pleasurable to those who take part in it—as, surely, any recreation that is true to its name must be. Intercollegiate was a violent, serious exercise, dangerous to limb and life: a so-called "sport" from which all enjoyment was absent; an alleged "game" at which nobody ever "played," but which young men worked at in the hope of winning or retaining the honor of representing their school, college or university. No one expected to derive pleasure from it: it was a hard grind, endured for the sake of attaining a desired end. Even the spectators who watched the gridironed field were tense and strained and (as one of the admirers of the intercollegiate game has written) "dug their nails deep into their palms as the agony went on." Now that Rugby football has "made good," we may be assured that the game will be played better and better from year to year, and that many of the crudities apparent in the first game will be polished away. The game will become a finer spectacle to the well-informed person and both players and spectators can look forward to the annual match with feelings of pleasurable excitement. Let us hope that the days of intense nerve-strain, hysterical partisanship and exaggerated adulation of the gridiron hero are gone never to return, and that an era of clean, rational, healthy college sport is at hand.

AUTOMOBILING

SAN FRANCISCO TO LOS ANGELES RECORD

By Arthur Inkersley

FOR the past month or two the automobilists of San Francisco have been busy trying to break the record for a trip between Los Angeles and San Francisco, in either direction. The record was made by George A. Hensley, accompanied by H. D. Ryus and two others, in a White steam car, 1905 model, 15 horsepower, toward the end of October, 1905. The car started from San Francisco and finished at Los Angeles. The roads were in a very rough and dusty condition, the first winter rains not having yet fallen. The time was 21 hours 13 minutes.

This record remained unbroken until October 27th of the present year, when Tony Nichols, on his fourth attempt in a Franklin six-cylinder car, covered the distance between Los Angeles and San Francisco (running north), in 21 hours, 3 minutes, 30 seconds.

Los Angeles was left at 3:00 o'clock on the morning of October 26th, and Santa Barbara was reached in four hours, 9 minutes. The tires, which had proved the undoing of the record-breaker on previous trips, stood the wear and tear well, the only mishap occurring near San Juan de Bautista, where one of the rear tires was nearly cut in two by a sharp rock. San Jose was reached at 10:28 p. m. Between San Jose and San Francisco considerable delay was caused by a long string of vegetable dealers' wagons that were encountered on a narrow part of the road. At a few minutes after midnight the car drew up at the Boyer Motor Car Company's garage on Golden Gate avenue. Nichols was weary, exhausted from want of sleep and covered with dust, but delighted to have captured the record after so many plucky attempts. Nichols drove the car the whole distance, except a few miles, as R. G. Fowler, who was to have shared the labor with him, had his foot crushed by a wheel of the car while he was getting back into it after pacifying a team of excited horses near Paso Robles. In spite of the pain he suffered, R. G. Fowler kept his place in the car until Gilroy was reached, where he was left at the home of his mother.

The four trips were made by Tony Nichols in the same car, owned by J. A. Landsberger. On the first attempt excellent time was being made until the San Juan grade was reached. While descending the southerly slope of this grade at a high rate of speed, the car became uncontrollable and backed hard into the bank, damaging some of the spokes of a rear wheel, which collapsed at Oxnard, putting an end to the trip. Trouble with tires caused the abandonment of the next two trips. The machinery gave no trouble, the engine running perfectly all the time.

Excellent as the time was, two hours were lost by the breaking of the knuckle joint on the right front wheel near Santa Maria, where temporary repairs were made. Some piece of ill luck, however, occurs on nearly every run of any considerable distance, when a car is being driven for all there is in it; so that delay from one cause or another is almost inevitable and must be regarded as part of the game.

Since the record was made, there has been a good deal of discussion with regard to two or three points. George A. Hensley's record was made from San Francisco to Los Angeles, whereas Tony Nichols' record-breaking trip was north from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Some people think the trip north harder, while others say the journey south involves more difficulty. G. A. Hensley's car carried four persons throughout the whole journey, while Tony Nichols dropped Fowler at Gilroy and ran the last eighty-five miles with only two others in the machine. W. M. Gardiner also points out that Hensley's car was a 15-horsepower 1905 model, selling for $2500, while Julius A. Landsberger's automobile is a 30-horsepower one, priced at $4000. W. M. Gardiner, therefore, while admitting that Tony Nichols holds the record for the fastest automobile trip between the two cities, says that Hensley's car remains the holder of the four-passenger record.

Shortly before Tony Nichols' record-breaking ride, the well-known automobile owner, Fernando Nelson, holder of the record for the fastest trip from Stockton into the Yosemite Valley, attempted to capture the San Francisco to Los Angeles record with his Columbia car. He reached Paso Robles and abandoned the attempt, being convinced that Hensley's time could not be beaten while the roads were in so bad a state, and that it would be useless to try before heavy rain should have compacted them. He bet $250 with Tony Nichols and his companions that they could not beat the record. Nichols failed on the third attempt and lost the bet, but Nelson would not accept the money. It would seem, therefore, to be certain that the condition of the roads, whether better or worse than when Hensley made his record, was very unfavorable to fast travel.

Cuyler Lee, agent for the Cadillac car, and at one time the holder of the record for a trip between Del Monte and Oakland, is ambitious to secure the record for a Cadillac. On Saturday, October 27th, a Cadillac, carrying Cuyler Lee, Don Lee, Arthur Hull and Earl Cooper left San Francisco at night about 9:05. Arthur Hull drove as far as Soledad, near which town the car fell through a defective bridge and sprung an axle. The trip was abandoned at this point, but Cuyler Lee announces that he is still after

the record. The 125 miles from San Francisco to Soledad were covered in four hours and thirty minutes.

Arthur Van Valin, who took part in one of the races for the Vanderbilt Cup, hopes to capture the record with a 35-horsepower Studebaker; and the agents of the Pierce-Arrow car are said to be hankering after the record. The Hovey-Boushey Company, holding the agency for the Pope-Toledo and Pope-Hartford cars, offers to present a cup to be competed for by any cars except the two named above, under such regulations as may be adopted by the Runs and Tours Committee of the Automobile Club of California, for a record trip between San Francisco and Los Angeles. As soon as the 1907 models of Pope-Toledo and Pope-Hartford cars arrive, they will be sent after the record, though the trophy is not open to them. The Martland Automobile Company announces its intention of trying to get the San Francisco to Los Angeles record as soon as they receive some of their 6-cylinder Glide automobiles of the 1907 model, in the power of which the officers of the company express great confidence.

The record established by Tony Nichols in the Franklin car was destined to stand for a very short time; for on November 8th it was lowered by the large margin of nearly three hours by Fernando Nelson's 40-horsepower Columbia, which covered the 504 miles in 18 hours, 13 minutes. The Coast train of the Southern Pacific Railway follows much the same course as that pursued by the automobile, but, as it passes through tunnels under the mountains instead of along rough roads over them, it travels by a shorter and easier route; yet its regular running time for the distance of 477 miles is sixteen hours, or 29 miles an hour, on an average. The time made by the Columbia car, which allowed the passengers to get two good meals and kept its tanks well supplied with gasoline and water, gives an average of 28 miles an hour.

The Columbia was manned by Fernando Nelson, A. Hall, Edward Himmelwright and Ralph Cloud, a representative of the Diamond Tire Company. It started from the corner of Market and Guerrero streets, San Francisco, at 10:00 p. m. on Wednesday, November 7th, and reached San Jose at 11:43 p. m.; Gilroy at 12:32 on Thursday morning; Soledad at 2:35 a. m.; Paso Robles at 5:39 a. m.; San Luis Obispo at 6:40 a. m.; Oro Grande at 7:03 a. m.; Santa Maria at 8:09 a. m.; Los Aimes at 9:20 a. m.; Santa Barbara at 11:45 a. m.; Carpinteria at 12:32 p. m.; Ventura at 1:30 p. m.; and the office of the Los Angeles Times at 4:13 p. m.

No trouble whatever was experienced either with the mechanism of the car or its tires, which were Diamond wrapped tread tires. Hall and Himmelwright took turns in driving as far as San Luis Obispo, where Bert Saunders and Clarence Diehl took their places.

Since attempts to capture the record for the fastest trip between San Francisco and Los Angeles bid fair to occupy a good deal of the attention of San Francisco automobilists from time to time, it seems necessary, or at least desirable, that some rules should be formulated for the government of future contests. It should be settled whether the object is to cover the space between the two cities in a motor-car in the shortest possible time, or whether the car must carry a specified number of persons over the whole distance. It is not clear what the effect of dropping a passenger for part of the distance is on the time taken by the car, some persons maintaining that it would have been a positive advantage to have had the full complement in the car when traveling over the comparatively level roads between San Juan and San Francisco. Others contend, and, apparently with more reason on their side, that in all record-breaking attempts great efforts are made to reduce weight in every possible manner, the cars being stripped of all but bare necessaries. This is in conformity with the practice of making all spars and gear on a racing yacht as light as is compatible with strength and fulfillment of their purpose. Indeed, the struggle to get rid of every possible pound of weight frequently causes disaster to the yacht. In track-racing with motor-cars, bicycles, etc., the same effort is apparent. It seems to be accepted as an axiom that the racing-machine, whether yacht, motor-boat, eight-oared craft or automobile, shall be as light as it is possible to make it.

It has also been suggested that the men in the car should be the same from start to finish; that is, no one should leave the car at any point during the trip, even though another is taken on in his stead. Fernando Nelson, when he started in his Columbia car on an attempt to get the record, had two drivers stationed along the road, one at San Luis Obispo and the other at Los Angeles, to relieve the men who steered during the first part of the run, which was intended to be a thousand-mile round journey. Cuyler Lee adopted the same plan; Arthur Hull steering as far as Soledad, where Don Lee was to take charge. Cuyler Lee to operate the car between San Luis Obispo and Los Angeles. The advantages of this arrangement are obvious: the place of a tired man is taken by a fresh one and each driver steers over the part of the road with which he is most familiar. It is held to be quite legitimate, provided that no new man is taken into the car at any point, to be dropped when he is no longer wanted.

The starting-point and the place of finishing should also be defined clearly. Hitherto, the fashion has been to start and finish at a garage or at the office of a newspaper. Some would-be record-breakers have started from one place and some from another. They have also finished at different places. Thus the various cars have not covered exactly the same distance. The place of starting, that of finishing, the number of men to be carried, and other such matters should be clearly defined, so that there may be no disputing after the record is made.

Most of the automobilists who have started out on these trips have done so without announcing the time and point of starting, on the ground that, if the route they intended to follow and the fact that they were attempting to win a record were stated publicly, the danger of arrest would be increased. It is, of course, obvious that, if the distance of five hundred miles between Los Angeles and San Francisco is to be covered in about twenty hours, an average rate of twenty-five miles per hour must be maintained; and, as there are many stretches of road over which it would be impossible, or unsafe, to travel at this rate, a speed considerably greater must be attained on the good parts of the road. It

is plain, therefore, that the rate of speed permitted by the State law is constantly exceeded. Yet, the fact that the racing cars have met with no mishaps except to their springs or tires (these mishaps being due to the extreme roughness of the roads and the high speed of travel) shows that caution has been observed by the motorists. In the years B. C. (Before the Calamity) the men who were going out on a record-breaking trip started out publicly, with a crowd of friends encouraging them and giving them "a good send-off." The public start has the great advantage that it prevents any question as to the time and spot at which the car began its journey.

It was suggested that the Cup offered by the Hovey-Boushey Company should be accepted by the Automobile Club of California, the Tours and Runs Committee of which should prepare the regulations for the contests. It is now said that the Automobile Club cannot undertake to manage a contest in which it is certain that the competing cars are breaking the State law nearly the whole time that they are running.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf

MESSRS. C. M. MELVIN of New York City, and Frank H. Cooney and C. P. Drennan of Butte, Mont., who returned recently from a hunting and prospecting trip through the Salmon River district in Idaho, east of Spokane, had an experience while camped at the head of Junction Creek, which they will have occasion to remember the rest of their lives. The trio were directed thither with the assurance that a big cinnamon bear, which had never shown anything but contempt for huntsmen, made his home there, and they determined to have his pelt before returning to the bosoms of their families.

Arriving at the place where it was said the old cinnamon made his headquarters, the party camped in the timber at the edge of a swamp which plainly showed it had been used regularly during the summer and fall as a bear wallow. They sat about their campfire until late at night, swapping hunting yarns and planning their mode of attack upon the monster the following day. The air was cool and bracing and the camp kettle steamed merrily, reminding them often how good hot toddy tasted, and when finally they retired to their couches beneath the stars, which peeked around the shade of a big fir tree, they were happy and free from all care and were soon in dreamland.

Evidently old Bruin had been watching from a distance for just such an occurrence, as the hunters had scarcely reached dreamland before he was prowling around in the glare of the campfire and sorting out everything that was edible in the camp. He bolted all the grub, licked the frying pan clean and bit holes in the coffee pot in his effort to secure all of the nutriment possible.

Then he turned his attention to the three hunters, rooted them out of bed and, after they had fled panic stricken to near-by trees, he took advantage of their warm place and camped for the night, while the hunters shivered and sweat in terror, although in light attire, at the top of the nearest tree. When daylight came Old Cinnamon sniffed sneeringly for a while at the foot of each tree which held a man, and then trotted off to the timber, confident that he would no longer be hunted by at least this particular bunch of hunters.

* * *

Arthur Snyder, a sportsman living at Deer Park, Wash., tells an interesting story of "fisherman's luck" on Arrow Lake in British Columbia, north of Spokane. Arrow Lake is noted for its scenery, summer climate and excellent fishing and hunting, and as W. H. Wright, the noted naturalist, would say, "It's a great place where a sportsman is able to catch deer and salmon at the same time." Mr. Snyder's story follows:

"A fisherman was slowly trolling in the lower part of Arrow Lake not long ago, when he observed some objects moving in the water ahead of him. At first he wondered what they were, and closer scrutiny revealed several deer, swimming across the lake.

"Without waiting to take in his trolling line he started in pursuit of the deer and soon came up to them, as a boat can be rowed very much more rapidly than a deer can swim. He found when he got close that the family consisted of a yearling buck, a doe and an old buck. As the placid fisherman, now turned into a mighty hunter, had no firearms with him in the boat, he drew his clasp knife and endeavored to cut the windpipe of the old buck, and at the same time to get the boat's painter around his horns.

"The monarch of the forest strenuously objected to these proceedings, put up a strong fight and turned on the frail craft, swamping it. The fisherman shoved the belligerent animal away, and in its floundering its horns fouled the trolling line.

"For awhile the fisherman's time was taken up in trying to save his boat from sinking, and the buck

swam off with the fishing line attached to his antlers. After the boat was bailed out and the oars shipped, pursuit was again resumed, and after a couple of hours' chase and toil and struggle the man succeeded in rowing down the animal and killed it.

"While the chase was in progress a salmon had become hooked on the trolling hook which the buck was dragging, and so the fisherman's catch for the afternoon consisted of a 200 pound buck and a 10 pound salmon."

* * *

Fifteen hundred rabbits were killed during the one-day drive on Blalock Island on the Columbia River, south of Spokane, by sportsmen from various parts of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, October 20th. The rabbits were driven to the point of the island, at the water's edge, where they were knocked over by the hunters, armed with shotguns.

Dr. N. G. Blalock, owner of the island, was the host, meeting his guests at Coyote, Ore., taking them to the island in his private steam yacht. Mounted drivers were provided for the huntsmen, who had a day of ideal sport. The hunters were joined by the farmers and Indians of the Umatilla tribe, the last named taking with them hundreds of rabbits in wagons and canoes.

Blalock Island is a large one and a number of farmers live on it. Rabbits have found an ideal home there and overrun the fields, doing a great deal of damage. Once a year the residents of the island find it necessary to hunt down the destructive animals, and on these occasions the rabbits are slaughtered by the hundreds.

* * *

Deputy Game Warden McH. Harbaugh has returned from Orofino, Ida., east of Spokane, where he stocked a 15-acre lake belonging to Dow Snyder with 15,000 black bass taken from the slough near the Lewiston water works. Snyder is one of several farmers in that section who are building up fish preserves. There are a number of lakes which farmers are stocking with fish and guarding so that in a couple of years they may derive revenue by issuing fishing permits.

* * *

Nate Sisson and "Shorty" Brant of Hope, Ida., east of Spokane, killed eighty-three ducks and two geese in Kootenai bay, on Lake Pend d'Oreille, breaking all records in the Inland Empire. Kiemkaw, of Hope, killed three deer on Davis Bay, on the lake, one buck weighing 200 pounds dressed.

* * *

Wild geese by the thousands are on the islands at Hover, south of Spokane, Wash., but hunters have been openly violating the law, not only in broad daylight but at night as well, by hunting on the islands; as a consequence great flocks of the fowl have already flown to other roosting places where they will be safe from hunters.

Captain Ray Hover, of the steamer Nata C. Hover, recently found Byron T. Phelps, formerly Mayor of Seattle, and S. W. Allen, of Two Rivers, Wash., violating the law and ordered them off the islands. He has reported them to the game warden who will take action.

* * *

Salmon are running in the Yakima river, west of Spokane, as they have not in years, and they are of the finest quality. Steel heads, silver and chinook salmon are going up the river by thousands and are caught in the rapids and at the mill dams in large numbers.

Large fish hooks attached to the end of bamboo poles are the favorite tackle, but every conceivable instrument from a pitch fork to a garden rake is used, and a number of fish have been caught with bare hands.

Salmon fishing is the favorite sport now and hundreds of men, women and children visit the river, especially in the evening. Salmon weighing from three to ten pounds each are constantly leaping out of the water in vain efforts to jump over the dam above the flouring mill.

It is surprising to those unacquainted with this fish to see the big fellows leap as high as six feet out of the water and strike the dam with sufficient force to rebound six or eight feet.

The fishermen sit on the piers at the end of the dam and when a big fish leaps out of the water endeavor to catch it in their hands. Probably one fish out of every 20 that leaps near the pier is caught and landed. Several large fish have leaped over the cribbing below the dam and landed "high and dry" upon the rocks, where they were picked up and placed in grain sacks.

The fish are so plentiful that no one will buy them, and hundreds are given away to those who will carry them off. Wagon loads are being peddled through the farming sections, where they sell at low prices. People are beginning to tire of eating fresh fish and large quantities are being salted down for winter use.

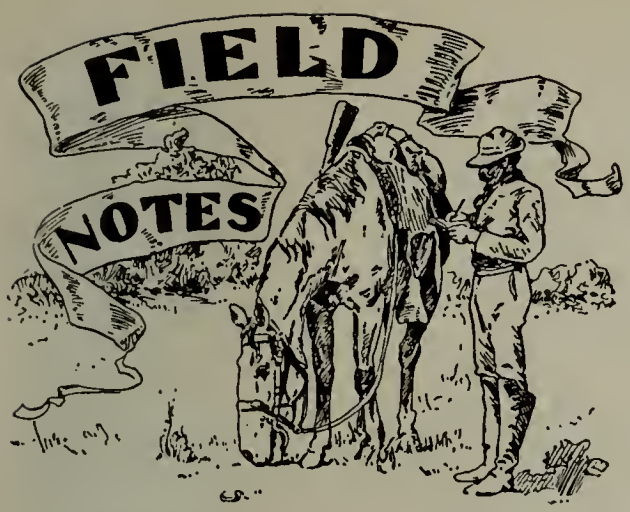
The game warden has compelled the mills to remove a portion of the dam at each end so that the fish may proceed up stream to their spawning grounds, but this is only a slight relief, as the stream is several hundred feet wide and only a small portion of the fish find the open gates at each end of the dam.

Reports come from up and down the river that large quantities of fish are being caught wherever there is a rapids or a low, irrigation ditch dam, and that settlers are salting hundreds of pounds of fish for winter use.

* * *

Lakes and streams in the Spokane district are being stocked with 160,000 black spotted and other species of trout from the government hatcheries at Bozeman, Mont., the work being under the direction of Capt. W. E. Smith, D. Winn, S. Cranson and A. Kerth. Captain Smith said while in Spokane the other day: "On this trip we took along 200,000 black spotted trout. Forty thousand were used in western Montana and the remainder here. The distribution was not made directly by us but by messengers. Each messenger took with him several cans. In this way we managed to reach many of the important bodies of water near here.

"It is seldom that the fingerlings die while we have them. For several days before they are called upon to take a car ride they are fed nothing. This is done because the journey is likely to sicken them. If they were well fed they would pollute the water. It takes several years for the stock furnished by us to mature into large fish. The time required here is somewhat longer than it is further south.



DEFORMED BILL IN PARTRIDGE

CONSIDERABLY over a year ago the writer published an illustrated article in Western Field, entitled "Deformities in Animals" (March, 1905, pp. 151-153), in which was given a great variety of structural deformities and abnormalities due to one cause or another, as they are found in nature among animals generally.

Among the illustrations presented in that article occurs the reproduction of a photograph of the head of a pheasant exhibiting a deformity of the upper mandible. Owing to some injury or other this portion of the beak has grown to fully twice its normal length, being at the same time notably slender and bent downward at a moderate angle, beginning at a point somewhat posterior to the mandibular apex as found in the perfectly-formed bird. The photograph of this specimen was sent me by Mr. H. H. ter Meer, Jr., who has charge of the taxidermical department of the Leyden Museum, Leyden, Holland, and in describing it in Western Field, I said, "I am told, however, that the specimen was fat and well nourished at the time it was shot, so it probably met with no inconvenience in feeding. Perhaps the apex of the upper mandible may have been shot away some time, or otherwise injured and in such a manner that the horny sheath, or *theca,* covering it grew out beyond the horny bill or mandible, in the manner shown in the cut. I can very easily conceive how this could come about" (p. 152).

At this writing, however, I would beg to say that my correspondent has never informed me whether the extended part of the growth was composed of bone tissue or of thecal, or whether the structure exhibited both in its composition. In the cut it has the appearance of an uncovered osseous extension with the *theca* stopping short at the point of flexure, though I can conceive of the latter growing out beyond its normal limits better than I can the former, where the deformity has been due to an injury.

On the 22d of October, 1906, Mr. ter Meer sent me the photograph of a similar deformity to the one just described. This time it occurs in the common partridge of Europe (*Perdix perdix*), (see cut), and the abnormality is far more pronounced than in the case of the pheasant. Again my correspondent has failed to inform me as to what tissues enter into the extended portion of the structure, while in the photograph it has the appearance of bone. In this instance the superior mandible is extended forward to nearly three times its normal length, and exhibits only a very gentle curvature downward. As compared with the pheasant, this specimen of the partridge was in poor condition and wretched plumage, so only the head could be saved and mounted, and the cut shows the excellent manner in which it has been preserved. R. W. SHUFELDT.

The Recreation Gun Club of Los Angeles, the oldest preserve club in the State owning its own grounds, gave a banquet at its club house near Venice, on the Sunday evening preceding the opening of the duck season, to its close neighbor, the Del Rey Gun Club. Both the physical and mental feast was so enjoyable that the banqueters did not leave the table till nearly midnight. The only person present outside of the members of the two clubs was H. T. Payne, the founder and first president of the Recreation Club, which was organized in 1881. His recitals of some of the difficulties in effecting an organization, and other incidents connected with its nurse-bottle days, were quite entertaining to those present. Numerous speakers from both clubs filled in the time most entertainingly until the approach of the "wee sma' hours" reminded them that the morrow was the opening of the season, and that it would be the early bird that got the worm.

A bit of history of the Recreation Gun Club is worth relating, both as an evidence of luck and of the growth of the country. In 1883 this club purchased 365 acres of swamp land having an ocean frontage of about five-eighths of a mile, for the trifling sum of $700. Two years ago the club sold the ocean frontage, less than one-half of its holdings, for the handsome sum of $135,000—retaining all of its duck-shooting land.

CALIFORNIA'S HARBORS

By Rufus P. Jennings

NATURE has endowed California with many splendid attributes, and every portion of the State has some special feature on which it prides itself, generally to the derogation of some other part of the Commonwealth. When we go to other, and less favored countries we are all Californians, and claim everything in the State, making no invidious comparisons between the particular glories of different sections, but when talking at home we are too prone to expatiate upon those features which are most prominent in our individual, circumscribed area.

One attribute of the State, however, is common to the whole community from the fact that the whole of California is benefited by it. This is the magnificent harbor facilities which give opportunity to every industry in the State to reach the markets of the world through the cheapest known means of transportation, and which bring to the State the products of the world, making an interchange that tends directly to the development of every industry and every county in California. It is not because San Pedro harbor is tributary to Los Angeles, or that San Diego harbor is at the city of the same name, that makes them of importance. Were this true we might comment, with admiration, as did a certain old lady who thought it wonderful that Nature should always put fine waterways and harbors near big cities.

San Francisco harbor is the most wonderful harbor in the world, but not on account of its proximity to the metropolis, neither is its importance essential to the big city. The whole of California feels the beneficent influence of the harbors on the coast line, and the growth of every integral part of the State is fostered by these entrepots to the Commonwealth. From time immemorial the possession of good harbors has been a matter of pride and for congratulation of all the nations of the world, and the presence of these harbors has been looked upon as a national asset. So it is with the States of our Union. Wherever a State possesses a fine harbor, the city at the point of location is a matter of secondary importance and the value to the State as a whole is of prime consideration.

California is particularly fortunate in her possession of good harbors, and were either one of the four, of which she is justly proud, situated anywhere along the parallel coast line on the Atlantic side of the country between Boston and Savannah, it would be so fostered and developed by the State to which it belonged that it would attract the commerce of the world through its facilities for shipping.

The San Diego harbor is not an asset of San Diego County alone. It is of equal importance to the people of Humboldt County, which itself boasts a magnificent harbor, for it gives opportunity for the lumbermen of the northern part of the State to distribute their product over a wide area; it gives opportunity for the agriculturists, the fruit growers, the wine makers, and the manufacturers of the whole State to gain easy access to new markets.

So with the San Pedro harbor. The vast territory lying back of this great entrepot receives a new infusion of life through the increased opportunities afforded for reaching a market, and the producers of all parts of the State have through this opening ready access to the country formerly reached only by means of rail transportation.

Eureka harbor gives opportunity for the development of one of the richest counties in the State, and affords an outlet for coun-

ties that lie along the western slope of the northern mountain chain that shuts off intercourse with the interior valley.

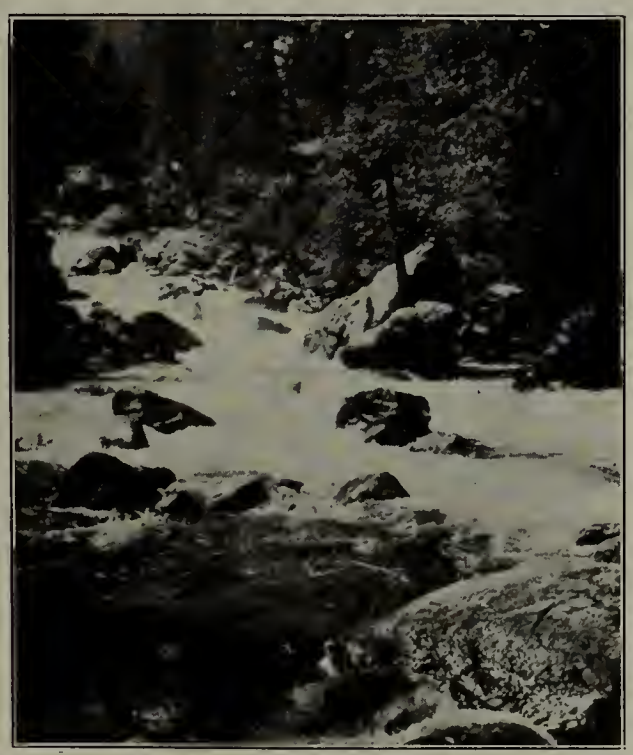
San Francisco harbor is the gateway to all the broad acres of both the Sacramento and the San Joaquin valleys, and also to the wonderful mining country which has been the astonishment of the world. Every pound of product, of whatever nature, that comes from the great interior of the State is increased in value by the harbor facilities of the coast, and every dollar expended in increasing these facilities is a dollar spent to increase the value of the product of our farms, our orchards, our mines and our factories.

The numerous roadsteads such as that at Port Harford, or at Santa Barbara, or in Monterey Bay, or any of the depressions in the coast line which may be utilized for the purpose of traffic, all add to the wealth of California, and all of them have direct bearing and influence on the progress of the State as a whole. Each one is a tangible State asset, and belongs as much to the man who has a farm in the valleys and foothills of the Sierra, or him who has a mine in the heart of the high mountains, as it does to the one who has builded his home within sound of the waves which idly lap the sides of the vessels waiting to carry the products of the State to the marts of the world.

The harbors of a State and the producers are interdependent to a degree, but it goes without saying that the producer is much more dependent on the harbor than the harbor on the producer. The traffic of a harbor is dependent upon the cargoes that come and go, but the harbor itself has existed since Time began.

The utility of the harbor, consequently, is dependent upon its tributary country, and the better the shipping facilities of a harbor, the better the opportunity for the country to reach a wider market, and to receive increased prices for its produce.

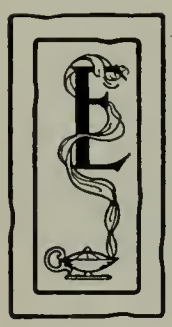
California's harbors, then, being one of the State's most material assets, it behooves every Californian to give countenance to every effort which has for its object the betterment of the ports of the Commonwealth in order that every industry may be encouraged and advanced, and in order that California may come to her own, taking the place for which Destiny has marked her.



"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone"
—Byron.

PROFESSIONALISM

By H. T. Payne



EACH recurring bench show, at least so far as California is concerned, points plainer and plainer to the degeneracy of the sport, and gives emphasis to the truism that sport and professionalism cannot fraternize. They are as antagonistic in elementary properties as are oil and water, and can be mixed with no better results. As the most rancid oil will settle upon the top of the purest water so will professionalism when mixed with any legitimate sport, come to the top and crush out the life of the better and purer element.

I am often asked: "Why are dog shows patronized so poorly now in comparison with a few years ago? Why do we not now see the grand specimens of the several breeds that used to be common to the benches? What has become of the hundreds of one-dog exhibitors with their fine dogs that used to be the main patrons of the shows?" One word answers all these questions, and that is—professionalism.

A number of years ago the writer sounded the alarm, and pointed to the sure approach of the condition that is now upon us, but those who were showing for the love of the dog and the sport of competing in a sportsman-like way allowed themselves to be crowded out by the persistent elbowing and "bulling in" of the professional judges, the professional dog brokers, and the professional dog breeders, until now our shows are in the hands and under the management of these professionals. The one-dog exhibitor has almost passed away; the professional breeders and the professional dog brokers name the committees and select the professional judges, and the big kennels, usually with a lot of broken-down Eastern has-beens, sold to them by the brokers at the recommendation of the professional judges, do all the winning, and often to the exclusion of better and sounder young dogs owned by the one-dog exhibitor. Not that I wish to accuse all these professionals of dishonesty, but there is naturally a bond between them that even those who are honest and try to be fair find it hard, if not impossible to overlook. Often times the one-dog exhibitor has just as good or even better knowledge of the breed than the professional judge that has been selected to pass upon it. He sees a broken down dog recently purchased at a long figure through some professional judge or broker, placed over what he knows to be a better specimen belonging to himself or friend, and he leaves the show in disgust, never to exhibit again. But driving this man and a few of his friends away, never to return again, is the least of the damage done. Others, seeing this old has-been placed at the head of the class, and not being able to see his defects or his weak points, rush their good young bitches to him to be bred, with the result that they get a litter of duffers. These weak and almost deformed puppies are advertised as sired by the great "Has-been" and are quickly sold

to the unsuspecting public, and the breed given another push down the toboggan slide to deterioration.

To the sportsman fancier this is a spectacle sad to contemplate; but to the professional it is all right. He has got the almighty dollar he was after and that is all he cares. If you ask him what will become of the fine beautiful type which it has taken ages to breed up to, he will answer: "We'll introduce a new type and through our professional judges we will make it popular, and then those who have the real type will have to sell them off and buy the new ones from us, and our dollars will multiply."

If any reader thinks this is merely a hypothetical case let him go back to the shows of ten years ago and follow the history of the St. Bernards up to the present. Let him place in his mind's eye the perfect, massive head, the deep, short, square muzzle, the finely sprung ribs, the good chest, the strong loin (which I have seen hold up a good sized man), the fine bone, and the well-bent stifles and hocks of such good specimens of the breed as California Bernardo, King Menelik and General B. Dogs that would take a six-foot fence with ease and follow a street car all over town. With the type of these and others of their day in his mind's eye let him look at the hound-headed, hound-eared, flat-ribbed, weak-loined, wooden-legged dogs of today, and he will readily see what professionalism has done for the holy breed. Get a picture of the head of Sir Bedivere, square, massive in skull, and short and deep in muzzle and compare it with the houndy heads seen on the benches today and you will endorse every word I have written. If you ask how has professionalism produced such marked degeneration in this breed I will answer by quoting a little history:

About the time when California Bernardo was in his prime and should have been sought by every breeder of St. Bernards on account of his fine type and perfectly sound condition, by the advice of professional judges two or three flat-ribbed, weak-loined, broken-down dogs with hind legs as straight and stiff as a fence-post were purchased from professional brokers and breeders, and of course placed to the front by the professional judges. They were advertised as wonders of most impossible value, and their services were at once sought in the stud by the unwary. About the time that grand dog King Menelik came on the benches, he too, was outside of the pale of the professionals, and several other weak-loined and weak-legged specimens of the hound type head were palmed off onto new buyers by glibbed-tongued brokers, and usually with a professional judge's recommendation. These, like the others, were in demand in the stud, and in a very short time the effect of breeding to weak and deformed sires began to show itself in nearly the whole breed on the Coast. Soon the good old dams were gone leaving only weak progeny from weak sires. Long, snipy muzzles, houndy heads and ears, weak loins, cow hocks and flat ribs became more and more common. The professional judges who were responsible for this degeneration when remonstrated with for giving prizes to dogs of this type answered with perfect unconcern: "We can't help it, there is none of the fine old type left." In this at least they were right. There are none of the fine old type left, and all because professionalism, instead of being actuated by the true fanciers love for fine type and perfect physical condition, loved dollars better, even though gained at the sacrifice of all that was grand in the breed.

While that grand breed, the St. Bernard, has suffered more than any other on this Coast from the causes just stated, it is by no means the only one to wear the withering marks of professionalism in our shows. At one of our recent shows I called the attention of the judge to the bow legs and "out at elbows" of more than one of the winning cockers. "Yes," he replied, "I saw it, but all the best ones are that way now."

"Well," I asked, "is it not time that men upon whose awards breeders are supposed to rely in choosing sires, should quit giving prizes to these deformed specimens and place sound dogs to the front?"

"Oh, I don't know," was his answer, "it don't make much difference, they have degenerated into nothing better than house pets anyhow."

Here then is an acknowledgment by a professional that professionalism has dwarfed and deformed a once active, perfectly formed and useful breed into merely a household pet.

Fortunately they have not got their blighting hand upon all of the breed, for thanks to their own manipulations, they have ruled the

good old specimens off the bench, and many of these are yet to be seen in the hands of the sportsmen, but not in the shows.

I found another judge not very long ago who was willing to confess to me the harm that was being done to another breed through this same professionalism. Unfortunately, however, he had not the moral backbone to publicly proclaim his convictions. We were looking at the fox terrier classes. Among them were several dogs that had scored quite a long list of wins. He opened the subject by asking me how I "liked that type of dog," pointing to a big coarse-headed, coarse-eared, long-legged dog with about all the ribbons in the show attached to his chain. I answered him that undoubtedly his ancestors were fox terriers, but he is very far from what the fox terrier was before professional judges, brokers and breeders evolved the new style.

"That's right," he answered, "had that dog been taken into the ring when we had the clean cut, evenly balanced, well knit, real terrier he would have been sent out of the ring without even a C card."

"And why is he not sent out now?" I asked.

"Well, you see," was his reply, "Mr. ——— is breeding that style of dog, and the judges can't afford to turn him down."

"And," added a professional dog broker who had heard the last part of the conversation, "they are new and they sell like hot cakes to the beginners."

The preservation of that beautiful, refined type that it had taken ages to evolve before the era of professionalism, was nothing to these men so long as they were bred by Mr. ——— and found ready sale.

"But," asks the uninitiated, "why do not these breeders stick to the right type instead of trying to popularize some other?"
The answer again is, "dollars."

Perfection is the exception, not the rule. A dozen bandy-legged cockers or big coarse fox terriers can be bred much easier than one good one, and every time the professional breeder can change the fashion there is a new demand upon his kennel, and new business for the brokers; and the maintenance of the pure type of the breed must give way to the, to them more important, consideration of dollars.

There are other breeds that have suffered from the same causes, but I have mentioned enough to sustain my contention that professionalism in dog shows is not only hurting the fancy by destroying its interest in the shows themselves, but at the same time destroying the purity of type in many of the breeds. If the public interest is to be maintained in the sport of showing our canine friend for just and honest competition; if that purity of refinement which, even to the common eye, distinguishes the thoroughbred from the mongrel, is to be maintained, then the withering hand of professionalism must be forever taken off our shows. No man who breeds dogs for sale as a business, or who acts as a kennel manager; no man who is in any way a dog broker should be a member of a show committee or be connected in any way with the management of a show. No man who is a professional breeder or broker or receives anything beyond his actual expenses for judging should be allowed to judge in the future.

The professional should have all the rights to show his dogs and advertise their merits that is given to the amateur but no greater. He should ask no privilege beyond this. The show should be the forum of the fancier, not the auction house of the culls of the professional breeder's kennel.

When this much-to-be-desired condition again returns, then and not till then will we see that old time harmony of sportsmanship, those pleasant social evenings spent in fraternal intercourse that characterized the shows of the Coast before the blight of professionalism began to wither all tha was good and pure and beneficial.

THE PACIFIC COAST TRIALS

JUST after the great San Francisco disaster it was thought that the wrecking of that great city would seriously affect, if not cause the suspension for some years, the Pacific Coast field trials. But this pessimistic view did not take into consideration the kind of material of which Californians are built.

The unsettled conditions of business during the first few months after the fire; the inability to locate the new residences of those whose homes were swept away by the great conflagration, and the uncertainty of the San Francisco mails caused, it is true, a considerable delay in the closing of entries for the derby, but nothing more. As soon as the secretary of the Club could get his entry blanks printed, and locate

AS YET UNSPOILED, AND GOOD EITHER FOR FIELD OR BENCH

the patrons of the sport, the entries began coming in with the usual regularity, until the total fully reached the average of the last ten years. Thus it will be seen that the Pacific Coast Club, the second oldest in the United States, with a record of twenty-three annual trials, is so firmly rooted as one of the institutions of the Coast, that even the greatest calamity known to the world since the dawn of civilization, has neither killed or seriously crippled it.

There must be something more in a field trial than the pride of owning a winner or the pleasure of watching the dogs run, when men who had fortunes swept away in a day turn away from the contemplation of the twisted girders, broken bricks and splintered stone that mark the ruins of the once stately business block or palatial residence, and with an affectionate stroke on the silky coat of their canine friend, cheerfully contribute from the residue of their fortunes to give the highbred youngster a chance to win his spurs in the best of competition. It may be that the days of chivalry are past so far as ancient knighthood became its exemplar, but if standing firmly, nobly by the steel-nerved companion of the field, in the face of San Francisco's great calamity, is not chivalry, then it deserves a better name.

* * *

SHORT BARKS

W. G. Kerckhoff and H. W. Keller, of Los Angeles, have each placed a grandly-bred young English setter in the hands of R. M. Dodge, of Bakersfield, to be prepared for the January trials. Heretofore Dodge's work has all been on pointers. We shall now have an opportunity to see if he is equally as successful in landing winners from among the long-hairs.

* * *

The long-felt want in Southern California of a professional trainer to break the large number of finely-bred young dogs in that section, both for the field trials and for private shooting, seems at last to be about supplied. Mr. H. W. Keller, one of the leading sportsmen of the southern end of the State, has been in communication with an old-time field trial handler, who has developed some of the best dogs of recent years, and from last advices it seems quite probable that he will forsake the frozen East and spend the rest of his days beneath the sunny skies of Southern California. The training grounds selected are in San Diego County, near the town of Encinitas. These grounds are quite open and nearly level, and well supplied with an abundance of birds. A good handler in the South to develop the many young dogs would certainly be a great help to the Pacific Coast field trials, for many a young dog has been reluctantly passed over by his owner because there was no one in that section to develop him

If the gentleman who contemplates the selection of that part of the Coast as his future home finally reaches a favorable decision, he will without doubt find all the business that he can attend to awaiting him, and we venture the prediction that he will find his new clientage as fine a class of sportsmen as he has met with in any country, and the field a promising one from a financial standpoint.

* * *

The success of our canny Scotch friend, W. B. Coutts, in purloining about all the pie at the northern trials except the nether crust, with J. E. Terry's two derby entries and Kilgarif, has caused a perceptible broadening in that good-natured smile that the irrepressible Joe wears on his face. While everybody is congratulating both Coutts and Terry, Dodge and Lucas are putting in their best licks on a number of entries, in the hope that Coutts will complete his pie at the Pacific Coast trials by taking the nether crust only. May the best dog win, is the motto of the Club—and do it over again as often as he can.

* * *

From the published pictures of Alford's King, a sensational field trial winning pointer, it is plain that bench type and field trial form are easily united in the short-haired breed. If the English setter men will stop that unreasonably close inbreeding that is rapidly ruining the setters, they, too, can have handsomer dogs, with more staying qualities, more endurance, less nervousness and higher field qualities than are generally seen today. The little pocket editions with their short, humpty-dumpty strides, look fast and possibly spectacular to many during the short run they are able to sustain, but cast them off with a properly built, long strided English setter and they would cut a sorry figure either in speed or staying qualities. The English setter, before emasculated by constant inbreeding, had a conformation of body that enabled him to go with a long, low stride almost as smooth as the flight of a bird. He was so built as to allow free action of his legs without knocking the wind out of him at every jump. Therefore he was able to stay and maintain his speed for hours. In those days we didn't have to witness the spectacle of a brilliant dog for the first fifteen or twenty minutes in the two-hour race finishing a potterer at his handler's feet. Gentlemen of the English setter fancy, the day was when your dogs stood at the ratio of five to one against the pointers as winners in the trials. You are now losing ground, and that rapidly, too. You have either got to find an out-cross from the so-called inbred Llewellin field trial dog, and breed back to reasonable size, or the pointer men will soon turn the tables on you. You must breed out the nervousness of inbreeding and breed in the level headed bird sense of judicious mating.

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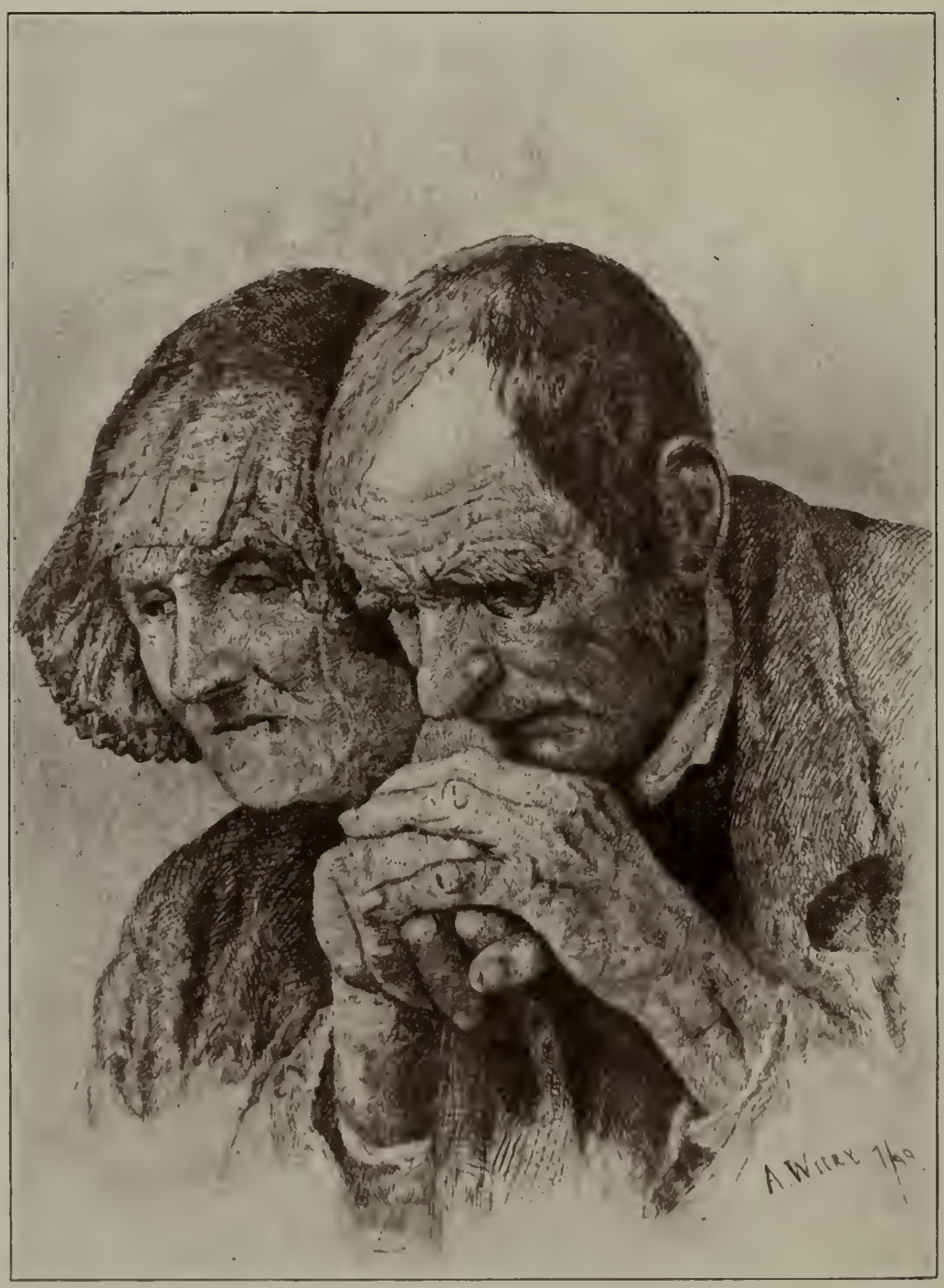


"And Listen to the Talking of the Stream"

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 9 JANUARY, 1907 No. 6

BEFORE THE LAST FISHING TRIP

THE tent is in the wagon with the rods and oars and reels;
The ax and rifle lean against the chair.
We must don our camping dresses; how young a sportsman feels,
Though silver threads are thick all through his hair!

Again we'll watch the camp-fire's smoke go up through rustling leaves,
And listen to the talking of the stream;
Once more we'll watch the eagles circle 'neath the mountain eaves,
As we make our outing real and not a dream.

How the outdoors beckons as it brings a hundred memories dear!
How the softly gliding clouds seem a caress!
That little river calls to us; we see its eddies clear,
It practices its music; and will bless.

And mayhap if St. Peter lets us into Paradise,
We'll find a little river there, and trout
That lurk in crystal pools and rapids where we'll get a rise,
As wooded banks make vistas in and out.

There glades of shaded peace along the pebbled, fern-lined banks
May brood below great peaks serene and fair;
And the mystery of Heaven may win our reverent thanks,
By granting to us camps where all is fair.

—*Levant Fred Brown.*

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW MEXICO GRIZZLY

By J. A. ("Jerky") Johnson.

SEVERAL years ago I was employed by the Kern County Land Co. to go down to New Mexico and Arizona to exterminate the wild animals that were slaughtering their stock on the cattle ranges. I killed in a five months' hunt twenty-five grizzlies, eleven lions, twenty-five grey wolves and seventy-nine coyotes.

Hunting such game affords great sport—sometimes; when things come all your way it's all right, but when you get in an old she grizzley's way, then it's quite different; at least I found it so.

One morning as I was riding up Indian Creek I got in the way. My errand on this particular day was to take fresh bait to some bear traps which were set at the different tributaries of Indian Creek. My bait consisted of a quarter of a wild horse that I had shot for that purpose. The meat I dragged with my saddle horse, fastening my lariat to the foot of the horse ham. Now and then dismounting, I would rub some grease on rocks and logs to attract the traveling beasts' attention.

The first trap I came to was an old forty-five pound grizzly trap that perhaps had held more bear and lion than any other of the same make, and on this particular morning I found in it a fine "silver-tip" of about 900 pounds. There was nothing unusual about him, for he was worn out from fighting the heavy trap and drag; so after dispatching him with a .30 calibre bullet, I replaced my rifle in the scabbard on the side of my saddle, reset the trap, put in some fresh bait and proceeded in the direction of the next trap, which was perhaps one-half mile farther up the creek. From this point the trail was very brushy and rocky; every little ways I would turn my horse about and take up the slack rope; for a heavy drag, without you tie it solid to your saddle horn, keeps slipping and is soon at your rope's end.

As I came to a crossing of the creek I paused to take in slack, for my drag was twenty or thirty feet behind my horse and was pulling hard at my saddle horn—but not half so hard as it did a second later! The horse I was riding was a tall range animal of great speed and activity, and, lucky for me, too, that he was! For out of the brush at the creek bank leaped a monster she-grizzly and came at us with a rush. Her ears were laid back and her mouth was wide open, bawling at every leap. Her bawling even frightened her two cubs, for they went headlong into the brush in the other direction. I saw them all at a glance, it seemed.

After making three leaps she seemed to slide on her hind feet and then rose erect. Old Coffee, my horse, didn't need any advice as to what to do, for he whirled about so quickly that he almost threw me right into that old bear's open mouth—as I went round, half loosening my saddle, I could see clear down that old gal's throat! She looked to me to be all teeth and claws, and as though she would need no gloves to handle me with. As I slid from my saddle I made a catch with my left spur, under the saddle skirt or in the horse's flank; I don't know which, but my right hand nearly brushed her nose as we went round. Clutching my fingers in the horse's mane, I tried with unusual energy to erect myself into my saddle, but old Coffee was away like a flash and I had to hang on to the side like a fellow does on a loaded street car going to the races. This race was all right while it lasted, but it was no fun worth mentioning for me, although I was ahead all right and partly under the rope—I mean the drag rope.

We went back down the trail over that piece of meat in about a jump and a half. I felt her breath as she curried out old Coffee's tail cleaner than it had ever been done before. The drag must have come in her way next, for the rope fairly smoked round that old saddle horn and the end hit me a cut across

"Queen Florio" and two of her Offspring. "Trawford" and "Columbia."
(Queen was the Dog Used in this Hunt)

the back such as Peck's Bad Boy never got. My hat was swept off by the brush on the side of the trail and I had to lay close to the horse to keep from being torn off myself.

Coffee lost no time—I can swear to that—though a few rods farther, where he jumped the creek, he fell to his knees and unloaded me; but we were both up together and on again. I grabbed the stump of old Coffee's tail and found I could run as fast as a horse when I was in the proper humor.

Finally we got to where a snag caught in the reins and brought the horse to a stand. I lost no time in getting my rifle out of the case and made for open ground, where I lay down and panted like a tired dog. I can say I wasn't scared *then*, but I was very tired; and the horse-side ride, and the long jumps that I made when I had him by the end of his tail, had shook me up so bad I just kept shaking—in fact I shook so bad that I couldn't hardly stay out of a tree that was near me. I put up my gun to see if I could aim at the bear if she came on, and I couldn't get aim on a whole bluff of rocks across the canon!

By this time my old bear dog had arrived at the stampede ground and was having a lively time of it from the noise they were making down in the brush. As they came nearer I could get glimpses of them taking turns running each other, but I couldn't get a bead on her at all, I shook so bad! I knew I didn't have a chill, for I was very warm and couldn't keep the sweat out of my eyes, and looking round for old Coffee, found that he had shucked out of that bridle and gone. I then thought of going up the tree till I could get my nerves quieted a little, but I had heard D. R. Schafer tell about seeing an old bear boost her cubs up a tree and make 'em knock down acorns for her to eat, and this one just now could call hers back and make them knock me out as easily—which, by the way, wouldn't be worth while, for I would have shaken down all the acorns she wanted if there had been any in the tree, and then she seemed to only want to get hold of that dog, who was biting her heels every chance he got.

She might have taken my lariat off that drag and caught him with it, like the bear did

the Texas cow-boy, but maybe the bears in New Mexico aren't up to as much as they are down in Texas.

The story goes that once a Texan lassoed a grizzly bear, whereupon the bear sat upon his haunches and taking the lariat in his paws, despite the rider's girdling his horse with spur and quirt, dragged man and horse in. The Texans all tie their lariat to the horns of their saddles—something which I never do, for sometimes you get your rope on something you want to turn loose. The Texan left his horse to the bear's mercy and ran away (maybe he had no tree to climb), and when the bear had succeeded in pulling the horse in, it climbed into the saddle and slipping the noose from its own head, "did up" the rope and took after the cow-boy, lassoing him by the feet instead of neck, and dragged him about as though he were a prairie dog. Only for some cow-boys fortunately rescuing their companion, that bear might be dragging him yet!

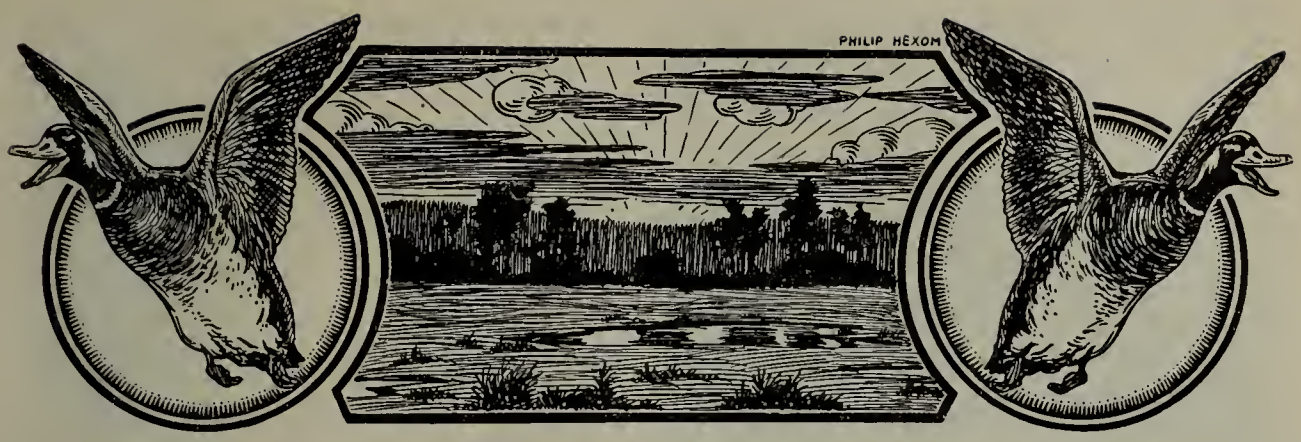
After a few minutes I crossed the canon and came out on a bluff that nearly overhung where the bear and dog were scrapping, and laying my rifle over a rock I broke her neck first shot, giving her another in the head before I left my perch. I didn't try much to overtake the cubs; I felt that there was a friend in camp that wanted to see me.

THE SEA GULL

RESTLESS soul that all the storm-swept day
Hath drifted down the leaden, wind-rent sky,
As daylight fades to dusk I hear the cry
Fall faint from out the heaven's deepening gray.
For hours thy noiseless wings have vainly fanned
The thin cool ether of the upper skies,
And far above, thy dimming form still lies,
As windy darkness settles o'er the land.

No grateful rest those weary wings have known,
And through the long cold light of dying day,
Thou floatest on thy wandering course alone;
Yet thou'rt content and happy in thy way.
Why not? thy recompense is great—thou'rt free;
God speed the day when I shall be as thee.

—George Fortis.



AN EASY LIMIT

By "Montezuma."

(Illustrations from Photos by W. W. Richards)

IT WAS the easiest "limit" I ever made—and I have hunted ducks in many lands and diverse ways. And as is the way with all easy things it came unexpectedly.

A telephone alarum: "This is Bill Richards. The ducks are eating me out of house and home and the times are too hard to stand for it. Come up and help me serve a perpetual injunction on 'em. Don't bring anything but your nerve and a good eye—I've got clothes, grub, guns and decoys. Got railroad tickets, too. Leave on the 3:40 boat."

Needless to say, I went. Such invitations are to be accepted without question. I knew that "Bill" Richards always makes good, and his talk sounded nice to an unfortunate beggar tied to a wearisome desk eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. I had been hearing ducks in my sleep for the previous month, and my trigger finger had assumed an anticipatory crook that interfered with my pencil shoving. Gladly did I welcome this glorious opportunity of getting the cramp out of it, and the 3:40 boat carried a passenger who rode on the open deck, counted and raised his hat, metaphorically speaking, to every blue-bill that skimmed the waters of the beautiful bay and nodded a friendly salutation to even the worthless shags who skittered by in insolent assurance.

Missing a train in consequence of an enterprising railway's failure to make public their change of schedule, I was even a gainer thereby, for it brought me a four hours' entertainment in Oakland by that prince of hosts whose hospitality was to yield me so many good things. The incident symbolized the whole trip—everything came my way and turned out better than I had even dared dream of. Early in the evening we debarked at Cygnus station in the Suisun marshes where Mr. Richards' preserve is located, and in less than five minutes were comfortably ensconced in the cosy living room of his bungalow discussing the morrow's shoot over an excellent toddy and a good cigar.

A word here about Mr. Richards' preserve. Consisting of 198 acres of fertile soil worth many thousands of dollars from an agricultural view alone, it is situated right in the heart of the world-famed Suisun duck country and affords the cream of duck, goose and snipe shooting to its genial possessor. Immediately joining the magnificent "Cygnus Ranch" of the late Herman Oelrichs, and separated from it by the celebrated Cordelia Slough, it is in the center of the line of flight; and surrounded as it is on all sides by well-fed preserves, assuring the birds being kept stirred up on shooting days, it is small wonder that Mr. Richards has whimsically named his place "The Limit." For such it is, both in a slangy as well as a literal sense. For in its location, appointments, pecuniary value and extreme desirability in all other respects, this charming preserve fully reaches the limit of human expecta-

"The Limit"

tions—and then, again, W. W. Richards is a conscientious sportsman and the name of his preserve stands for the extreme bag that is allowed to be shot under any circumstances.

His shooting box is a wonder of concentrated facilities for everything that makes for creature comfort and good sport. A commodious house of four cheerful rooms, sumptuously yet sensibly furnished in admirable taste, everything kept in true ship-shape order by sailorman Ed (a jewel of a keeper whom Richards has hypnotized into believing that his employer is the real and only Prince of the World), supplemented by another and larger house containing keepers, guests, accoutrement, feed and other general utility rooms, landing wharves and floating dock, boatways, etc., all combine to make up one of the most engaging sporting lodges that it has ever been my good fortune to encounter.

The Belvedere Club with Quarters near by

Over it all lies the indescribable charm of a loving woman's touch, for be it known that Mrs. Richards is an enthusiastic sharer in her husband's recreations, an ardent and accomplished devotee of rod and gun, and his inseparable companion afield. We were deprived of the pleasure of her company on this particular shoot owing to an accident unfortunately sustained by her a short time previous, but she was with us in spirit, and her presence was almost tangible in the countless thoughtfully appointed accessories to our well being. With its multiplicity of closets stocked with every thing necessary to sport; its larder brimming over with evidence that the Richards, like their ducks,

The Lady of the Lodge and a Guest

are fastidious and generous livers; with its air of homey completeness and luxury, Bill Richards has surely a bungalow for fair! If I were he, I'd live there all the year round and acquire a rotundity like that of his plump ducks. The fat of that land would be rich enough for me!

Bill Richards was born with a lucky stone in his fist. It is recorded of him that once when he was "baching it" in a room over a sail loft in the Bowery a notorious cracksman burglarized his boudoir and stole his extra pair of socks. Calling in the aid of Tammany the thief was soon located, wearing the socks. He was a deaf mute and so his objections in pantomime, when Bill unceremoniously repossessed himself of his footwear, were wholly unintelligible despite their strenuosity. That evening when Richards was dressing for the

Embassadors' ball he felt something in his sock. On investigation he found ten $1000 bills sewn to the sole—the results presumably of a safe robbery by his quondam despoiler. His luck held still further to the extent that the excited cracksman burst a blood vessel in his efforts to make himself understood and died without giving the snap away.

No, the bills were not counterfeit; at any rate Bill passed them, so the story goes.

And his luck has staid with him ever since. He bought his present preserve at a figure which will yield him hundreds of per cent on his investment if he ever cares to sell—a remote contingency—and he has finally secured "Ed"—that sailor man of parts, who not only paints the sidewalks

Joe Harvey's Pond

about the bungalow green to keep them from being too conspicuous to the quackers, but even decorates them with artistically touched up decoys in the hopes that he can seduce them to come up close enough so that Mrs. Richards can shoot them from her veranda hammock. Seriously speaking, Ed is a model keeper and intensely loyal to his employers, and then Richards really *has* a board walk running from his house to his blind on his favorite pond, for the convenience—he says—of his estimable wife. I notice that Bill, himself, uses it with engaging regularity.

But I am wandering from my text. All that night my ears were assailed by the sonorous calls of feeding mallards, the squeak of gorging teal and the sibilant

In the Suisun Marsh—"String of Ponds"

whistle of incoming sprigs. In my dreams the little 16 gauge got red-hot from rapid firing, and it was still raining dead ducks when the tail of the gray mare flicked me across the eyes.

After a leisurely breakfast—for haste and bustle are tabooed in this haven of sporting opulence—I was escorted by the deferential Ed to my station on the best pond. My host laid upon me the one injunction, "Kill the limit!" Under ordinary conditions I would have grinned a sympathetic appreciation of what would palpably have been a jocose pleasantry—limits are as scarce as hen's teeth with me. But his earnest manner, and a second look at the whirling legions about us invested me with a curious optimism that was later to be confirmed. It is Ed's creed that all the work a guest should be permitted to do in his bailiwick is to load and shoot his gun.

Hines and Benjamin on the way to their Preserves

W. W. Richard's New Pond
(You get there on a Board Walk)

It was my first shoot of the season. For nearly a year I had not fired a shot and the outcome was speculative. I had not been able to obtain my favorite load and was compelled to take shells loaded with three different brands of powder, bulk and dense. Then, too, I had only 50 cases loaded with No. 6 and one hundred with No. 8—an error of the salesman. And 8's for big duck are small!

My gun, a 26 inch featherweight 16 gauge, seemed today, for the first time, almost inadequate for the service, for the pond was fully 75 yards wide and the flight was all coming from the opposite direction. I was just reiterating Ed's "have I shells enough?" when a team of teal whistled over my head from behind and circling over the

"They Came in by Hundreds"

He insists on doing the rest. He even demurred to my carrying the gun out to my blind, and I noted his look askance at the small bore I was to use and his almost aggrieved inquiry: "Are you sure you have shells enough?" I had 150 of them! Evidently Ed knew there were going to be many birds and had some not unnatural doubt of the efficiency of my battery or perhaps of my shooting ability. He put out my decoys, placed the beer and shells convenient to my hand, brushed off the top of the revolving stool in my blind, and wishing me "Good luck!" cautioned me not to attempt any retrieving—he would attend to that later. Then he left me in his unobtrusive quiet way and I was alone with my opportunity.

Caught Out of the Blind

further side of the pond set their wings to a settle among the decoys. They were six feet from the water when I fired and the second, essaying a "tower," fell almost into my blind. A double on the first burst! Sportsmen will overlook the affectionate pat I gave the little gun as I snapped the breech over new shells. I was too thickly wadded into one of Richards' blind coats to pat myself.

Then came a succession of five misses as I tried long shots at sprigs and I looked at my shells. Well loaded they were, but with bulk powder, and, accustomed to quick dense powder holding, I had been shooting behind and under. I rectified this on the next attempt, killing three mallard and two sprig straight, two of the pairs being doubles. It was ideal shooting; no flocks, only ducks in singles, twos and threes, coming faster than even my ejector could manage. Twice I had to cool my gun. At 7:30 I had 23 birds to the good, having conscientiously killed all the cripples and not losing a bird.

Then in a lull of the flight came Ed with his spaniel and the birds were soon gathered. I straightened my legs in a tour of inspection of my end of the preserve, noting that with a very small outlay there could be created a beautiful complement of mallard holes with wonderful possibilities. A brace of Wilson's snipe flew high overhead just as Richards joined me and the air was literally full of geese, their triangles dotting the sky in every quarter. Two or three times they came temptingly close even for No. 8's, and once I ripped a big handful of feathers from the breast of a gander who, however, pursued the even tenor of his way, unharmed otherwise apparently.

Just as we returned to my blind a pair of canvasbacks tore in. I staggered the old "bull" with the first barrel and he dropped to the second 80 yards away, Richards retrieving him on dry land. A right and left in quick succession at single golden eye and mallard, both clean kills, closed the first half of the day's sport and we returned to the lodge for luncheon.

It takes a three inch thick porterhouse some time to digest, even when cooked by Ed—who, by the way, if I owned an ocean liner would be either captain or boss of the galley, he's a peach with the gridiron—and it was 2:30 or better when a sudden overcasting of the sky and a promising drizzle tempted us out into the blinds again.

I had just closed the breech of my gun and was taking a last pull at the old briarroot when my first real flock of the day came hailing in. They were teal, at least three score of them, and as they swung over the decoys I raked them for five.

"Gee!" said an admiring voice behind me, "that little gun can go some, sure enough!" It was Ed with his dog, and for the next half hour I kept them busy. Eight pairs of doubles and a single straight is my crowning remembrance of that delirious thirty minutes. Then I changed to another powder and had to use up twenty-five shells in killing cripples and the remaining two birds requisite to a full limit.

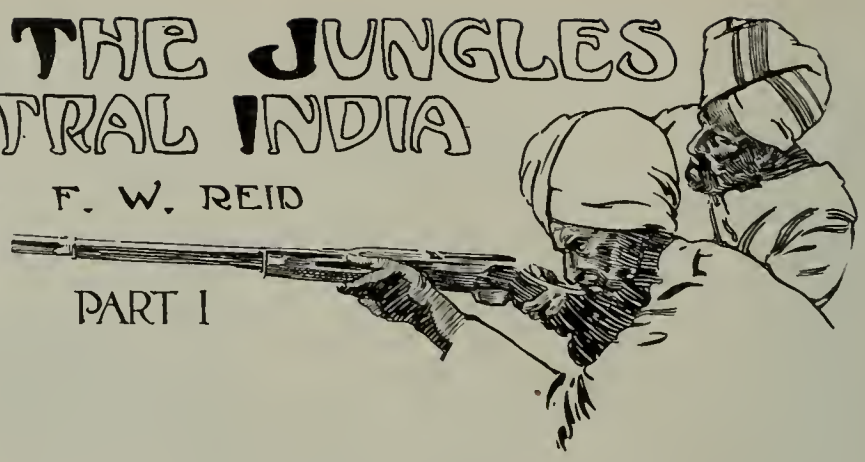
All the time we were killing cripples and retrieving them, the ducks came in by hundreds , unheeding our presence and settling in among our decoys in easy range. Had one been so constituted he could have slaughtered them without limit. I am convinced that one fair shot could easily have killed an hundred birds or better in that afternoon's flight.

At four o'clock we were back at the lodge and took a five-something train homeward bound. I had gotten the limit and gotten it far too easily. There were too many ducks and I killed too many. For twenty-five is a bag big enough for anyone but a game hog—and that I am not. But I know now how a game hog feels—or ought to feel, or ought to be made to feel.

But it was all Richards' fault. He had no business to invite a shoot-hungry man into his paradise and there give him the freedom of it. If he ever invites me again I'll promise to quit at twenty birds—if he ever does!

DRIVING THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL INDIA

BY F. W. REID



PART I

"What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear!"
—*As You Like It.*

THERE are as many ways of hunting deer as there are of killing a cat. In the West of England, men follow the Exmoor hounds over an open moorland country, riding in chase of the wild red stag. An ancient sport this, preserving to this modern age the antique terms of Norman venery, such as "harborer" and "verderer," and the "mort," or death signal blown on the hunting horn. On this coast, too, there are hounds trained to track deer, though not in large packs; but the hunters follow them through the forest on foot. Some men prefer the still-hunt—deer-stalking as it is called in the Highlands of Scotland—using their own sight and woodcraft instead of relying on the nose and eye of our friend, the dog. Away on the other side of the globe, in British India, sportsmen at this season of the year have the jungles driven for deer and other big game.

India is world-renowned for its wild native animals. It is a large country, and more than one kind of driving is practiced within its far-stretching boundaries. Tame elephants may be employed. Before the trample of the huge earth-shaking beasts every living thing, tigers included, flees for its life. This is the royal and often expensive entertainment that rajahs, who keep studs of elephants, offer to their white guests. Here, however, it is proposed to describe the less elaborate but equally exciting sport of driving the jungle with men for beaters. The scene is the high tableland of Central India, the time winter. Then deer of different species are the hunter's quarry, but, as will appear later, he can never be certain what the depths of the forest may give up.

But, first of all, a few words about the scene in which our sport is laid. To some people it may seem impossible that a jungle should be successfully driven. That is because the word, now thoroughly naturalized as English, has come to imply a monstrous tangle of tropical vegetation. We speak of the jungles of Africa and Brazil—equatorial regions where it rains every month in the year, growth never ceases, and the trees are clasped together by the cordage of innumerable lianas and vines. In such a country, hunting of any kind is a trial and a tribulation to the white man not to the manner born. Perspiring he stumbles along, tripped by bush-rope, pricked by thorns, hardly able to see in the darkness visible of the matted forest. Under such conditions beating the jungle for game is a vain undertaking.

But trace the word back from the English dictionary to its native home. It is Hindustani, of course, and signifies any wild scrub-grown land as well as a forest. The officers of the Government Forest Service are called in the vernacular, *jungal-sahibs;* and the adjective *jungli* means in its widest sense, "uncivilized," "wild"—"from the back settlements," as one might say. Now the forests of India answer to the popular idea of a jungle only during and soon after the

monsoon, or season of regular rains. At that time grass and climbing plants grow luxuriantly, and the woods become impenetrable and, if on low ground, swampy. The return of normal weather, however,—the hot, unclouded Indian days—soon puts an end to this state of things. Grass withers and is cut for fodder, all tender herbaceous growth decays and falls. By midwinter, which falls three months after the close of the *monsoon,* the jungle has put on something of the sere and yellow leaf. This surprises travelers who cross the continent in the cold season by rail. Where the line passes through the jungle, they expect to see an impervious wall of undergrowth overtopped by the heads of enormous trees, not a woodland that is in parts quite thin and wintry looking. But for sporting purposes what better could be wished than an open forest, not choked by rank growth?

Such a country, indeed, offers no more obstacles to driving game up to a line of concealed guns than would the fir forests of the Californian Sierra. The winter climate, too, favors the hunter. In the early morning the air is keen and bracing. The warmth of the succeeding hours is tempered by a cool breeze, the midday temperature will not exceed 75 degrees Fahrenheit, the sky is a cloudless arch of blue. There is no fear of rain. Winter, uncoupled with rough weather, is in Central India the deer-hunter's ally.

It stimulates the sporting members of the "station"—the quarters of the civil and military officials outside a native city—to take the field. The *shikari,* whose time during the rains has been idly occupied in oiling and polishing his master's battery of guns, is sent out to the jungle country to look for signs of game. Every sportsman in India, unless he be a Forest officer, who as deputy lord of the jungle has at his beck and call rangers skilled in woodcraft, has to keep on his payroll a native hunter—"tracker" would perhaps be the better word, for unless specially licensed he is forbidden under the Arms Act to possess a gun.

Kipling's creation, Mowgli, suckled by a she-wolf and bred up in the free-masonry of the jungle-folk, would have made an ideal *shikari.* But the sportsman in India might as well hope to pick up a gem like the Kohinoor at a Parsee auction sale as to find a Mowgli among the applicants for the post of *shikari* to his household. A fair substitute for that Oriental faun may be found in a man reared in the jungle, who has followed the trade of woodcutter or charcoal-burner, and to whom the signs and tokens of the forest have been familiar reading from his boyhood. It does not matter much to what tribe he belongs, or to what caste—indeed the less caste there is about him the better, if he only possesses a spirit like that of the Western trapper or English poacher, and has been trained to the white hunter's ways by some keen sportsman. Good *shikaris* are often found among the Gonds of Central India. These are a primitive, unlettered people, many shades darker than the Hindoos, who centuries ago drove them out of the plains into the wild places of the hills. They live in the jungle, worship weird earth gods, and pay reverence to tigers.

A really good *shikari* easily finds employment. There are plenty of self-styled *shikaris,* who beseige the newcomer, presenting *chits* (letters of recommendation) from former masters, some of which make amusing reading. A man gravely hands you a *chit,* which he evidently regards as a precious talisman, written as it is in characters foreign to him. He is described perhaps as a great rascal, an incorrigible thief, and by way of makeweight—"but a good finder of game." If so, engage him. He is not a house servant, so his peculations will not annoy you. His business is to go out into the jungle and bring back all the information he can pick up, or find out with his own eyes. When he has discovered a locality where deer are plentiful, or has news of a tiger making kills, he reports to his *sahib.* If the latter is disposed to hunt, he orders the *shikari* to make a *bundobast.*

That is to say, in plain English, he is to make all local arrangements. The native acts as a connecting link between the sportsman, tied to his official desk or parade ground, and the distant jungle. The most important task before him now is to secure a gang of stout and willing beaters, men who are not afraid to tramp the rough hills all day, with the chance of having to face the charge of an infuriated wild beast.

He engages them from the villages on the skirts of the jungle. A good *shikari* makes

friends with the *Kotwal,* a kind of Indian Dogberry who is clothed with some little authority over the villagers. These are mainly tillers of the soil, men who win their scanty vegetarian diet from a land that has been under the plow for many ages past. A day off in the jungle affords to them not only a relief from the monotony of toil, but also the chance of earning something more than a bare subsistence. Their earnings will only amount to a few cents each, but they are only used to handling *pice*—small copper coins equivalent to mills. So the prospect of receiving silver money raises the spirits of the men with the hoes, and they await the arrival of the *sahibs* with impatience.

So much by way of giving the reader the focus and angle of view. Now please imagine that you have been invited to join a hunting party in Central India. The *bundobast* has been made. The creaking bullock-carts have crawled out of the station with their load of tents and camping kit. Along with them march the personal servants, important looking men in big turbans, rather loath to leave their snug quarters and the pleasures of the *bazar* for the despised jungle. You start at daybreak, wrapped against the cold, and drive out with your host in his *tum-tum,* or light dog-cart of bamboo. For many miles you jog along over a smooth, metaled road, passing between long level fields where the young wheat is springing bravely.

The highway teems with the many colored life of India. Pedlers meet your eye, pilgrims tramping along with kegs of water from some holy river on their backs, a curtained *palki* borne by a quartette of shuffling footmen, slow-moving carts drawn by oxen, with now and then a rider on a pony decorated with tufts of colored wool. By and by you turn into a *cutcha* road, which is much the same as an American dirt road, and approach a low range of wooded hills. By this time the sun is well up and your wraps are cast off.

Here is the rendezvous and Gunput, the *shikari,* salaaming low. He has collected a small army of beaters. Bare, sinewy men, like Falstaff's famous conscripts, they have not a shirt among them but wear a twisted linen cloth about their hips. Some go barefoot, some in stout shoes turned up at the point. Many carry *lathis*—long iron-shod staves, with which can be dealt as shrewd blows as ever Friar Tuck gave with his quarter-staff; and some clappers and other strange instruments of noise which they will bring into play during the *honk,* as they are pleased to call the drive. On the whole, a Cassius-like, lean and hungry band. Perhaps last season's crops were scanty, and we will bear this in mind at the close of the day.

Now it is time to start. The *shikari* is in earnest confabulation with the headmen among the beaters. Off they go, with long strides that you could hardly keep pace with. Here come the other fellows. Now to pull straws for places in the firing line: four guns and four straws, the longest take the ends. Gunput talks glibly of *sambhur* and *chital,* mysterious things of which it seems the woods are full. Patience; soon you may see for yourself that a *sambhur* is hardly distinguishable from an American elk. Meanwhile, to your posts, O, hunters!

The *shikari* leads the guns up hill into a scrub jungle. All the rolling stones left over in the building of the continent seem to have been dumped here. What a rocky country! Now we leave Longstraw posted on a knoll in a commanding position, overlooking a ravine. It is his privilege to stop the animals that attempt to turn the flank of the line. He is a well-known shot; we wish him luck and leave him at his enviable post—next drive it will be one of the center men's turn to take the end.

"Here you are, Mr. Middlestraw, this is your station, and please take your bearings from that teak-tree yonder. Remember, number one is only three hundred yards east of it; and I shall be placed about the same distance west of that square black rock. For Heaven's sake don't fire along the line, or in the direction of the beaters when they are closing in. Luck to you." So your host walks off with the other end man, leaving you to your reflections.

The pleasing excitement which the strange surroundings have infused into you is dashed with a slight thrill of horror as you slip the brass-bound deadly shells into their places. Suppose a man got "deer-drunk"—you have known it to happen—fired at his neighbor and the hard-nosed bullet found a human billet. Ugh-h! Such things will not bear thinking on. You take careful note of the tall teak-tree, with its queer skeleton leaves

as large as dinner plates, and the black rock, which reminds you of a native tomb.

Now for a smoke to settle your nerves? You are seated under an evergreen *mohwa* tree, which a few months later will drop honeyed fruits that attract all the jungle-folk, but especially bears. A pleasing fragrance comes from it, wafted on the light warm breeze—and tobacco would taste so good! But it will never do to smoke now. Forest animals have keen noses. You have heard that they can distinguish the smell of imported leaf from common "native smoke," which they don't mind. What is it the natives say so often? "*Hookum nahin,*" which means "the order is—No"; and sounds in their ears with the force of a divine prohibition. Well, on the firing line obedience is a duty. But O, for something to happen!

"Out Stalks a Magnificent Peacock

And "pat like the catastrophe in the old tragedy" comes a rustle from the thick timber in front. Instinctively your hand raises the barrels, when out stalks a magnificent peacock. With crest erect and the lazuli-blue of his neck flaunting in the sunshine, he struts along as contemptuous of protective coloring as if he had not an enemy in the world. Well, he is safe from you at any rate. No sportsman would blow a bird to pieces with a large caliber rifle, like Mr. Winkle practising on the stuffed pheasant. But it was a spectacle worth waiting for—that piece of living color moving among the dead umbers and yellows of the leafage.

Now a sound like the distant roaring of the sea strikes your ears. The beaters at last! They must be a full mile away, beyond that conical hill. Nearer comes the confused din. They are topping the rise; and now you can distinguish the rattle of wooden clappers and the clang of beaten iron from the roars and yells of human throats. Surely the mountain is in labor! And what was the rest of the old saw? Something about a ridiculous mouse being born. Lo! while your eyes, following your ears, have turned to distant things, a ridiculous mouse-deer has crept close by you, and escaped into cover. An odd little native of the jungle, he is not much bigger than a dachshund; yet horned and a true deer, for all his Tom Thumb proportions. Never

mind! There was to be no shooting at small game. That was the second *hookum nahin.*

Suddenly the tumult rises to a crescendo pitch. Perhaps a leopard has doubled on the beaters. Big game is certainly afoot. Crack-k! a rifle shot rings out to your left and sets all your nerves a tingle. The hunt is up indeed, and the beaters scarce half a mile away. That thick piece of forest in front is as hateful to your eyes, as Dunsinane's moving wood was to Macbeth. For now you feel certain there is some big animal hiding within it. The branches crash—ah, if that screen would only roll away! A loud "Hoosh" and the clapping of sticks tell you that the beaters are closing in. At the same instant a big head with branching horns pokes cautiously out of the thicket. "Fire or not?" A moment must decide. Recalling the caution of your host and unable to see through the leaves ahead, you drop your trigger hand. The hidden animal bores away to the left. An old stager probably, who has smelled powder before, he has located you exactly. He must cross the line with all that shouting behind him, but it will be between you and Longstraw. Out comes the head again, the body follows. Scott! it is an old elk, you can see where the hide has worn off. He is dodging behind the teak-tree, right on the line, and you dare not fire. Now he shuffles off still edging to the left, now he is well over the firing line, but covered by timber. You follow stooping low, seeking cover, unconsciously imitating animal movements. A hundred yards ahead is a clearing. Will he cross it? Out comes the bulky body at a slow trot—propelled it seems by a piercing yell at close range—and, now or never, Bang! The animal clatters off into the jungle, wounded you hope, and you rush off to the spot where you sighted on him to look for blood signs. But a wild-looking figure that has apparently sprung from the earth is there before you, scrutinizing the leaves. You cannot understand a word of the native's fluent jabber, but his pantomime is eloquent. There is no sign of blood. It was a clean miss—of a beast as big as a pony! Never mind. It was your first shot on your first *honk,* and your nerves had been over racked.

The beaters are all up now and the drive is over. The firing line rolls up and the *sahibs* meet. You meet with polite condolences, but Longstraw is the center of interest. A *chital* ran down the *nullah* (gulch) below his post, and he bowled it over. Two men are bringing the carcass in now, slung feet uppermost on a pole. It is a fine specimen of the deer kind, wide horned with short tines; its dark chestnut hide is dappled with white blotches. Rackstraw, who is a doctor, calls it *Axis maculatus,* and you judge it worthy of twice that number of sonorous syllables. The skin will make a handsome floor mat for a bungalow. The coolie carriers are already discussing the quarry from their point of view. The entrails—the "umbles of the deer"—will fall to their share, and they are rubbing their lean stomachs in anticipation of a fat feast.

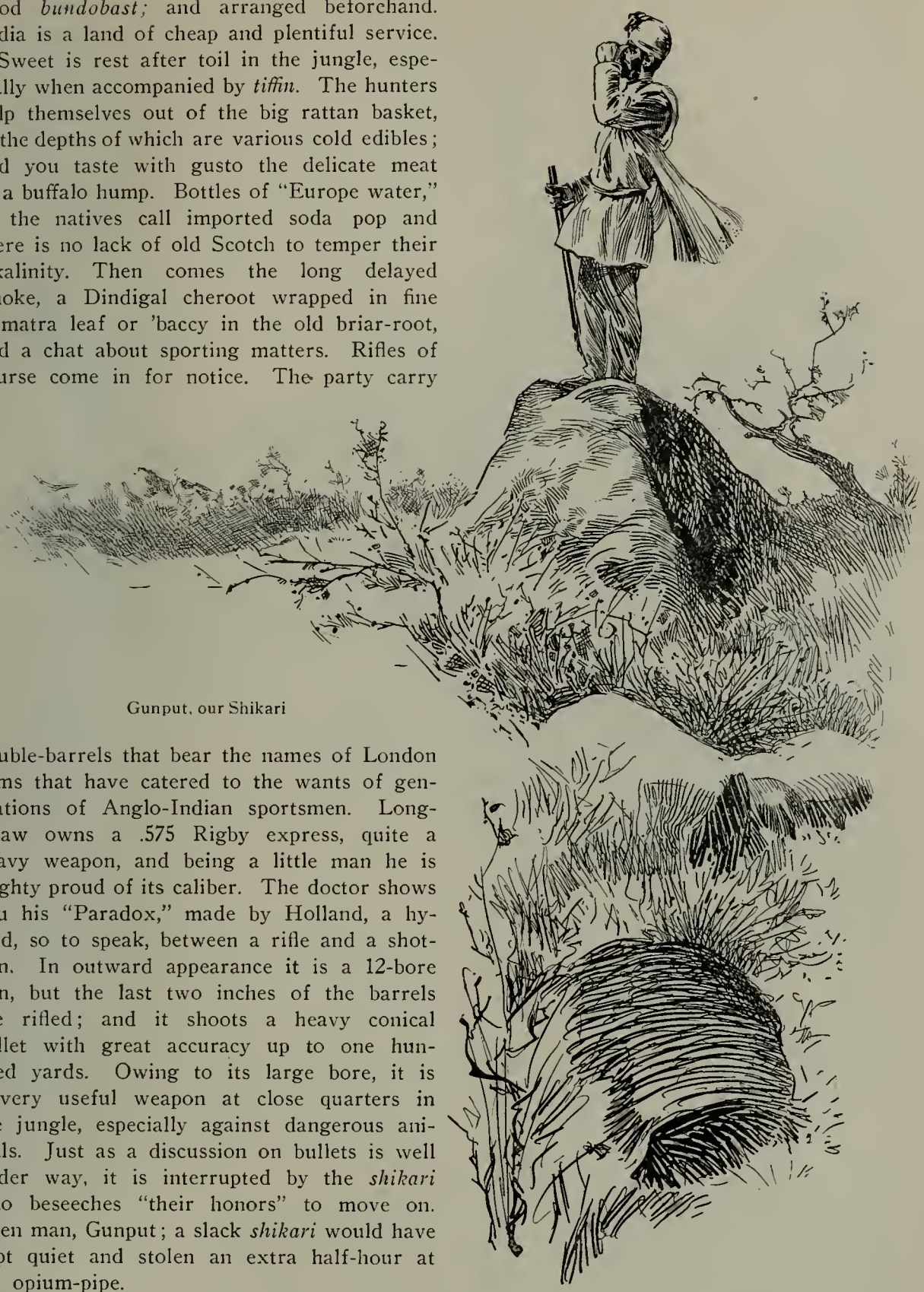
The beaters are sent off on a new quest, and Gunput leads the guns up another rocky hill. The hard walking is beginning to tell on your unaccustomed legs, and your host asks if you would not like to ride. What? Can they conjure horses out of the jungle, these *sahibs?* You have not seen a pony since you left the village; but native grooms, it appears, have been following the hunters as a kind of rear guard, leading ponies. Longstraw is already mounted on his waler; and you creak comfortably into the wide bed of a country-made saddle. From the hill-top a wide range of cliffs is seen across a deep *nullah.* The ruins of a castle crown them, and the rocks are honeycombed with caverns, the lair of leopards. No driving there: one might as well attempt to drive the Chinese warren in San Francisco.

Another line is formed, and this time you are posted at the end. The *honk* sweeps forward with the same clamor, irresistible you fancy, but nothing budges. The ravine below is silent and empty. For a second something yellow flashed among a heap of boulders far down—and was gone. A leopard, perhaps. The beat is over and the cover drawn blank. Gunput looks rather crestfallen. But it is all in the lottery of the day's drive—now blanks, now prizes.

For the present it is the noon hour and the guns, hungry and disinclined to talk, follow the *shikari* to a shady grove of *sal* trees. A man is there before you, he is engaged in unpacking a huge provision basket. It seems like magic to the stranger, these sudden apparitions of natives in the depths of the jungle, bringing horses, bringing food. But your host is no Aladdin. It is all part of a

good *bundobast;* and arranged beforehand. India is a land of cheap and plentiful service.

Sweet is rest after toil in the jungle, especially when accompanied by *tiffin.* The hunters help themselves out of the big rattan basket, in the depths of which are various cold edibles; and you taste with gusto the delicate meat of a buffalo hump. Bottles of "Europe water," as the natives call imported soda pop and there is no lack of old Scotch to temper their alkalinity. Then comes the long delayed smoke, a Dindigal cheroot wrapped in fine Sumatra leaf or 'baccy in the old briar-root, and a chat about sporting matters. Rifles of course come in for notice. The party carry



Gunput, our Shikari

double-barrels that bear the names of London firms that have catered to the wants of generations of Anglo-Indian sportsmen. Longstraw owns a .575 Rigby express, quite a heavy weapon, and being a little man he is mighty proud of its caliber. The doctor shows you his "Paradox," made by Holland, a hybrid, so to speak, between a rifle and a shotgun. In outward appearance it is a 12-bore gun, but the last two inches of the barrels are rifled; and it shoots a heavy conical bullet with great accuracy up to one hundred yards. Owing to its large bore, it is a very useful weapon at close quarters in the jungle, especially against dangerous animals. Just as a discussion on bullets is well under way, it is interrupted by the *shikari* who beseeches "their honors" to move on. Keen man, Gunput; a slack *shikari* would have kept quiet and stolen an extra half-hour at his opium-pipe.

The move is directed this time on a Forest Reserve. H'm! There is a suggestion of game preserving there, it sounds promising you think. At the boundary mark the Forest Ranger, a native wearing the badge of the Forest Department, meets the hunters. What a profusion of *salaams,* directed especially to Longstraw, who is a Deputy Commissioner and therefore a little tin god. An interesting man this native official, and a storehouse of

"A Noble Stag is Leading Them"

jungly information, if you can understand his talk. While watching the young plantations and guarding the timber of the *Sirkar* (government) from thieves, he keeps a curious eye upon the doings of the wild beasts. Sometimes the Reserve is closed for a season. Then it becomes an asylum to which the cunning does resort to drop their young. Many a young stag owes his life to the comparative security of the Reserve.

It keeps the promise its name suggested to your fancy. Led by the Ranger the beaters disappear within the forest; and before long a band of deer file past your post. A noble stag is leading them, a stag of—well, you have no eyes just now for counting tines. You fire. The bullet strikes him in the neck, and down he topples—a magnificient antlered ruin. That hit in a vital spot was a trifle better than your aim, perhaps, but it has saved you some miles of weary tracking.

This is your first *sambhur*—your very first—and forgetting all about the rules of the *honk* you run out of the line to where he dropped. What a thick, shaggy coat he has, ruffed, as it were, below the neck. "*Cervus Aristotelis*," quotha! An Aristotle's deer, indeed," "What did the old Greek philosopher do to have a royal stag named for him?" Described it in the earliest natural history book. Pshaw! But these branching horns are yours by the law of venery; and now you are thinking how you will have the head mounted. Hung up in your hall side by side with that elk you shot last year, it will puzzle your friends to say which is the Asian, which the American. And the hide? It would

make a fine covering for a Crusoe. The skin-dresser will take the best of it, and make you several pair of shoes of soft, stretching untanned leather, than which nothing is easier for the feet.

The *houk* being over you are congratulated on all sides. Indeed, all the straw-pullers are in the best of spirits, for there has been a kill at each post along the line. Good luck to the Forest Reserve, and the Department of Woods and Forests. When somebody proposes that in view of the good sport the beaters shall receive double pay, the proposal is carried, *nem. con.*

The short winter day is drawing to a close, and some of the men have far to walk to get home. They are lined up and inspected by the *shikari,* to see that no drones have smuggled themselves into the line. A man with a satchel turns up from somewhere. He is a *chuprassie,* or government messenger, and wears a big brass plate on his girdle, engraved with the name of his office. The satchel, which he has been packing around all day, is full of small silver coins. These the *shikari* proceeds to distribute among the beaters, under the supervision of your host. Native servants, even the most faithful, will bear watching when money is to be handled. For "graft" is world-wide and an unscrupulous *shikari* sometimes takes more than his *dustoor*—the rake-off which Oriental custom allows to the hand that turns on a stream of silver.

The *houkers* satisfied with silver, the *sahibs* with a good day's sport, it is a cheerful procession that winds homeward along the dusty jungle paths. The beaters trot on ahead, their bare legs moving swiftly, their iron-shod staves clinking against the rocks. The hunters must ride in single file, so there is little conversation but much smoking. Behind them come the grooms and other servants on foot, and last the game carriers, shuffling along with their burdens.

By dusk you arrive at the village, and behold! magic has been worked there. In that mango grove which you notice in the morning, another village has sprung up. It is a village of tents, one for each *sahib*, and a big marquee for dining room. The cook's kitchen is under the sky. You catch sight of him yonder manipulating curious little pots, all alike, over a charcoal fire; and you feel a mighty longing for a taste of whatever it is that gives out that very appetizing smell. But here is your tent, and a neat-handed, brown-skinned valet at your orders. A warm bath and change of clothes, rugs on the bare ground, and a neat little cot with sheets to sleep in. "Hunting in India does not imply roughing it," you remark to yourself, as you lie back in an easy chair while your attendant kneels and pulls off your hunting boots. You wonder if he is going to undress you and put you to bed like a big baby. If the *sahib* gives the order, he will, and most seriously.

But there is a hunter's dinner with all its accompaniments between you and bed. When the time comes, your obsequious valet will be there to see his *sahib* safely tucked in. The chances are that, easy as your couch is, you do not drop off to sleep very quickly your first night in camp. The novelty of the thing, the myriad fresh impressions of the day, perhaps the conviviality of the evening, all keep you awake and listening. Sounds from the jungle reach your ears. For while there is truce between the hunters and the jungle-folk, they are at war among themselves. What is that long drawn out blood-curdling shriek? At home you would put it down to a mountain lion. Here the disturber of the peace is a hyena, a rather objectionable little beast, with a hide prettier than his temper. A leopard may be prowling round, but it will prowl as stealthily as a burglar. You *may* hear the deep *ough-uk* of a tiger, echoed from the forest, at any rate you will be sure to fancy you do; and you will dream of tigers.

But before you have killed that dream-tiger it is day again. Your valet has brought you the "little breakfast" before rising—tea and toast, or English biscuits. You look lazily through the opening of the tent. The sun is shining on a glossy mango tree, and you can see the little gray squirrels playing tag up and down the trunk. How bright everything looks in the level rays. Down flutter a quartette of impudent gray crows, and stand in the opening, looking straight at you. *"Kaw-kaw,"*—"get up and throw us your crumbs," they say. And out you turn, remembering the last words of your host—

"Tomorrow to fresh woods."

POEMS

BY

Stacy E. Baker

MEMORY'S MAGIC

WITH all his necromantic cunning, Night
Can lure no posied dreams that may excel
Sweet memory, whose thaumaturgic spell
Weaves visions to me of a land bedight
With buds, when Winter, hoary-haired, and white,
Snow-wreathes the trees within the wooded dell,
And priestly winds shrill fearsome tales to tell
In flaky gusts, the storm god's mystic rite.

With all his subtle sorcery, I bow
No humble knee to Winter's pale decree.
My thoughts beseek a southern home, and now
The mocker's cadence, lilting, comes to me
And Memory, with all her wizardies,
Conjures the pallid fields of verdant leas.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

BALLADE OF WINTER

WHAT joys to the white of a country lane,
When the silver moon of an evening sky
Can conjure a barn to a crested fane,
And jewel the thatch of the cottage nigh?
What joys, when the lips of the breezes cry
A benison there where the pale flakes play
And whistle a song as the poplars sigh?—
Then, ho! for the lure of the snow-bound way.

The snow-bound way, with its unswept plain;
Ah, minstrel, a lilt for your lute to try.
And a theme, unsoiled, for your fagged-out brain,
And the stars that your mooning eyes espy
Will twinkle a rhythmical, glad reply,
And the critical wind will stop to say
A pean of praise ere it blusters by—
Then, ho! for the lure of the snow-bound way.

What pleasures to those of the frost-king's reign?
There's merriment hid in his august eye,
Though his fierce caress leaves a stinging pain,
When kissing the cheek you would fain deny,
And his laughter wells to a cadence high,
And his gay voice breaks to a roundelay,
As he sings, with his gray locks flung awry—
Then, ho! for the lure of the snow-bound way.

My muse! with the gods of the wan ally.
No lyric to lisp of the ides of May,
But a stalwart song when the pale flakes fly—
Then ho! for the lure of the snow-bound way.

—*Stacey E. Baker.*

OUR HUNT OF '98

By C. H. S.

PART III.—(Concluded.)

WEDNESDAY, 4th. We all left camp in a body. Dick and The Slaughterer took pack horses, but no guns. I guess Dick thought it best; he no doubt suspicioned if The Slaughterer ran into another big band of elk, and The Slaughterer had a gun, there would be no elk left. Wisdom on Dick's part.

I took The Slaughterer's rifle. Five or six miles from camp we came onto fresh tracks of elk, four cows and one bull. The party separated here. Coon and Dick went on to get their meat. Boyd and Shoop went off to try and do some killing. Brady and I took the fresh elk trail, and followed it for a mile, when we came to where a big timber wolf had taken the track and the elk had run. Brady took the track on foot. I followed with the horses. We followed thus for an hour and a half, when Brady stopped until I came up, and said: "It's no use following them; we can't catch them." I proposed for him to get on his horse, and we would follow a little longer, which he did. We had not gone more than seventy-five rods, Brady riding ahead, when I saw, forty rods ahead, what appeared a dark gray object among the jack pines, and might be an elk. I made a hissing noise to stop Brady, but had to repeat it several times, and so loud that I alarmed the object, which was an elk, and it disappeared.

I thought the jig was up but, dismounting, I took my rifle and taking the trail, watching the while sharply—I had not gone more than fifty rods—when among the jack pines I saw several antler points. Looking closer I then saw a portion of neck of the animal about the size of one's hand. It looked like a four-pointer bull, and he was watching me. It was neck or nothing, evidently, so taking aim at the neck, I fired. There was a general scurry and flying of snow as the elk went out. We went forward to note results, and found nothing but foot-prints; no hair, no blood. A clean miss. So Brady took the track again, I the horses, and for a mile I followed them. I came to Brady standing on the edge of a canon, and he gave the cheering information that he had arrived in time to see the bull walk into the jack pines below. We started to go around the head of it to catch him coming out. We separated, and Brady got ahead of me. I came to his horse standing at a big pine. I secured it, and as I started to follow his track I heard his rifle half a mile in advance. On reaching him he said he had come onto the bull, and as he ran, fired at him.

We investigated, and found three sprinkles of blood on the snow, but never a drop afterward. We left our horses, and both took the track, and while we could now and again notice the strong scent of the elk, we did not catch sight of them.

We followed until 3 o'clock, and I thought we would have to abandon the track for we were a long way from camp; yet I disliked to give it up, and kept going on a little longer. The elk were traveling straight along, not feeding, and were working around into the country they started from in the morning.

I was in the lead, watching front, right and left, when, glancing to my left, I saw something which did not look natural among the trees. I stopped and held up my hand to Brady, who slipped up quietly and asked in a whisper what it was. I whispered in return that I did not know. We waited, and in a few seconds, which always seem like minutes to one's excited imagination, I saw the darkish spot move, resolve itself into a big cow elk, and move slowly out of

Geo. Gignac Photo

Brady Watching the Bull

the opening, feeding along. This open space was about six feet in extent. We waited with rifles at shoulders. Another cow moved into the space vacated, nipped a bit here and there, and moved on. Then came a cow and calf, then more cows and calves, until, wearied with the constrained position, we lowered our rifles and Brady said, "Why not shoot one?" I whispered back, "I want bulls; no cows." Then Brady doubted there was any bulls, but I knew there was, for I had heard a branch snap back in the rear of the herd which I knew had been made by the antlers of the bull.

"All things come to him who waits," generally, and it was so in this case. After an interval of at least from seven to ten minutes the branching antlers of a bull pushed into the space. Up went the rifles. Then the neck and shoulders came. Now was the time. Quick aim was taken, but just as I was pressing the trigger the bull lowered his head to feed. We waited; he raised it, and then getting the front sight on his neck, the rifle cracked, Brady's following almost simultaneously.

At the reports the bull dropped, and then leaping to his feet, dashed after the band. At the first alarm one would have imagined a railroad train was going through the wood at a forty-mile-an-hour gait. The herd went out of that like a whirlwind, snow flew in clouds, and the crash of limbs as the big bodies went through and over the downlying dead timber was something great.

Throwing fresh cartridges into our rifles we advanced to the place we had shot at the bull, a distance of a block. Sure enough, there in the snow was the impress where he had fallen. We took his trail, and in less than twenty feet we saw on the snow where the blood had spurted out on both sides of the track. I remarked, "He is our meat. He won't go far with that shot." It indicated a shot through either the heart or jugular vein. Sure enough, within a distance of 100 yards we saw the noble brute. He had made a desperate effort to get up

a gentle grade, but had fallen, and in his frantic struggle had rolled back thirty feet or more, and over a log at least two feet through, where he lay, feebly moving his head from side to side, unable to make another effort, while the blood pumped out of each side of his neck in a stream thick as one's little finger. Brady would insist on giving him one more shot near the head, which finished matters at once, though it was a waste of ammunition.

We walked up to where he lay, and as is generally the case when the excitement of the chase and killing has cooled to some extent, one is apt to moralize; and as I looked at that magnificent animal lying dead, a few minutes before so full of life and strength—and for what?—to gratify one's passion for killing, and grace some hall or dining room as a trophy of the hunt. Some are apt to say, 'tis the right given man to kill, his dominion over brute creation, but it is a poor excuse—a very lame one, indeed.

Brady said he would take off the head if I would go back after the horses. That was not the most pleasant job in the world, as I had to pick a road through the thick wood and over fallen timber. It was a long distance the way we came, but by making a short cut I got the horses and returned in an hour and a half.

On my way to the horses I heard a deal of scratching on the opposite side of a big pine a few feet away. I turned aside to see what it was, and beheld a monster porcupine making frantic efforts to get up the tree. I talked to him a moment, and encouraged him to greater exertion by gently poking him with the end of my rifle. At this he appeared to take exception, bristling out his quills until he looked as big as a barrel. One does run across animals as well as humans in this world who resent being helped along.

On my return with the horses, and approaching a small park, picking my way over and around fallen timber, I looked up and saw a young cow elk watching me. As I had no particular interest in cows, I sat my horse and looked at her. When she saw that I was watching her she took alarm and moved off, and then from behind a clump of trees, through which I could not see, a four-point young bull trotted out. Now this was another matter, so I slipped off my horse, intending to knock him over if the chance offered—and not too much trouble—but he had disappeared in the timber, and after going a short distance I came to the conclusion that I did not need a four-prong head, and took my horse and continued the journey.

Brady had the head cut off. We secured it on my saddle, and, leading the animal, we started for camp. We struck the main trail, and two miles from camp we were overtaken by Boyd and Shoop; they had met with no success. They had traveled most of the day, and saw nothing. On their return trip to camp they saw a bull elk within a mile, on the side of a hill; but Shoop was tired, and I suppose disappointed and disgusted at their want of success earlier in the day, and he would not go after it.

Thursday, October 5th. As The Slaughterer and I had done our killing we stopped in camp today in order to skin our heads, salt the scalps—skin off the head and neck—so they would not spoil, and clean up generally. Dick and Shoop and Boyd and Brady started in a bunch, all armed, for a final effort for Shoop and Brady to do some killing. They traveled the same direction taken on their other trips, and this day they had a "monkey-and-parrot" time, a regular Fourth of July occasion. I would have given something nice if I could have been sitting on the edge of a cloud and have witnessed the day's operations. I think I should have fallen off. I'm giving their own account of the day's work.

Nearing evening Shoop came up the Pacific Creek trail on foot, weary and footsore, claiming he had walked eight miles, I think it was. As the shades of evening fell Brady came in on foot over the same route, and claimed a longer tramp. As dark night threw her mantle over the earth Boyd came in alone, and this was the story of the day's hunt:

They had gone several miles, and at length run onto a band of elk. They maneuvered until Brady got a shot. He missed. Then, as Mr. Bull took alarm Brady sent two more loads after him, but no results. Then Murry got a shot and crippled the elk

Geo. Gignac Photo "Off the Mountain He Saw the Lake and Trail"

and they followed him three miles and overtook the bull and three cows. Dick, here, got in another shot, and Shoop, watching his chance, gave him the last call.

After fixing up the slain bull they resumed the hunt, and fortune yet favored them, for they came onto a band of at least 200 elk; among the bulls, of which there were several, there was a seven-pointer. Dick, Shoop and Brady all got a shot at this beauty. Either Dick or Shoop wounded him but failed to get him. In following the herd Shoop became separated from the rest, and came onto three bulls near the crest of a hill, in open country. Shoop crawled up behind a clump of pines to within less than 100 yards of where the bulls stood and fed, unconscious of their danger; and seeing he could not get a better chance, stood out to one side of his shelter, took aim, pulled the trigger, and the firing pin fell on an empty shell which he had neglected to throw out when he last shot. Then, while the three bulls were in full flight, he emptied his rifle of ten shots after them. No results for Shoop. Shoop found himself a long way from the horses, and near the trail on which we had traveled to camp, and he walked it.

Brady got nine shots after his first attempt, and finally got one five-pointer bull and one spike bull with the velvet on his horns, a very rare thing, indeed, at this time of year. They were preserved as a curiosity.

All parties had become separated in following the band of elk. It was apparently a go-as-you-please hunt. Brady, after his killing, found himself near where Shoop had quit, but later in the day. Off the mountain he saw the lake and trail, and taking into consideration it was a long way to the horses, he took Shank's mare and the trail and walked into camp, arriving an hour later than Shoop.

Boyd, so history states, got thirty shots

first and last; wounded three elk—one badly—but brought none to bay. He also came home by the overland route, and got in after dark.

Dick was still out. He had started for the horses. We gave him up for the night; it seemed impossible to bring in four horses through such a country on so dark a night. About 9 o'clock in came Mr. Dick with all the horses! How he got them through the woods and across the canons was a mystery, but he did it. I would not have liked the job.

Candor compels the opinion that for the amount of game, seen this day, and number of shots fired, the results were poor, very poor. Sufficient lead was thrown into the hills that day to sink them. I would not be surprised if some one in the near future would start a lead mine there.

Friday, October 6th. Dick and Boyd took horses and went out to bring in the two heads killed the day before. The rest stayed in camp and cleaned up generally, and got ready for moving next day, as we had decided to break camp. We had spent a very pleasant time in this spot, and did not care to leave it.

The camp-robbers, birds the size of our robins, had visited us in numbers. They are so named because they will take anything and everything eatable about camp. They are white and slate colored and very trim and handsome, and almost entirely without fear; will come and take scraps of meat within two feet of one. The whisky-jacks, or, as some call them, magpies, are beautiful birds, plumaged very like our Eastern bluejays, with the same traits and almost an equal amount of cheek as the camp-robbers, and visited us in flocks. Our camp was also the permanent home of a pair of saucy red squirrels, or chickarees. These little scamps had their home in a dead stump about thirty feet in height, and their commissary was a tall pine loaded with vast quantities of pine cones, on which they lived, and which stood fifty yards from their home tree. Now these little rascals found that they—the squirrels—were objectionable to our two dogs, Spot and Coyote. At the first chirp of a squirrel there would be a rush of what appeared to be a mass of hair, and the trouble would be on. The squirrel would perch himself on the lower limbs of one of the pines, and just out of reach of the red jaws so anxious to get him, and he would scold, chatter and flirt his bushy tail, and seemed to say, "Oh, you're not so warm! Why don't you come up here? Would be glad to see you. How is your pa and your ma"—or he might more properly put it, "How is your maw and your paw?" for both "maw" and "paw" were always ready for him and he knew it; and the dogs, particularly Coyote, would sit on his tail and bark and howl, and stay there for an hour at a time, looking up at his little red tormentor, whining and appearing to say, "Just come down, Mr. Bushy. I want just one snap—only one!" And so it would go on day after day. The dog would be wearied out at last, or the squirrel would go to the top of the tree for his dinner or a nap, and the dog would come away, but as soon as it suited Mr. Chickaree to have some more amusement he would come down to the ground and give his little challenge, and then there would be a rush of dog, and the game would be on.

When the dogs were not after the squirrels they would be busy burying pieces of elk meat and bones about the camp. I'll wager a ton of doughnuts that there was not a square foot of ground within fifty yards of that camp that did not contain an elk bone or a piece of meat; and I would not be surprised that by next fall, if the season is favorable, that there will be raised on that ground 400 elk to the acre.

But ere I quit the squirrel incident I will be compelled to relate the tragic part of the squirrel by-play. When we superior animals took a notion, which we sometimes did, to help the dogs, we made it lively for the squirrel.

One day the squirrel, while we were at dinner, came up to our sleeping tent, and was investigating generally. The dogs got onto the move and went for him. When we got through eating we took a hand, and we pressed him so closely that he lost his head, and jumped to the ground to escape. Coyote snapped him, and that was an end to the poor creature. But he was a game little fellow, and fought to the last, sinking his sharp little teeth into Coyote's lip more than once, causing him to drop him three times.

Geo. Gignac Photo Where We Camped in a Stable

But Coyote carried him off at last—content, for he had conquered his tormentor, and we were all very sorry the nimble little fellow had lost his life.

Saturday, October 8th. We packed our plunder on the horses, and bidding adieu to Pacific Camp about 11:30 A. M., departed, leaving over 100 pounds of the finest elk steaks sacked and ready for transportation, lying on the ground for the use of the wolves and mountain lions; we did not have horses enough.

We traveled steadily along, and at nightfall camped near the last camping ground we used going into hunt. We slept in an old deserted horse stable, using some hay pulled from a nearby stack for bedding. We slept good.

The next morning, Sunday, the 9th, we packed up and started, and as we started so did the storm. It rained, and kept on raining, and increased its force. All we could do was to sit our horses and keep going and take it. Finally, about 12 o'clock, it commenced to hail with the rain, and as we got higher and higher in the mountain it turned to a furious snow storm; and in the worst of the storm we came to a side of the mountain swarming with elk. They had been driven down by the storm from the higher points. There must have been twelve or eighteen bulls within sight, and the whistling was continuous. One big, dark-haired bull was a beauty—the darkest I had seen. I would have liked to have had his antlers; but we could not carry them; he could, however, and I hope he is still doing so.

The storm became so severe that at 2 o'clock we had to camp. We had intended going to the meadows, or Squirrel Run, but we concluded we could not get the horses over the divide; and it was a wise move to camp. We experienced something novel and strange in this storm. It was an electrical snow storm. The flashes of lightning were blinding, and the crash of thunder was deafening. It shook the hills, and at every

flash and report the snow came down in greater quantities.

We unpacked, built big fires, and being wet through amused ourselves drying out, standing before a big pile of blazing logs and turning one side and another until we were dry. I finished about 8 o'clock P. M. We were a tough-looking lot. When we went into camp one of our party looked as if the sun of his hopes had set, never to rise again. He looked like a huge pickle drawn and wrinkled by the action of the vinegar. I am poor, and I was then miserable, but I would have given ten dollars for a picture of him. The sight was so funny that I laughed until I could scarcely stand.

The storm broke during the night, and next morning we got under weigh, as the sailors say. We crossed the divide about noon in twelve or fifteen inches of snow. On top the wind was blowing at a forty-mile-an-hour gait. As usual, as soon as we got the full benefit of the gale we had to stop and fasten packs. While descending the Idaho side of the pass something went wrong with our long-eared friend's pack, and down the slope he came, running, kicking and bucking. He was caught, pack readjusted, and friend John was all right once again.

We camped at the meadows that night. As we were nearing camp the dogs, Spot and Coyote, interested themselves in the affairs of a large and healthy badger. The badger resented their interference, and the skirmish was lively. A single dog stands no chance in a fight with a badger. The animal's skin is very loose, and a dog can't get any hold on the body; and a badger's teeth and claws are mighty sharp; and he brought mighty big yelps out of those dogs. Spot, who was at the business end of the badger, got pretty well mauled about the chops, and for hours after kept running his nose, very much swollen, in the snow. The noise of the fight made one think they had

Geo. Gignac Photo "We Crossed the Divide in 15 inches of Snow"

tackled a bear. Dick rode over and called the dogs off.

Tuesday, the 11th. We traveled all day without anything of note occurring, but when going into camp at the Mormon sawmill at sundown, and just after we had unloaded and turned the horses loose, there was one of the wettest rain and hail storms let down on us I ever experienced. It was not long continued, but it was long enough; it lasted about twenty minutes, and it was damp. We did not have a dry stitch on us when it bade us "a dew." There was a tin pan lying on the ground, and when the storm had passed there was at least three inches of rainwater in it. Oh, it was a wet time of the first class.

Now, this was a nice situation to make camp in—everything and everybody soaked. We, the tenderfoot contingent, decided we would walk a mile up the river to the Mormon sawmill and dry out. We were on one side of the river, the mill on the other. We expected to find a log boom across the river, or something of the kind. We waded through the wet sage brush half-leg high, and when we got opposite the mill could not get across. Everybody said something, and almost everyone said it several or more times; and then we all waded back to that cold, clammy, sodden camp, and we didn't appear to hit any dry sage brush going back, either. We got a fire started after a long time. If I remember rightly it was about 10 o'clock the next A. M. when we finished drying out, and I can't recall any amount of mirthfulness about the camp. Everybody appeared to be thinking. It must have been what the Dutchman's wife was thinking after he had whipped her one day. She cried a time, and then sat silent, looking at the floor; and to his inquiry as to what she was thinking about she replied she was thinking "damn." I rather think that thought pervaded the entire crowd. As one of our party used to say quite frequently, "It's a long dog that has no tail," only he used it tail first. The longest and wettest night has an end. It was long to us because we had the damp end. We pulled out next morning and left the place without regret, and after a long day's march, until the shades of night had fallen, we made Osborn's, on Snake River, tired and hungry.

Making camp had no attractions for us. We wanted a haymow to sleep in, and a good square meal, and we got both; but I'm sure that woman will never want to see us again. We looked wolfish, I'm certain, and *I* was a "thing of beauty." That morning, before leaving Camp "Soak," a tent-pole had fallen on my head, knocked me silly for a moment, and cut several gashes on the top of my head, and the blood had run down over my face, ears and neck, and dried, and I was a sight! I'd have made a good sign for a butcher's shop.

When supper was announced it didn't have to be made a second time; there was a rush such as a football game never saw. The table was loaded so heavily that its legs were bent, but they were not so long; before we had been at it ten minutes the table had risen three or four inches. At the end of half an hour the poor woman came to the door, looked in, and fainted. Two or three chairs broke, and when the crowd could finally get on their feet, which was with an effort, every blessed one was bowlegged, and there was hardly one who could see his toes. We had to be lifted up into the haymow with a rope and tackle, but we slept all right; only one or two of us got up before morning and tried to drink the Snake River dry.

The next morning, Thursday, the 13th—to the lake, thirty-five miles; a big day's pack. Arrived at 6:30 P. M., and I have no doubt the horses welcomed the end of the trip with gladness. They were soon unpacked and turned loose. We went to work at once to fix up our meat, pack our traps, re-salt our elk scalps and box them for shipment. All these matters kept us pretty well occupied Thursday evening and Friday. What little time we had left we put in shooting ducks on the lake, and they were very fine eating.

On Saturday, near noon, our plunder in and on a big four-horse wagon, ourselves on top of all, we started for Monida. We had intended stopping at Red Rock Lake a day for duck shooting, but we had taken so much time after elk and coming out of the mountains that we had to forego it. We made Shambo's (twenty-eight miles) by

evening, stayed all night, and next day, Sunday, made Monida and the railroad by 1:30 o'clock. Changed our hunting togs for dudish apparel; had our plunder checked, and got supper at the only hotel in the place. We boarded the 9:50 P. M. train, after bidding good-bye to Boyd and Dick, and started for the far East and—home. We were so fortunate as to arrive in Chicago on Peace Jubilee Day. It was a great day and a great crowd. We arrived at Pittsburg the following A. M., at which point the "killers," Shoop and Brady, left us. The Slaughterer and I journeyed together to Johnstown, where he left me. I continued my journey to the City of Brotherly and Sisterly Love, and thus ended the hunting trip of 1898!

What the years coming will develop is in the future, but I, for one, am more than willing to undergo heat, cold and storm for the pleasure of another hunt in the Rockies. I hope disappointment will not await me.

STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUCA

I STAND upon Vancouver's sunny shore,
Where proud Victoria breathes the salt sea-air,
And look across the blue expanse, to where
Olympia rears her snow-clad summits hoar.

A vision glorious greets my charmed gaze;
The sloping green, wide-splashed with golden broom;
The shimmering blue; beyond which grandly loom
The mountains deeply dyed with azure haze.

Along the west extends Sooke's fir-clad height—
A purple finger reaching south, whose tip
Points out the rocks, long cursed by many a ship,
Where winks the Race his fiery eye at night.

Above the island-dotted east, serene
Arises Baker's head, whose lordly frown,
And kingly air, and white eternal crown,
Proclaim him monarch of the lovely scene.

O Fuca, gateway of a western world.
How grandly flows, unceasingly, thy tide,
In sunny smile, in calm and placid pride,
Or in the storm with crested billows curled.

Roll on then, Fuca, roll in royal state.
Thy Past in misty ages shrouded lies;
But Future glorious, dawns upon our eyes,
Majestic portal of two nations great.

—*Donald A. Fraser.*

JACOB'S CREEK

A RETROSPECT

By Levant Fred Brown.

A FEW large rivers like the Hudson and Mackenzie are named after famous explorers who "discovered" them, while numerous obscure streams bear the names of persons whose humble histories are even locally forgotten.

The oldest native near Kitty's brook in central Newfoundland cannot recall even a tradition of Kitty; and the name of Mary March, last ruler of the extinct Red Indians of that island, has practically nothing to perpetuate it but little Mary March brook, flowing southwest into Red Indian lake. Yet she was a queen less than two centuries ago.

A hunter or trapper camps along a remote brook in a virgin wilderness. Two or three first settlers in a township speak of that creek, identifying it by coupling his name with it. Map-makers adopt and perpetuate that name; he ages, dies somewhere, and is forgotten. But the softly gliding water seems to natives as if talking to itself of that name in murmuring cadences along its intaglio of sand and mud and gravel, singing of somebody long buried in oblivion. Pathos? Is not such an *in memoriam* much more desirable and precious than any headstone could be, I can think of no more grateful *post-mortem* for myself than a happy little brook would be, flowing through dark and graceful woods, and named "after" me.

Near the center of Wheatland township in southern Michigan is a great spring welling from a hillside, and which, fifty years ago, furnished the power for a carding-mill at which the pioneers' wives had wool fashioned into "rolls" which they spun into yarn and knit into stockings. Old readers of this will recall the whir and hum of the big spinning-wheel, and the worth of the yarn stockings.

The brook thus formed flows northeast in little startled gushes and laughing flurries, some of it yet shadowed by the original forest, and empties into another obscure runlet (Bean creek), the outlet of Devil's lake, and distant about six miles from the spring. When the first settlers reached Hillsdale county in the first third of the last century, and "cleared" a third of its land in four years, bears slouched along the not always silvery freshet from "Haines' spring," and wolves and wolverines, panthers, turkeys and deer drank from it. Even then this modest, singing home of otters, beavers and minks was "Jacob's creek."

But *who was Jacob?* Government grants and deeds of land do not mention the creek; it was not a section or quarter boundary: Great-grandfathers of the present natives of its little valley knew nothing of him in the early '50s of 1800—they knew far more of Jacob's namesake, Israel. But four miles from the stream's source was our "big swimmin' hole." How gracefully it eddies under memory's moonlight, and how fondly recalled at busy desks and in the night watches scores of years later! How I loved it for its woods and for its clusters of nodding, far-away flowers often looking at themselves in tiny pools; for patches of ferns on the banks, and wee chubs and shiners which we jerked out with bent-pin hooks! Some of we tow-headed, barefooted youngsters are yet alive; but we are scattered like the leaves of Indian Summer, and yellow and sere with age. At least one of them would like to know, before he dies, who and what sort of man Jacob was.

When the low front benches for members of "the class in first reader" had been slyly carved with some of our initials (grotesquely cut into the pine boards with a dull, ten-cent jack-knife which was probably borrowed from a fellow urchin), and the seats had become *so* hard and uncomfortable, how the cheap little clock that ticked on the school-room wall was watched while midsummer flies buzzed in the hot air, and were snapped at with paper wads!

Jacob's Creek

Oh, the miserably slow turn of the clock's hands during the hour from eleven to twelve! What wolfish glances at tiny tin dinner-pails from under whose cocked lids red and yellow apples peeped while atop of slices of buttered bread, pork or ham; and where, sometimes, a pickle or two or even a piece of pie nestled,—eloquent of a mother's careful thought and provision for her bairns!

Then we swarmed out and were off for "noonin'" and the swim in the "deep hole" of absurd little Jacob's creek, nearly a mile away. We ate our dinners as we raced along the path lined with pink and mauve clover-blossoms and their busy bees. There was no lack of breath as we ran and ate; a care-free country boy is hard as nails, always in prime wind and speed, and carries an awful voice developed by much yelling at comrades, and by hesitating but explosive and sing-song vociferation while spelling out and mouthing his "part" in the cheap reader as he toes the floor-mark with the rest of the class. Only one hour for the run to "the crick" and back, and the souse into the mixture of water and blue clay from which we emerged dirtier than ever! The poor chubs and shiners shunned that pool; we had to fish for them down the creek. When sure to be a few minutes late back at school, we "picked" a few clams and basswood sprouts, or wood-lilies, violets and watercress for peace-makers with the teacher. And when the sleepy drone of simple studies and recitations began again, for an hour a lot of frowsy, flushed and perspiring boys were uncomfortable, waiting for the heat caused by the rapid run to subside. But not one had a single thought of Jacob. Gone; the twilight and following darkness of a simple past had closed behind the man even then unknown, but whose name I like to think the stream yet babbles; for he must have loved it, and all its valley. I would gladly go the thousand miles between me and that creek to lay a wreath on his grave. But where, when, how did he die? The past gives no answer. Only the name coupled with the brook is left to two generations of men who were once boys and loved

The Swimming Hole

it. Their simple lives there are typified by my own. They also saw vagrant pairs of wild ducks startled into quacking flight. They threw stones at its muskrats, and heard, above the steady drone of the woods all astir with afternoon wind, the long-drawn bark of gray and fox squirrels happy in distant trees, or were crazed by sight of suckers a foot long, motionless at the bottoms of little pools. There were even basking pike and pickerel during warm spring days as they searched for adder-tongue blossoms and hepaticas. Majestic time was soon to close the golden gates of boyhood leisure; but they did not heed, and longed to "grow up and be real men." How unconscious they were that they were living in the golden age of boyhood, of future dull and sad days, and of the tragedies in what have been for nearly all of them, "the short and simple annals of the poor!" Radiant days, but with no real shadows yet that were to give knowledge by sorrowful contrasts! Filled with sunshine and wild flowers and simplicity, no wonder childhood's joys haunt the man far down on the pacific slope of life! A comrade of those days has become a poet of world-wide fame. His talk when we dine together is not of his established reputation and worthy rhymes, but of the enchantments that lived along Jacob's creek,—of its woods whose coolness and mystery were a delight, of the chubs and shiners, and that "hole" where we spattered water over each other in yelling frolics when the last century was not old.

On Saturday afternoons, while happy in searching for nothing, how surely we found the briars where ripening blackberries and raspberries gleamed, and patches of yellowing mandrakes, and vines where maturing wild grapes showed amongst their leaves like painted glass! Hermit thrushes and bluebirds fluttered near while we examined and left their nests unharmed; the big red head and white markings of the pileated woodpecker helped us locate him where he made the chips fly as he beat a tattoo on some dry stub and shouted "O-o-r-r-r!" Rabbits lolloped down open glades with dainty, noiseless feet; 'coons and even skunks came furtively to drink; wild pigeons showed bronze breasts high on dry trees along the edges of fields, and some saucy quail was sure to flutter, perch on the highest stake or rail of a fence, look into the sky and say, "I'm all Right!" with tremendous emphasis on the last word.

But what thrilled us most was in warm spring days, when the sudden *"b-o-o-m-p-f! b-o-o-m-p-f!"* of old Mister Partridge started and increased in speed from the bass drum to the snare drum style, all the sounds strangely ventriloquial, and even the direction of the bird's location difficult to determine. How we crawled and crept over and under logs and through brush, happy if, once during a season, we actually saw the king of that glade while drumming. Keen sight and hearing usually warned him to hide, and he was silent until, when least expected, he shook a burst of thunder from his wings as he "got up," and nearly scared us to death! Jeering red squirrels chased gray ones; chipmunks darted into holes with an absurd *"chickaree!"* Some gray old owl would flit through the twilight of the woods, perch high, and look down at us with black eyes circled by yellow and set far apart in his broad head. The shadow of a

"Here I Jerked my very First Fish"

circling hawk would fall on the brown leaves; kingfishers were posed above some of the pools, watching minnows before diving and probably missing their prey, when they would show a flash of blue and give a rattling cry before perching where they could watch again and hope for better luck, while the motionless bullfrog, his head showing as a black speck amongst the duckweed along shore, twanged his water-soaked banjo, emitting hoarse thrums of complaint. "Pond roosters," we called them, as they seemed to crow and answer each other along and in the swamp.

But never any more such miraculous fishing as "down" Jacob's creek! Three of the pools were at least two feet deep and six feet across, with old logs above them that were half covered by lichens and moss. As I recall that very first fish-hook, a pin painfully bent into shape and thinly sheathed with my one tiny bit of angleworm, it even yet seems hard to realize that the exact center of the universe is not the absurd little pool whose water yet curdles and eddies in half pause below that leaning basswood tree. For there I jerked my very first fish, a two-inch chub, far up into the foliage. Whoop! What a fish! I held it aloft with both hands as I ran, and even at home would not wash his tiny precious scales from my small fingers. He was a whale, and the eight-pound trout on the Nepigon, and the twenty-three-pound salmon landed from the lower pool in the outlet of Red Indian lake did not thrill and transport me like that tremendous chub. He was so big that he could be actually seen after he was "dressed," and when fried made part of a mouthful for the boy who did not know he was passing through his golden age. Gray-haired anglers who know the joys of angling along the Restigouche, Peribonca and *The Grande Descharge* will recall their own boyhood fishing, and say "Amen," with moist eyes as they feel that childhood's toy fishing was peerless.

Each of them recalls some brook that talks to itself in memory, and flows through his Vale of Cashmere; for it was his own, made beautiful for *him.* Nature's first reader is not forgotten; her secrets that he unwittingly learned then are his most cherished possessions; and oh, the pathos of it! He meant to subdue the world when he "growed up," secure position, riches and happiness. Now he sits after supper, looks into the grate fire, and longs for the boy days when he was happiest, and happily did not know it. Then his ambitions reached forth to cities and their opportunities; now he looks back to some Jacob's creek which he dreads to actually see once more, for well he knows that the axe, sawmill and fence have defaced the little valley, and everything will seem so ridiculously commonplace and small. The scattered sunbeams are not so bright amongst the confusion of foam-bells; the far-away region over in the next school district is no longer big with boyhood's mystery. The fitful, slow stir of foliage and the sun-warm turf with scarlet dots of wild strawberries have, somehow, lost "the wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. He gathers the grandchildren of his comrades about him where the scents, sound and sights recall the past, and tells them of other streams in wild, remote regions until the boys are crazy with desire to visit them; and as he looks at the urchins while they think they came into the world too late and should be men now, he averts his face and sighs as he remembers how he, also, did not value present delights, but sighed for a man's future that was full of Delectable Mountains.

And through it all like a somber thread will be woven the fact that he will soon be like the unknown man whose name the little creek yet bears, "so soon forgotten," passed away to his Maker, who may in pity and blessing renew his boyhood and his capacity to fondly love humble woods and waters. If so, then, I feel sure, He will disclose who Jacob was,—the lost Jacob of the boyhood stream, but whose name it bears.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT JACKASS HILL

By Lyndall Miller

"JACK, do you know this is New Year's eve," explained my partner as he arose from the supper table and whittled up some plug-cut for his pipe. "The stage must be at the Bar and it would be kinder home-like if we were to get a letter tonight," he continued. "I haven't any real close kin, but if you are going down you might ask for me."

"All right," I answered, "it's getting kind of late to start, but I guess I can make it, I can at least make the store by sundown, for it's all down hill."

Shorty and I were living in a cabin on the middle fork of the Stanislaus and were removed from the trading store about five miles. The winter so far had been a mild one, but the road—or rather the trail—was exceedingly rough and precipitous. I left the camp after a few moments directed to compiling a list in the way of gunpowder and larder replenishings that were to be packed in to our mine the following day by the storekeeper on his burros.

I was called back after I had gone some distance by "Shorty" who met me within speaking distance, his voice pitched to a megaphone key, with the suggestion that I ask the storekeeper if he had any canned mincemeat.

"We can have a pie any way," was his parting shout. I nodded assent, and with a farewell wave of the hand, I was off again.

The trail led me through dense growths of manzanita and chaparral. The holly bushes were luxuriant with their wealth of crimson berries. Great patches of gorgeous color were spilled everywhere, though harmonizing beautifully against the chrome green of the leaves. I had some art schooling back in the "States" (as we used to term the East), and I thought how correct Nature was in her color scheme.

The hills of the western middle distance covered with their coats of chemisal and deep purple shadows looked like some royal mantle in the setting sun.

The day was dying, and I was alone in the land of memories. I thought of my boyhood days at home, the preparations that night for the holidays, and I longed to be back that winter's eve with the old folks again. Lost in meditation I had not noticed the approach of any one until I was saluted by "Jim," the Digger Indian who made periodical visits to our cabin, begging for chamuck, tobacco, discarded clothing or, in fact, anything that caught his eye.

If it was our day at home, Jim called, and if we happened to be calling ourselves we always knew that Jim had been there. He was up in social ethics, for he surely carried away something that would come in handy, just to remind us that he had called.

Jim and I are friends now, but there had been a coolness between us. Coolness, however, is hardly the word. It was rather a hot time—I remember the occasion well.

I was seated in the cabin one Sabbath morning doing my week's mending and heard Jim's familiar grunt outside.

"Mornin'," said he.

A cordial "hello" reassured him that he was welcome.

A discarded pair of trousers had been thrown across the branches of a laurel bush a few feet removed from the cabin door. Jim spied the garment and called my attention to the fact that his legs were sans covering.

"Presenta pantoloonas," he asked?

"Yes; I no want 'em," I replied in pigeon English.

"Bueano hombre," said Jim.

"Don't mention it," retorted I.

Jim squatted himself on the ground and proceeded to draw on the misfits. Raising himself promptly to a standing position to admire them, he looked at me inquiringly for a moment—that expression I shall always remember with reminiscent glee.

Yelling as though all the Indians were off the reservation he bounded down the zig-zag trail, howling like a demon. From every rent in the too-well worn trousers, and from every buttonhole and like means of exit, there buzzed yellow-jackets. They had taken up their abode in the seat of the pants and Jim had gotten inside of their firing line. They were handing out ammunition to him of the tobasco order, and I could hear the echo of his howls long after he had departed. He cut my acquaintance for a spell, but a few days subsequent I met him down the gulch, and squared myself with him by giving him a ham that was considerably off flavor. His legs on that occasion were marvelously and exquisitely tattooed. There were unique patterns of fleur-de-lis and designs for crests with punctuation marks everywhere.

Jim has since gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," but I enjoyed his friendship before he passed away.

Well, to resume, I reached the store, ordered my goods, stood the storekeeper off until the next clean-up, secured two letters for myself and one Woman's magazine for the Widow Bangs, who resided a little further up the gulch, gossiped awhile with the boys, and commenced my trip home. The night had fallen, and after lighting my tallow candle and placing it securely in the lantern, I trudged along.

Thoughts of "Shorty" brought one regret. There was no letter or token for him, and I hated to go home without bringing him something, so I retraced my steps and bought him a new pipe and a stock of a little better brand of tobacco than he had been using.

"Shorty" had borne rather a hard name before I found him, and rumor had it that he had once dealt faro at Hangtown—had a game with "Texas Bill."

The boys said that his partner had fallen from an elvation and broken his neck at a large gathering of miners one night, and that "Shorty" had left for our diggin's on the same date. I never asked my partner about it, for he had always been a good mate, and I thought him all right. I was off again and up the trail for home.

Were you ever among the mines? Do you remember the old prospect holes and abandoned shafts? These were, perhaps, six feet in diameter and often more than one hundred feet in depth. The abandoned shafts were generally left uncovered, and often a stray horse or burro would fall in and perish. I had always a horror of falling into one of them. On the way up the trail that night my candle was extinguished by a sudden gust of wind. I felt for a match in every pocket in my garments, but in vain. I was in the dark and would have to feel my way. The night had grown intensely dark and there were signs of a coming storm, but I trusted to extreme caution to help me out.

The occasional hoot of an owl, and the rustle of some predatory animal, together with the fitful wail of the wind, did not help my vertebrae.

I proceeded cautiously in the darkness, but wandered from the trail. I was lost. Presently I tried to study my location, and after standing still turned in an opposite direction, stumbled—and stepped into space! My fears had been realized. I was in one of those dreadful pits.

Falling some distance I struck against a timber and grabbed it with a death clutch. It was badly decayed. The creaking noise as it settled into the jagged walls of the shaft, followed by the fragments that were displaced, gave signals that it was straining with my weight. What if it should suddenly give way and hurl me to the bottom of the pit to lie there maimed and bleeding without possible help. Perhaps I would be killed outright. Of the two options, if submitted when I was more composed, I would have chosen the latter.

I was badly frightened. I thought of my friends at home, of my past life, and the greed for adventure and Mammon which had lured me from home influences and peaceful environments and brought me to this miserable end. Great beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I was almost gone from dispair and exhaustion. I felt as though I had already been stricken with death and that the world

was falling from under me. My agony was so overwhelming that I cried.

Another creaking of the support again warned me of my peril. The next warning was more violent and brought down quite an amount of the loose portions of the rock. Then came the crash, and then—Oh! horrors! I lost consciousness.

It was broad day when I came to. "Shorty" was standing over me. There was rebuke in his eyes and disgust in his voice as he exclaimed from the edge of a four-foot hole:

"You must have had a h—— of a bat aboard last night."

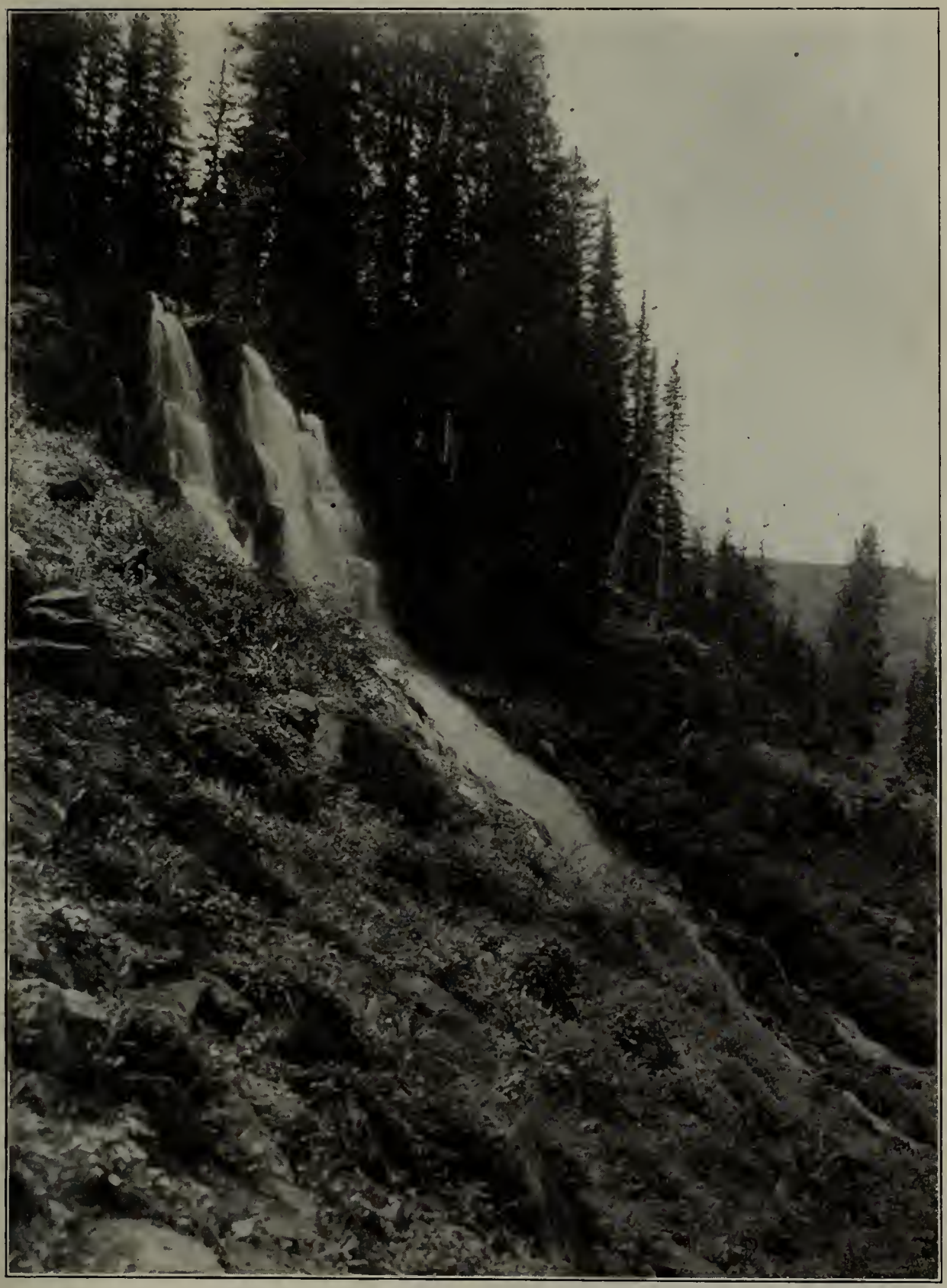
MY KIN

GIVE me the forest spirit.
I knew when the world began;
For I hark through the eons faded
To the call of the primal man.
And the half forgotten pictures
Of the wood, and the field, and the stream
I see again in the haunts of men,
Like a wraith in memory's dream.

Give me the verdant woodland,
Give me its shadows kind.
The song of the singing waters—
The sigh of the forest wind.
For I hear their siren voices
Call mid this daily strife,
And I yearn to be from its shackles free
Out there with my forest life.

Make me a home in the forest,
Where its shadows linger deep—
Where truth shall know my spirit,
And the pines their vigil keep.
Give me the song of the open.
I hear on the pipes of Pan—
For all of these—the streams and the trees,
Were my kin since the world began.

—*Harry T. Fee.*



"The Song of the Singing Waters"
(See Opposite Page)

A WINTER ON HOOD CANAL

By Katharine R. Franck

PART III. (*Concluded*)

IT WAS The Woman's delight to go with them fishing when the weather was not too cold. She did not mind the rain much, as she could put on a slicker and sou'wester, rubber apron and boots, and keep reasonably dry. "As long as I am warm," she said, "I like to puddle around in the rain."

Perched up in the bow of the boat, listening to the soft, rythmic dip of the two pairs of oars, and the ripple and hiss of the water against the bow, she would let the sweet mystery and stillness of night upon the water envelope her all over like a mantle, and lull her to bodily and mental rest and dreaming. When the night was dark she would be charmed by the peculiar phosphorescent glow that followed in the wake of the oars and of schools of startled, darting fish. Usually they let The Woman land before "laying out" the seine for a haul, but this evening, seeing signs of fish as they neared the beach, they threw out the anchor to which was fastened one end of the eighty fathom net, and started in haste, The Woman still on board. In the stern of the boat was fastened a roller, much like a monster "rollingpin," and over this, as the men rowed in a wide half circle, the net fell out and dropped into place. When within six feet of the beach the men jumped out and waded ashore, one carrying one end of the net, the other running to the other end, and both pulling it in as fast as possible, walking toward each other, and leaving the boat tied with one end of the hauling line so that it should not dift away, but six feet from the beach, and The Woman in it. She didn't want to stay there. She loved to be on shore and see the "finish" of the haul, and what was in the net. Sometimes it would be a mass of jelly fish; sometimes there were great skates and dog fish. Soles, flounder, perch, "rabbit" or "rat fish." Sometimes hundreds of beautiful gleaming salmon and trout. These last they always put back in the water, it being unlawful to take them, seeing which The Woman declared she would rather have a "water haul," as Anton called it when the result was no fish.

In their hurry the men had not noticed that The Woman could not get ashore without getting her boots full of water, unless they pulled the boat in closer. She, being independent and used to helping herself, picked up an oar and tried to shove the boat onto the beach. The oar was long and heavy, and more than she could manage. The big boat swung around until the stern was toward the beach, and it looked to The Woman as if it might be possible for her to get out that way. She put one foot out over the big roller, tentatively, trying to find how deep the water was. The big roller was in good running (or rolling) order, and it did not seem to matter whether it rolled nets or human beings into the water. Over The Woman went, and although she clung to the boat in an endeavor to keep—or rather to get—a footing, she soon found herself lying in the water, and the boat gliding over her. She felt like screaming at first, but refrained, dreading the laughter of the men if they should discover her predicament. By turning and plunging one arm down into the water until her hand touched bottom she managed to push the boat away and struggle to her feet. She waded to the beach, shivering and laughing at her own plight. She was wet to the waist—"and then some" to quote The Man. Her boots were full of water. She finally had to tell the men as it was "too good to keep." A joke never struck her as less than funny, even though it was "on" herself.

The Man declared they must take her back to the sloop at once, as she would take cold. The Woman vowed it would not hurt her.

that she never took cold, but The Man was obdurate.

We got about two hundred pounds in that haul, 'and that'll do for Thanksgiving, anyhow," said Anton.

Anton's prophecy regarding wind was fulfilled. At two o'clock he startled The Woman from a sound sleep by springing from his hammock and bounding up the hatchway. There was an ominous roar, growing louder every second, and as Anton yelled: "We'll have to get out of this!" the wind struck them, shrieking through the rigging, and causing the Spy to groan and creak, and shiver from end to end. With all possible speed the men hoisted anchor and jib. In a moment the jib sheet rope broke and they were scurrying madly along under bare poles.

"Why don't you get up and put your clothes on?" The Man found time to shout down the companionway to The Woman. She was having all she could do to remain in the berth, by clinging to the sides and bracing herself with all her might. She had no fancy for being bounced all over the cabin while trying to dress, so shouted back:

"I don't see what good it would do for me to get up. If we're going down I'd just as soon go as I am as with all my clothes on!" She hardly knew whether she was afraid or not, and was half enjoying it, despite the evident uneasiness of the two men.

They finally dropped anchor on the lee shore, only to discover soon that the anchor was not holding, and they were drifting toward the mud flats at the head of the bay, where the boat would soon have been pounded to pieces.

"We must have another anchor and that damned quick!" cried Anton, in his excitement and anxiety forgetting to be polite. It was doubtful whether The Woman heard the strong word, as the noise of the storm was almost deafening.

For lack of something better they took two gunny-sacks put one inside the other, filled them with rocks from the ballast and, making them fast with a rope dropped them overboard. This helped a little, but was still insufficient to hold them. There were no more sacks on board. What should they do? The Woman brought her wits to bear upon the matter and suggested a blanket.

"No," Anton said, "it would not be strong

A Hood Canal Salmon

enough." Then her skirt; her bloomers, both of corduroy. But The Man thought of the woodbox, and throwing the wood out they filled the box with rocks, nailed some boards across the top, lashed it with rope and dropped it after the sacks. Presently Anton shouted: "She holds! now let her blow; we're safe."

"Well, I don't care," The Woman said a little defiantly, though she laughed too, when, afterwards The Man teased her about suggesting her bloomers for an anchor. "They are made of just as strong material as the old gunnysacks, and would hold as many rocks!"

One day near the middle of December The Woman was alone in the cabin, engaged in writing letters. Nibbling her penholder, she glanced out of the window. Then she arose, and very cautiously and quietly took from the wall her husband's shotgun. Slowly, carefully,

My Study on the "Spy"

she poked the muzzle through a hole in a pane of glass, took aim and fired. Then she hung up the gun, put on her boots, went down on the beach and, wading out a little way, picked up two nice fat "false canvasback" ducks. She had "finished" the pane of glass; but she felt rather proud of the shot. This was her first trial at ducks, though "back home" with the same gun she had—but that is another story.

She served the ducks for supper, stuffed with fresh oysters, roasted to the right brown, and flanked with baked apples, sweet potatoes, cornbread and coffee. The Man declared it was a feast fit for gods—or fishermen.

"It's as dark as a pocket," grumbled The Woman, peering out the door, and I suppose they'll all be gone by the time it's light enough to see anything, and I may never have a chance again to see a whale." While eating breakfast they had heard, out in front of the cabin a noise which Anton attributed to blackfish. They could hear them in all directions, blowing and "slapping" the water.

Daylight came in a whirl of snow. Great soft flakes, the size of silver dollars, were falling. Before a stiff wind from the north the whitecaps were racing madly.

"There she blows!" cried Anton, pointing toward Whitney Spit, and the direction of the main canal. The Woman strained her eyes through the grayish light and the blur of falling snow, endeavoring to get a glimpse of the blackfish. All she could see was what looked to her like the naked spars of two or three sailboats.

"Well if that's all there is to see I am going in the house," she declared. "That wind goes through me like a knife."

The next morning they slept late, and when The Woman awoke she saw two bright spots above the fireplace, like a pair of fiery eyes looking down at her. She raised herself on her elbow, and saw that it was sunlight which had filtered through two knotholes above the door.

"Do you know what has happened"; she cried, shaking The Man. "The sun is shining, for the first time in five weeks!"

"More like ten weeks," answered The Man, adding, in accents of scorn, "Oh this glorious Puget Sound country!"

"Yes, but just think; if you were 'back East' now you would be all snowed up and frozen to death."

Outside a keen wind from the north was blowing. The tide had turned to go out, and down from the mud flats at the head of the bay a quantity of thin shattered ice was borne along. Glistening like jewels in the sunlight, it was piled up on the beach with a trinkling accompaniment to the roar of wind and wave. Suddenly, down round Whitney Spit, from out the main canal rolled a great blanket of gray fog. Another came down from the head of the bay to meet it, and soon the sun was hidden. They remained on the canal till the middle of March, the men being well satisfied with the result of the winter's fishing.

As the Spy set sail upon the homeward trip, The Woman sat on deck looking backward at the little cabin which, for a few months had been home to her; at old Walker Mountain, just behind it; at the rugged, forest-clad foothills, the wide beautiful expanse of water, and mused.

How wild, how lonely it looked. How cut off from the world of people and events. And yet three miles away, at the head of Quilcene Bay, were a store and postoffice, a railroad running a daily train to and from Port Townsend; a saloon, a long-distance telephone—and a wharf where one could go aboard a steamer and in a few hours be mingling with the crowds upon Seattle's busy streets.

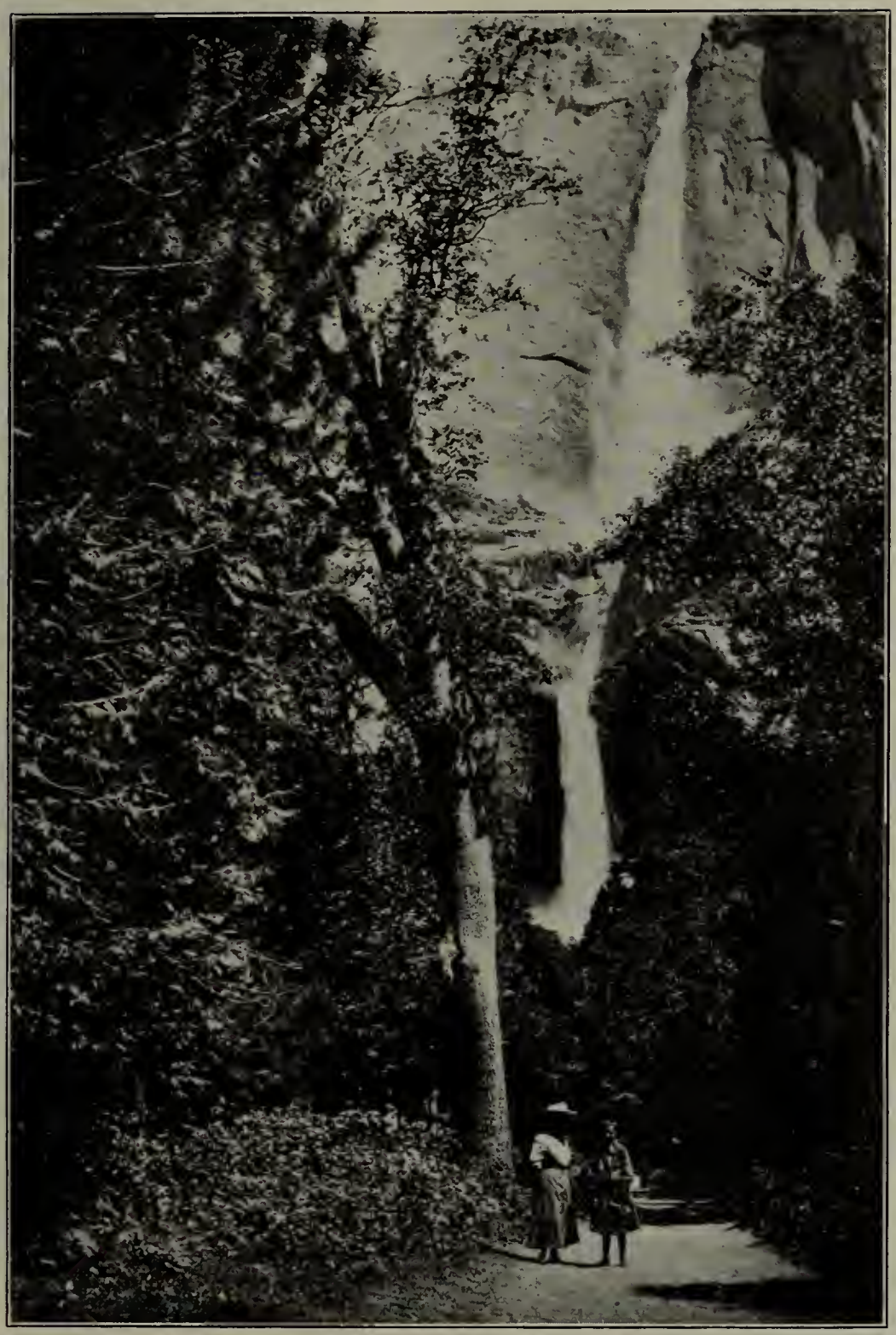


Photo by Jas. Maynard

A Midsummer Memory

DAD PARSONS' DUCK HUNT

By Homer C. Wilson

I WAS traveling for a Los Angeles firm, and made semi-annual visits to a friend named Williams, who kept a small supply store in an out of the way valley situated in the southern part of the State. I received his orders for any supplies he might want, and in the winter when the duck shooting was good, always managed to spend a day or two on the marshes with him.

I arrived by stage one evening, and after passing the time of day with several ranchmen who came in for their mail and various articles from the store, I made up my order list and sat on a dry-goods box smoking a cigar while Williams tied up a package of letters for the early morning stage.

"Evenin', boys!"

"Hello! Dad," replied Williams. How are you this evening?"

"Right peart. Burn my hide 'f this Californy air don't mek a feller feel ez spry ez a fightin' cock. Giv' me ten pounds o' yaller corn meel 'n' the rest in side bakin," and he deposited an old slouch hat full of eggs on the counter.

He must be a new settler, I thought, watching him curiously as he whittled small pieces from a black plug of tobacco. When he had cut off enough to fill his old corncob pipe, he tamped it down with a long, bony finger, lighted it with a pine splinter ignited at the lamp, and leaned back against the counter with a satisfied sigh.

He was exceedingly tall and lank, with a gait like that of a camel. His old hickory shirt was patched at the elbows, and his gray jeans trousers, much too large at the waist, were pulled high up under his armpits by the one suspender, wooden pegs serving in lieu of buttons. His leathery, wrinkled face was smooth shaven except a long streamer of gray whiskers floating from the point of the prominent chin. His hair was gray and scanty, and a pair of kindly blue eyes beamed from under the bushy eyebrows, in strange contrast with the otherwise stern expression of his countenance.

Williams had emptied the hat of its contents and said, as he placed the two parcels on the counter: "Dad, shake hands with Mr. Smith, an old friend of mine."

"Right proud t' know ye, stranger. Be you agoin' t' settle in these 'ere parts?"

"No, Mr. Parsons, I travel for S. & S. of Los Angeles; but you must be a newcomer, for I don't recall having seen you when I was here about six months ago."

"I ain't got no handle t' my name, stranger, I'm jist plain Dad Parsons—'Dad' fer short. Yaas, I've squatted here two months come next Friday, 'n' I like it fust class. I lived nigh on t' fifty year down on P'simmon bottom, Missoury, 'n' that's a almighty likely place, but by grab, it kaint hold a candle t' Californy."

"Do you expect to take up ranching, Dad?"

"Wal, ye mout call it that, 'n' agin ye moutn't. I dickered fer a few rod o' land, 'n' kalkilate t' keep a few bees; I don't kno' what they call it out here, an ape-er-rary er sum uther kind of a corkscrew name. I got a few poultry 'n' a little truck patch 'n' I tell ye I don't hev t' take a back seat fer nobody when it cums t' livin'."

"Dad, Smith and I are going duck hunting tomorrow; can't you go with us?"

"Why, I reckon I kin. I ain't never bin duck huntin', 'n' I'd like t' go the best kind."

"Alright, Dad; be ready to start by four in the morning."

"I'll be with ye boys."

He picked up his hat, shook off a few feathers clinging to it, placed it on his head and left the store with his purchases under his arm.

The next morning we set off before it was light. A five-mile drive brought us to the marshes which covered several hundred acres, and where plenty of ducks were to be found in season, attracted by the excellent feeding ground.

Williams and I unhitched the horse while Dad proceeded to load his old musket. He poured in a generous handful of powder from a horn at his side, and rammed it home with a thick wad of paper. The charge of shot, taken from a bottle, was likewise followed by a paper wad. Having placed a large percussion cap on the tube, he remarked, "Thar, I'm reddy," and we started for a patch of tules that screened an open pond from our view. As we drew near, we stooped lower and lower, and finally crawled the last hundred yards through the wet salt grass.

When we reached the tules at the brink of the pond and stealthily peeped over the tops, we saw the water dotted with hundreds of ducks. Dad became so excited he could hardly contain himself.

"Geewhiliken pancakes! its a reg'lar duck camp meetin'. Look at that ol' heathen standin' on 'is head fishin'!" he whispered breathlessly, and before I realized what he was doing, his old musket roared out like a mortar, and with a great flapping and quacking the ducks rose and scattered in every direction to other parts of the marsh.

Williams and I dropped five as they rose. Dad's shot had certainly done execution, for a number of ducks lay on the water; some of them quiet and some struggling to escape.

"By whack, I ain't goin' t' lose 'em after killin' 'em, he panted as he tugged his stubborn boots from his feet, stripped off his trousers and tore through the water toward the struggling birds. His meager legs worked like walking beams, and his broad feet hit the shallow water with a slap! slap! slap! like the paddle wheels of a steamboat. He was enveloped in a mist of muddy spray through which the tail of his old hickory shirt waved like a flag at half mast.

Williams called out to him in a voice half strangled with laughter, "Look out, Dad, there's a step-off there," but Dad did not hear and suddenly disappeared from view with a terrific splash that sent the water rippling in tiny breakers to the shore. He reappeared at the surface a few seconds later, blowing like a porpoise, but nothing daunted by his unexpected plunge, struck out after the crippled ducks which were frantically endeavoring to elude the strange apparition. The chase was soon ended. He kept afloat with one hand while the other wandered here and there like a traveling crane, collecting the wounded and dead as he muttered to himself, "I'll larn ye how t' run—stop yer infernal squawkin' ye blatherin' ——— ——— ———! Thar, durn ye, I'll fix yer squawkin' apparatus!"

Dad looked like a scarcrow emerging from a morning plunge, as he waded slowly ashore with the necks of six fine mallards grasped firmly in his hands. His wet shirt clung affectionately to his angular form, and the gray pennant usually streaming from his chin now hung limp, a tiny stream of water dripping from the end. He wheezed and puffed, but a triumphant smile lit up his weather-beaten face.

"By Jove, Dad, you made a good haul didn't you?"

"Bet yer boots, I did. Ain't that a crackin' fine bunch? Gol durned 'f I didn't think I wuz goin' clar thru t' Chiny when I hit that jump-off, though."

Williams and I gathered up the ducks we had killed while Dad wrung the water out of his shirt and dressed himself. We then separated, each taking a good position in a different part of the marsh; concealed ourselves in the tules and settled down to real sport.

The ducks, disturbed by the shooting, flew excitedly back and forth up and down the marsh, keeping us busily enough engaged to make it interesting.

The silence was broken at intervals during the forenoon, by the cannon-like roar of Dad's old musket from the swamp some distance above me; and by the fainter reports of Williams' twelve below. When we gathered together for lunch, Williams had bagged nineteen; Dad, eleven; and I had fifteen to my credit.

We all agreed that roast duck would go well with our cold lunch, so we built a good fire and allowed Dad to try his way of roasting.

"Ive fixed quail that-a-way a heap o' times an' they make almighty good eatin', 'n' I don't see why it won't work just as well with duck."

He selected three fine mallards drew them, cut their heads and feet off, washed them thoroughly, then wrapped them in a coat of clay. He covered them over, each in its oven of mud, with a thick bed of coals and allowed them to roast for some time. When they were removed, the clay had dried into a hard mass, which, when broken away, took the feathers with it. The ducks were very tender, thoroughly cooked, and when seasoned with pepper and salt we had to admit that we had never tasted roast duck that was half so delicious.

The ducks, frightened by the morning's shooting, flew high all the afternoon and our bags were correspondingly small. Williams brought in only five, while I could show only four for the afternoon's work.

Dad had been doing some tall shooting and brought in a well-filled bag, but was very much crestfallen when he found that only three of the nine birds he had killed were ducks, the remaining six being mudhens.

"I thought the little varmints wuz ducks, but I'll bet they don't fool me agin'." he grumbled.

The old buckboard was well loaded and we were tired and hungry, but light hearted over our success as we drove homeward in the early twilight.

THE WRATH OF NATURE

ONE brief hour past and hovering Silence spread
Soft pinions o'er the woven shade and sheen,
Where every living thing that cropped the green
Of earth, or on the sweets of blossoms fed—
That lightly winged the sunlit space o'erhead,
Or sang beneath the forest's thick-leafed screen—
Drank in the transport of the tranquil scene,
For life and peace were one and strife was dead.
But hark! From out of Heaven a long sharp crash
Of thunder. Beasts in terror cringe and quake;
Men quail like dreamers startled in their sleep;
Huge woodlands fall beneath the tempest's lash:
Bemoan the wreck for dear old Nature's sake,
But question not a wrath so fixed and deep.

—*Clarence H. Urner.*

THE TRAIL OF THE 'COON

By Portus Baxter.

(Photos by Author.)

NOEL Bentley, the champion 'coon' hunter of Vermont, had no desire to upset the tranquility of West Pawlet. He simply drove through the little hamlet one clear, frosty morning in the latter part of October on his way back from Haystack Mountain with a 22-pound 'coon, and his two faithful canines, old "Ben" and young "Sport," perched on the seat beside him.

Herman Nelson saw the 'coon and in less than no time was stricken with the fever. He communicated it with a single sentence to his brother Tom Nelson. Tom lost no time telling Clarence Waters that there was nothing in the sporting line quite equal to a good 'coon hunt with crackajack dogs. Under this inspiration Waters told everything to "Wishy" Williams, the postmaster, who got so excited that he could hardly distribute the mail. While Wayland Johnson was getting his mail the news struck him broadside and he went under with the rest, even inciting W. H. Copeland to deeds of daring, and the endurance of hardships untold and not even imagined. To cap the climax George Folger, who had rather fish than work, got caught in the swirling current. Things were certainly doing.

It did not take much urging to bring Bentley up from his home in Rupert with the dogs. He had been out three nights that week, but did not object to going again if there was anything in sight.

"I aint got only nineteen this fall" said Noel, "and I want to get enough to bring it up to last year. I got forty-five in 1904, and about forty-three the year before that. Guess if I didn't have to work so hard day-times running the farm I could hack out a few more on 'em."

Along with Bentley and the dogs came George Austin, who wears a broad brimmed hat, heavy rubber boots, and a sad expression on his face. George never talks. One might imagine that he was sad over the loss of some 'coon, long ago.

The crowd gathered that night at Steve McFadden's, two or three miles out of town, and with lanterns, axes and one gun tramped the mountains and hills and valleys. It was a beautiful moonlit night to start with, but the dew was not there, and before long a strong wind commenced rushing down through Rush "Holler". The dogs were working in the woods on the side of the hill when they struck a track. Old Ben gave the signal but as he kept going higher up the sound was carried away by the wind. The 'coon went into a ledge, but it took so long to locate the center of action that the dogs gave it up and returned. A good dog will never leave a tree, but he knows just as well as a hunter that the chances are all against him when a 'coon gets into the rocks.

In the early hours of the morning, Old Ben again gave tongue. It was in an old orchard, not far from a brook. Then the sweetest music a sportsman ever heard was wafted over the valley. It stirred the despondent nimrods to heroic sprinting. Thomas Nelson, rather portly, in his haste to reach the spot where the chorus had now reached a babel of tongues, stubbed his toe and measured his majestic form on the rock strewn earth. The shock was great. "Hold on boys" yelled Sir Thomas, "I want to be in at th' killin' ", but he had no time or breath left to spout his favorite remark: "I had ruther hear a dog baying on th' trail than to hear th' Boston symphony orchestra play a tune."

The chase was short but sharp. The quarry took to the shelter of an old weather-worn butternut. Not a leaf was left to bar the vision, and with the aid of lanterns

held aloft the hunters had no difficulty detecting a dark, crouching object in the higher branches. A consultation of war was held. It would have been an easy matter to shoot the game. But that was too tame. The savage instinct said to tumble the animal out of the tree and let the dogs kill it. It is the fight at the end of the chase that the hunters long for and will walk miles to see.

"All right" said Bentley, "we will shake him out. Stand back, keep quiet, give the dogs a chance. So up the tree went 'Gene Barden, who had joined the party at the last moment. So quickly and easily did he shin the aged trunk that one might imagine him a rival to the chicoree.

Below, eagerness flushed the faces of all. The dogs were acting as if mad. They jumped, they twisted, they cavorted; but all the time they kept their song of triumph echoing through the valley.

"Look out!" yelled Barden. Momentary silence reigned. He rattled the dead branches. With a rush, a dark object came down and struck the ground with a thud. The dogs closed in.

"Boys," said Bentley, "we've got a stray cat!"

Some of the remarks that followed would not sound well in a prayer meeting. However, the cat was saved, and that is at least a redeeming feature.

Tired out, disgruntled and disconsolate the crowd went home, stopping on the way to drink a big can of milk. The owner of

Noel Bentley, Champion Coon Hunter of Vermont, and His Two Dogs "Cap" and "Sport"

the milk, John Jackson, said next morning that that was a mild finish for a cat hunt.

A slight coolness toward the subject of 'coon hunting was noticed in certain quarters until the inner man had been thoroughly appeased. Then the fever broke out again and three nights later the party had the courage to tackle the Manor swamp, which is seven miles long by three miles wide. Its mysteries were unknown, but Bentley had killed two 'coons on the edge of it a short time before.

Before they had been swashing around two hours, different expressions indicated that something was wrong. The champion 'coon hunter was so disturbed that he lay down and went to sleep. When he awoke he offered the consolation that he had no more idea of where he was than a boiled owl. Each individual offered a different direction to bring the party out in the clearing. Each was tired and the swamp remained as dear to the heart as ever. At five o'clock a lonely dog's voice was heard. That was the rescuing angel, but it was 9 o'clock in the morning before the party stumbled into town. They were called different names, most of which were uncomplimentary, but in their crippled condition could not rise to their own defense. Several homes really looked like hospitals. Along toward night, however, they slowly commenced to thaw out a little, and bristle up at the insinuation that they could not tell a poor little pussy cat from a sharp nosed, bright eyed coon.

Most of them admitted in unguarded moments that they had enough of wading around in water-soaked swamps on cold and cheerless nights. One of the hunters said that his respect for the animal which always washes its food in cold water before eating it, was so great that he had no intention of seeking to destroy its life. "I have learned" he said "a great deal about the habits of 'coons. They are not easily found although their favorite location is in a swamp, where there is heavy timber, a running brook, and plenty of barb wire fences. They never seem to be injured by a fall out of the tallest tree. No sooner do they strike the ground than they are up and ready for a fight. Only an experienced dog, one who knows the game, can conquer them. They prowl around nights because that is the most inconvenient time to hunt them."

For a time it looked as if the frost had killed the 'coon fever, but one afternoon a report reached town to the effect that a coon had been seen in a tree in Dennison's woods. The special tree in which his coonship had sported with an unsophisticated puppy was not more than half a mile from the village. This was adding insult to injury, and the fever broke out in virulent form. A telephone message to Bentley brought him with his dogs. That night the crowd attacked the hills west of the town. The dogs raced through the woods and the swamps until midnight, but not a sound was heard to warm the hearts of the now despondent hunters.

Somebody suggested that it was about time to go home, if the "guides" had any idea of how to get there. Mild as the insinuation was it reduced the temperature to a marked degree, and increased the impression that landmarks, familiar in the daylight had taken on unfamiliar forms in the darkness. A discussion only left the situation as clear as muddy water.

That characteristic expression of New Englanders, "I told you so", was sounded good and hard as the party strung out in single file along an old road which passed through a tumble-down fence, and along the edge of a small swamp. "No more 'coon hunting for me" remarked one of the hitherto enthusiastic followers of the chase as he stubbed his toe and measured his length on the damp earth. "I tell you there is not a 'coon in the Green pond country, and we might as well get out of it. You don't drag me———"

What he might have said was lost in the general confusion that followed. Old Ben had suddenly broken away from Bentley and was tearing around in marshy ground.

"Boys," yelled Bentley, "there in somethin' doing sure as your born. Old Ben isn't crazy for nothin'. I'll bet———" One long drawn bawl from the older dog was followed by a rapid succession of sharp tongues, and then the younger dog let loose with a voice that made the old hills fairly ring with the music. It was a perfect babel of tongues, and a more excited crowd of human beings was never seen. The lethargy of despondency disappeared; rocks,

After a Successful Hunt

trees, and water were forgotten in the mad rush. Suddenly the barking sounded as if it came from one spot. For a moment it died away, only to be renewed with greater vigor. "Treed, sure as your born" cried Bentley.

He was right. Around the base of an oak, which towered more that eighty feet into darkness, and was so big around that a man's arm could not span half its rugged trunk, the dogs were barking and jumping as if mad. As if in delerium of joy the young hound was fairly turning somersaults.

"Smart 'coon, that" said Bentley; "he knew enough to pick out the largest and meanest tree in the woods to climb."

Then it suddenly dawned on the inexperienced that it was one thing to put a 'coon up a tree and another to get it down. The lowest limb was twenty feet above the ground. No one seemed anxious to climb up—no one knew where or how far—and shake the sharp nosed, bright eyed forager out. A call for volunteers proved that there were no Japanese in the crowd. Oppressive silence followed. Finally Mr. Thomas Nelson, with great deliberation, suggestive of judicial mien held up one hand and delivered himself as follows:

"I will tell you what we will do, listen." Even the dogs stopped barking; it was a momentous moment. "Let Austin climb the tree, and shake out the 'coon. We will stay down here and kill it."

All eyes were turned to Austin. He was bashful, pondered a moment and finally replied to the honor offered him: "Let Tom climb."

That was the blow that almost killed Thomas. Staggered by the blow he recoiled gasped, and then blurted out: "Do I look like a tree climber?" Not one was bold enough to say "yes". Then in the hour of extreme suspense George Folger

came to the front, and made a climb that will go down in the history of Vermont 'coon hunting as the most daring on record.

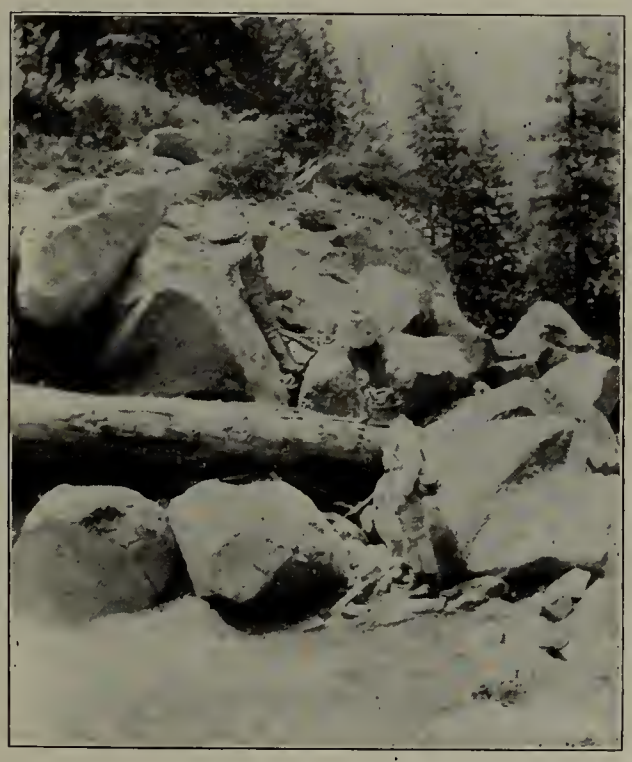
With the aid of long poles, made from saplings, he was helped up to the lowest branches. From there he had to "shin" a seven-foot stretch before he found himself in a working position. At the extreme top he shook out the 'coon, a risky piece of work because the branch broke. Only Folger's nerve and strong fingers saved him from a fall to certain death. But he did not forget to yell out: "Look sharp; he's comin' ".

The 'coon ran down the branch as it broke, made a wild jump at Folger's foot, but missing went crashing down to the ground. Whether it was cleverness on the part of the 'coon, or chance cannot be told, but the dead limb struck on one side of the tree and the 'coon far over the other side.

Keen to the situation, Bentley yelled: "Stand back, boys; not a sound or we will lose him." Bentley and the dogs made no mistake in the sounds of falling bodies. With unerring accuracy they located the 'coon. In less than a second, 'coon, dogs, and Bentley were mixed up in a grand rough and tumble fight. I was careless enough to get into the limelight. The 'coon broke away from the dogs, and made a rush at my legs.

"Get out of the way"! shrieked Bentley; "let Cap have him".

I did not argue the question. Cap was on top of the 'coon in the twinkle of the eye. He grabbed him by the throat, but when the young hound pounced down upon th game fighter he got hold of him anywhere he could, thus showing his inexperience. Bentley pulled him off as quick as he could, b cause he did not want the hide injured. It was a great fight, an exciting fight, but the odds were too great; the 'coon died.



THE TENDERFOOT

By Harold Lancaster.

HE WAS a tenderfoot, oh, such a tenderfoot! As Gus said, it was like stealing dead mice from blind kittens to joke him. For the jokes lost all point because he was so innocent that he never saw he was being tricked. And to explain a joke is to kill it.

I met him in the city during the course of a business deal and rather liked him. He was a clever business man and very well-to-do. He came to my rooms one evening and saw some of my hunting pictures. Instantly the fever gripped him and he decided then and there to accompany me on my next trip to Mendocino. It developed during the evening that he had never in his life slept in the open air, nor had he ever beheld a deer in its natural state, except in Golden Gate Park.

He was called away on business in the early part of the year and I lost track of him. On the last day of July, I headed for my old stamping ground and forgot that such a place as San Francisco ever existed. Then one evening Gus and I took a gallop over to Laytonville to get the mail and I received a letter in an unknown hand. It was from my friend. He had just returned to town and the hunting fever—the call of the wild, he termed it—being as strong as ever, he intended joining me in a few days. I thought it over as we rode back to the mill. On the whole I was pleased. He would be a very pleasant companion and would take great interest in all that I could teach him. At the same time, there was so much to learn and so little time for him to learn it in, that I felt sorry for him. With Gus and the rest of the bunch in the role of teachers the tenderfoot's life would be a burden to him.

That evening I got the boys together and told them the news. I saw them look at one another and grin. "Now, you devils," I said. "Look here. I don't mind your sending this friend of mine to shoot little ground-owls for quail, because he's got to learn the difference some time. But please, for pity's sake, please don't put him on the wickedest horse on the range or ask him to milk the gentlemen cows. Remember that I am responsible for him and would like to take at least a part of him back to San Francisco."

Two evenings later, I drove old Sue down to the cross-roads to meet the stage and bring home the victim. As the stage drew up in a cloud of dust he jumped out with a halloo of pure delight. The whole history of the trip up was poured into my ears as we piled his guns and luggage into the rig. He was full of the "back to nature business, the call of the wild" and all that sort of rot. Oh, he was a tenderfoot, all right!

He hardly ate any supper—we call it supper up there—he was so busy talking. The boys helped him along with all sorts of fool questions. I could see some grand times ahead for some body.

After the evening meal we adjourned to the front porch—verandah they call it in town—and got out our pipes. Then it was the tenderfoot produced a box of cigars. And such cigars—two-bitters. Now, smoking is a fine art and cigars such as those should never be smoked in the open air. They should come at the tail end of one of those dinners we used to get at Techau before the big shake. With an empty bottle of Chianti at your elbow, the Loveliest Girl in all the World across the table and the orchestra playing "Dearie," then—then have them serve your coffee in one of those affairs with the alcohol lamp and—bring on the cigars! But in the mountains two days would take all the flavor out of those beauties and leave them as dry as a Pittsburg stogy. However, these particular cigars didn't last two days,

I got little sleep that night, because the

tenderfoot insisted on waking me up now and then to ask me the best place to shoot a buck, and how to clean him after you had shot him, and such like questions. He was out at dawn and we could hear him bombarding around in the back pasture. I sent up a silent prayer to heaven for any old muley cow that should be so foolish as to show herself that morning. However, he did no particular damage but came back to breakfast with four or five jack-rabbits—or what was left of them—dangling at his belt. Fancy shooting jacks with a .30-30! He almost wept when we threw the remains—remains is good—to the chickens.

The next morning I took him over the ridge to a clump of black oaks where a large buck was "using." You should have seen his eyes when I showed him the deer tracks and the broken bushes where the buck had rubbed his horns! He kept muttering to himself "I must kill a deer! I must kill a deer!" Remember, he had never seen a wild buck in his life, let alone shot at one.

As we strolled along I caught sight of a couple of beautiful little fawns about a hundred yards away. Instantly I was on the alert, as I knew the mother of the fawns could not be very far away and if she dared show herself the tenderfoot would certainly blaze away at her. I have never killed a doe yet and didn't intend that any one else should if I could help it. But of course, to the tenderfoot a deer was a deer, and really I don't believe he would have known where to look for the horns any how. And the results justified my judgment. So I said never a word, awaiting to see what he would do when he caught sight of them. But his city trained eyes could not see them until they began to move. Then he let out a yell that sent the pretty little creatures dancing across the open. Shouting to me to shoot, he dropped to one knee and opened up. I put out my hand to stop him, but at the first shot I realized that the fawns were safer than I. So I moved to a position behind the marksman and held my sides while he emptied his gun. Lord, how his rifle wobbled! He ploughed the ground in front of him; he knocked boughs from trees thirty feet high; and his last shot, fired after the fawns were clear out of sight, clipped a chunk out of a pink cloud away over on the horizon.

He rose to his feet and asked me reproachfully why I had not fired? I wanted to scream but refrained and explained that the deer were his, he having seen them first. He was most profuse in his thanks and as we turned homeward, he tried to figure out how it was he missed the "bucks."

Breakfast that morning was not a success. We all seemed to have a bad cold and with difficulty refrained from choking ourselves to death as the tenderfoot told his morning's adventure. He described the deer as being beautifully spotted and nearly as big as horses. At this point Gus left the table. Then the tenderfoot went on to tell how nicely I had acted in allowing him to do all the shooting. He began wondering again as to how he happened to miss them and finally decided that he must have been a little bit rattled on account, he said, of their size. Here I left the table and joined Gus under the old apple tree.

A couple of days later, the tenderfoot rushed up to me with eyes a big as saucers. Gus had shown him a spot, he said, in the back pasture, where a million deer had been feeding. It was about a half-mile back of the mill. I wanted to yell but contained myself. I knew the place. It was the sheep pasture. The tenderfoot went on to explain the plan Gus had given him for landing one of the bucks whose tracks he had seen with his own eyes. Briefly, it was to sit in the top of a tree all night and shoot the deer at daybreak. According to Gus, no one had ever had a shot at these mysterious deer because they fed at night and retired into the woods at dawn. As a matter of fact I had never, in the several seasons I had hunted that country, come upon a deer track in that particular pasture. I tried to persuade the tenderfoot that it was all rot. Perhaps I did not try as hard as I might. He was such a greeney, you know. At any rate, half an hour later, I saw him going over the hill with a hammock and a coil of rope.

Well, our evening meal, like our morning one, was ruined. I spilled most of my coffee into my lap and the boys had a

frightful time. The women folks thought we were all crazy. About nine o'clock the tenderfoot left us to go to his lonely vigil. Knowing that nothing would harm him I retired to the tent and slept the sleep of the just.

I was up and dressed at 5:30. Having determined on a little jaunt before breakfast, I strolled down to the barn for my horse—one never walks in Mendocino if there's a horse handy— and was greeted with a cheery good morning by the boys. Having saddled old Dick, I sat for a moment talking to Gus about the tenderfoot. We were wondering whether he had kept awake all night or had turned to and had a good sleep, when the excitement began. Remember, he was only a bare half-mile away and in that still morning air the report of a rifle carries far. Only this wasn't one report or two, nor even three! It sounded like the battle of Gettysburg.

"Now then, Gus, old man," I said complacently. "You have done it. Wonder how many cattle he's killed?"

"The fool's shooting every dam sheep in the pasture!" shouted Grant, as the firing broke out afresh.

Gus' only reply was to cross the road, hurdle the fence and go tearing up the trail with the boys behind him.

"Come on, Dick, let's see the finish of this thing!" I cried as I dug my spurs into the old horse. He was across the road at a jump and sidled up to the gate like the good mountain horse that he was. Leaning over, I swung the gate open under his nose. We did not stop to close it. Old Dick was taking an interest in the thing himself. We tore up that hill and passed the boys at the top. Next minute we almost ran over the tenderfoot, hatless, coatless and gunless. On seeing us, he turned around and ran in the direction whence he had come, shouting, "Come on! Hurry up! I've got 'em! I've got three of them!"

"Poor sheep!" I groaned. But in three minutes the boys and I were standing gazing at three of the nicest bucks you ever saw! And each one was so full of holes you could see through it. But they were real deer, all the same. The laugh was certainly on us! We looked at each other and then at the tenderfoot. He was sitting under the tree in which his hammock was slung and looked very pale and faint.

"What's the matter?" I asked, going to him.

"I sprained my ankle when I got out of the hammock," he replied, as he removed his shoe.

"I should say you did!" I exclaimed, when I caught sight of his foot. "You shall ride home on my horse. You have covered yourself with glory. Now tell us all about it."

"Why," said he, "I tried to keep awake but I guess it was no use. When I opened my eyes it was broad daylight. I looked over the edge of the hammock and saw—those three. I grabbed my rifle and shot them, the big one first. I emptied the magazine and then one of them moved, so I loaded up and—and shot them all over again. I wanted to be sure you know." He gave a sickly little smile. "I was a little bit rattled, I guess. Then I jumped down and ran to tell you."

"You—what!"

"Yes, I jumped. That's how I sprained my foot. I was rattled you know."

We looked up at the hammock. Full ten feet! Undoubtedly he had been a little bit rattled. We put him on the horse and then got out our knives. But he called Gus to him and began to thank him with tears in his voice.

"I should never have killed a deer but for you, old man! And to think I got three! How can I ever thank you!"

But Gus broke away and, as he bent over the largest buck, I heard him mutter to himself, "Aw, hell, what's the use!"

Photos by Miss Bruckman

BITS OF YOSEMITE BEAUTY

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

MERE SELFISHNESS

THE action of the Sacramento local game and fish "protective" (!) organization, in opposing the amendment measures recently endorsed by the Sportsmen's State Convention at Monterey, is merely another disgusting evidence as to what lamentable extremes personal cupidity and selfishness will impel men to go. For years Sacramento and its purlieus have been the acknowledged hot-bed of all the trouble fermented and fomentated against game protection; from that section alone has ever come all the opposition encountered by the other sportsmen of the State in their efforts to consistently and decently conserve at least a part of our game to posterity, and their action is therefore not a matter of wonder but rather of anticipated certainty. Nevertheless it is a deplorable thing that in this age such narrow-mindedness and undignified selfishness should continue to characterize men whose social and business eminence presumes their cognizance of the simpler ethics of civilization.

It is true that the overflowed parts of the Sacramento basin are at certain seasons the resorts of many ducks; in fact here seems to be the rendezvous of at least 75 per cent of all the ducks in California. The easy proximity of this legion of birds leads the Sacramento contingent to extravagant slaughter that no sophistry can justify nor no after remorse condone. With more dead birds in hand than they can use for food purposes the question of their disposal arises. What easier solution than selling them for cash, with which other cartridges may be bought to extend this so-called "sport" of duck butchery? It has been the shameful boast of a certain Sacramento gunner, eminent in high social and business circles, that he made the ducks of one season's shoot pay not only for his gun and ammunition but buy as well the wine with which he weekly regaled his friends at duck dinners!

It is this class of sport—not sportsman, mark you—who is fighting the most essential measures requisite to game protection. He is, of course, entitled to his own mercenary ideas as long as in effect these stop short of actual larceny of private or public goods, but his assumption that he in any way exponently represents either gentlemanly sportsmen, or gentlemen of any kind, is a far-fetched absurdity—no gentleman or sportsman is a market-hunting game hog.

The President of the State Board of Fish Commissioners recently volunteered the information to the writer that at least five or six thousand ducks were weekly dumped into the bay at San Francisco owing to putridity caused by the slow-moving glut of wild fowl in our local markets. This gentleman, in conjunction with all the other members of his board, are avowedly believers in the non-sale principle and believe that it must ultimately be adopted if the game is to be conserved. As a matter of temporary "expediency," however, he thinks that it is better to not urge it in the face of the great opposition that such a measure will arouse in certain interested localities and coteries. He fears that in revenge these influences might be consolidated to

the repeal of all the game laws. We entirely agree with him as to the probable consolidation of the game hogs and their eagerness to repeal all the laws so that they may indulge their unholy lust to the full, but we differ as to the "expediency," believing in the old fashioned practise of locking the stable door before, not after the horse is stolen, and relying confidently on the solidarity, good sense and timely action of the other 95 per cent decent sportsmen who will see that the pitiable minority of game hogs will neither domineer nor dominate them.

The Sacramento slaughterers for sale have chosen to precipitate a fight, and that on false premises. Very well; we will give them the battle they are looking for, and it will be to the finish. Of course, a corruption fund will be one of their weapons and it will be used unscrupulously, but this is an era of honest grand juries and there have been sorely burnt fingers in Sacramento before now. What mercy should be shown men who are so contemptibly bigoted, so maliciously vindictive, so morally irresponsible that they would in a spirit of petty personal spite and revenge repeal all our game laws and so wantonly destroy a public heritage simply because they are not allowed to selfishly batten upon it? Out upon such rascals! The very thought of compromise with such an element is dishonor and a prostitution of manly principle.

Even in a season of abundance men do not cast their pearls before swine. Let us save the ducks while they are yet numerically enough to insure a supply for those who come after us. Every other State in the Union, save one notorious exception where there are no game laws of any importance, has enacted a non-sale law from sheer necessity. It has been the inevitable outcome of conditions to which California will certainly be subjected, and it is the part of wisdom to take Time by the forelock.

In Sacramento there are many noble, conscientious and law-abiding sportsmen of advanced ideas, men who strenuously condemn and deplore the short sightedness of their fellow residents and who in nowise uncertainly voice their honest convictions on every occasion. And, strange as it may appear, they are actually in the majority and so are in a position to effectually refute the falsity of the minority clique who are "sports"—God save the mark!—only for what there is in it in a mercenary way. And we have full assurance that this better majority will be heard from in an effective way.

There is really no division among the real sportsmen of the State. Consequently there is no fear of the falling of a divided house as our game hog enemies are, with much assumed gusto, threatening. Decency and equity will prevail and the new year will find a non-sale enactment on our statute books.

And what is more we are going to see that it is rigorously enforced. From this tariff on our pleasures in the good of posterity there will be no rebates. The general public is going to get an even and a square deal.

GOOD WORK WELL DONE

GAME WARDEN W. B. MORGAN of Los Angeles is evidently a man of parts and deserves well at the hands of the admiring constituency. His recent arrest of the Binkley-Purdy-Booth trio of wholesale game law violators was one of the most important ever made in America, and we congratulate him on the thoroughness with which he completed his work. The value of the elk trophies confiscated by him (viz: $10,000), forcibly emphasizes the necessity, which we have long and persistently advocated, of the embodiment in our game laws of a provision for the legal disposal of such confiscated values to the best advantage. At present, under our incomplete statute there is no provision made for such disposal. A law authorizing the sale of confiscations made under the game statute should be enacted at once, the proceeds of such sales going into the fund of the State Board of Fish Commissioners where it will be properly expended in the prosecution of the Commission's work.

We congratulate Mr. Morgan upon his important seizure, but what are the authorities going to do with that $10,000 worth of trophies?

AN IMPORTANT MEASURE

THE bill recently introduced before Congress by Mr. Smith, Representative of California, providing for the creation in public forest reserves of California of sanctuaries and refuges for game animals, where they can propagate and develop without interference and intrusion from anybody, is a measure which should receive immediate and unanimous adoption.

It is admirably framed and will in nowise interfere with the operation of local game laws which naturally are not effective upon National Reservations over which the Federal authorities reserve full judiciary rights. By all means pass this bill!

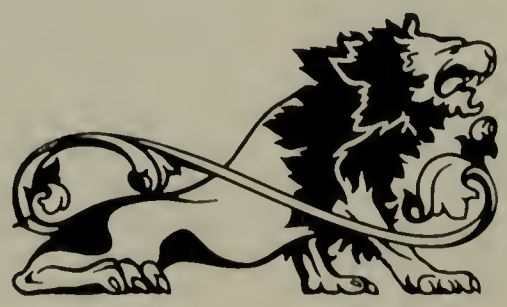
OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE—Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe Curlew, Ibis. Plover, Rail — 25 in one day.												
Ducks. — 50 in one day												
Deer (male) — 2 in one season												
Trout, 50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs total weight) in one day.												
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.)									Sep 15	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 15	Oct 16		
LOBSTER OR CRAWFISH (Not less than 6½ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law).
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.



Close Seasons for Game in 1906 in United States and Canada

(Complied by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr. of the U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[1]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[2]	Duck.[3]	Goose, Swan.[3]
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[5]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug 1[4]	2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan 1-Sept. 1[14] 3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Oct 1[4]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar 1-Sept 1[4]	4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[4]	5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1 6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[4]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16 7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[14] 8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[15]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1 9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[16]	May. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4] 10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16			All the year				Feb. 8-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1 11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1 12
	13	Dist. Columbia[16]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[14] 13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Feb. 1-Nov. 11[4]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	All the year	Jan. 1-July 30[5]	Jan. 1-July 30[5]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Jan. 1-July 30[15]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[4]	Apr. 1-Oct 15 14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[14] 15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 30		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[14] 16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1906			Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4] 17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[4]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 3	Jan. 1-July 3	Jan. 1-Sept. 2		Jan. 3-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 3-Sept. 1[4] 18
	19	Indiana[17]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[5]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[18]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[18]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[18]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[18]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1 19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 18, 1909	To May 18, 1909	To Apr. 28, 1906	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1 20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1916	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1		All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[14] 21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1 22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[14] 23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[14] 24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[4]	Oct. 15-Sept. 16	Oct. 15-Sept. 15		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19] 25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 16-Sept. 1[5]			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1 26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[14] 27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[14] 28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1 29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[14] 30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1906[4]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 15-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5] 31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	13 local laws		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	13 local laws	13 local laws 32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1			33
	34	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4]	34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr 1-Oct. 1	35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws	Local laws		36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			May 1-Jan. 1	Mar. 1-Aug 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[4]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1 37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[5]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1 38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[4]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 7	All the year						39
	40	Louisiana	May 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr 15-Sept. 1[14]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1 40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1						41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1				42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1						43
	44	Arizona	Mar 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[4]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[5]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[11] 45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 16	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[11] 46
	47	Utah	All the year[4]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1 47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1 48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[4]	May 1-Sept. 1[4] 49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1909[5]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[20]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4] 50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1 51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 16					Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[5]	May 1-Sept. 16		Feb. 1-Sept. 16[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16 52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[4]	All the year[14] 53
	54	Yukon[9]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1 54
	55	Alberta[9]		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23	55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 29		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23	56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 16-Sept. 1 57
	58	Manitoba[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[18]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 15 59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[4]	60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 8-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 8-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 8-Sept 1[4]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[4] 61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1-Oct. 1[5]					Mar. 1-Aug. 28[4]	Mar. 1-Aug. 20[4]		Mar. 1-Aug. 20[4]	62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.		To Oct. 1, 1906				Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 20[4]	May 10-Sept. 15[4] 63
	64	Newfoundland[9]		Jan. 19-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 13-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[14] 64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[2]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[2]	Caribou.[2]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[2]	Squirrel.[2 6]	Rabbit	Introduced Pheasant.[7]
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 14		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1918. 1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	2
	3	Vermont	Exc'pt Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909 3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov 1, 1906						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1 4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov 1	Jan. 1-Nov 1	To Oct. 13, 1910 5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1 6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[4]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[4]	Local laws	To 1910 7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[22]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[4] 8
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10 9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15 10
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[5]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov 1 12
	13	Dist. Columbia[16]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909 14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 15[5]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[5]	All the year 16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[18]	To Nov. 10, 1906 17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[1]	To June 18, 1913	To June 18, 1913	To June 18, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910 18
	19	Indiana[17]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[18]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[18]	To Feb. 24, 1911[2] 19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 29, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908 20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910 21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910 22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1		23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910 24
	25	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1906			All the year[4]		To Feb 28, 1907 25
	26	Nebraska	Nov 16-Aug. 15	All the year		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			All the year		All the year 26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1		To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[18]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[18]				Oct. 15-Sept. 1 28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec 1-Sept. 1		All the year 29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15		Nov. 15-Sept. 15[18]		30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 23	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907		All the year[11]		All the year 31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1								32
	33	South Carolina	Jan 1-Sept. 1[4]						Local laws		33
	34	Georgia[9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov 1								35
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws 36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15								37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[1]						Mar 1-June 1[4]		To Nov. 1, 1907[1] 38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4]								To Mar. 14, 1913 39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws								40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[11]			To July 1, 1908 41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1 42
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 15, 1910	All the year[11]			To Mar. 15, 1910 43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911 44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[11]	All the year		All the year 45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906 46
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[11]			All the year 47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 9, 1909 48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[1] 49
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1 50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Jan. 1-Sept. 1[18]		51
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 18 52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year 53
	54	Yukon[9]	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1			54
	55	Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Nov 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			55
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[18]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[18]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[18]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			56
	57	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]			57
	58	Manitoba[9]	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1909 58
	59	Ontario	Nov. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[5]	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[5]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct 1	To Sept. 15, 1910 59
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Dec. 1[4]	60
	61	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year 61
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov 1	All the year 62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.								Mar. 1-Sept. 1	63
	64	Newfoundland[9]		To Jan. 1, 1913	To Jan. 1, 1913	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[5]					64

Birds Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan

Nebraska	All the year
Colorado	All the year
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]
New Mexico	All the year
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]
Yukon[9]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1
Alberta[9]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15
Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15
Quebec	Feb 1-Nov. 1[4]
Nova Scotia	All the year
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1

Sage Hen

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1
Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]
Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15

Beebird.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
Delaware	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[4]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[16]

Curlew.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16
Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
Nebraska	All the year
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 15
Alberta[9]	May 5-Aug. 23
Saskatchewan	May 5-Aug. 23
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Aug. 31

Crane.

Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	All the year
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1
Alberta[9]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1
Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1
Yukon[9]	June 1-Sept. 1

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr 30, Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butterball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 10 counties to Mar. 11, 1906. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Maitawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1906; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 11. Except upland plover only. 12. Except sora. 13. Except wood duck, dogs or snares. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, to 1906, Sept. 8-28. 22. Sec. 906, ch. 189, Laws of 1908, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 8, 14, 16. 24. Except brant, Long Island. May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 15-Oct. 1 25. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

(Revised to August 1st, 1906)

California Game and Fish Protective Association

Organized May 26, 1900

President,
H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

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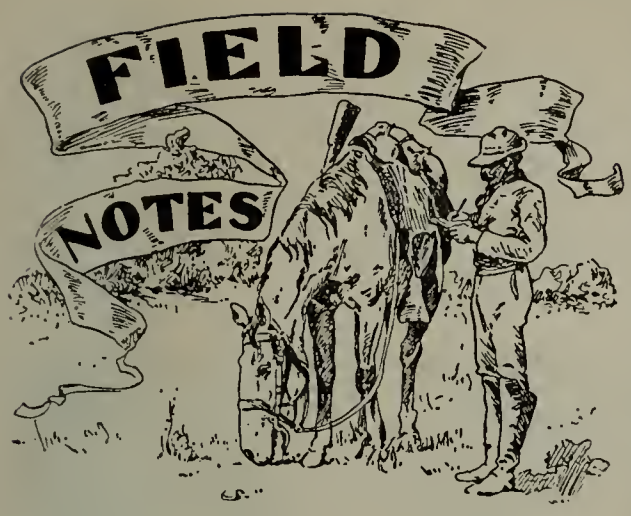


A SURPRISING COMBAT

An old hunter, who has put in forty years at it, naturally hesitates to brand anything possible as too stiff for credence, but I must say I got a hard jolt recently when a friend told me that he was staying at a friend's house near the foot of the Olympic Mountains, and the owner of the place went out with his wife to get a deer, and saw four bears—the male, female and two cubs—attacked by a mountain lion. The old male was defending his offspring (I don't know how he knew them) from the hungry maw of the lion.

It has been my observation that a she-bear only has cubs every other year; as she invariably holes up with her cubs, ergo, they were not pairing. Why, then, did the male join the combat to protect the young?

The narrator says the fight waxed furious, the old bear's hair all turned forward and the big cat lashing its tail, retreating and then springing on the bear, who parried his blows and threw him off with surprising dexterity. So intent were the combatants that they failed to notice the hunter and his wife. These watched the fray for a while, when the hunter shot the old male bear dead and wounded the cougar but lost it.

Now, why did not the female take a whirl at the lion in defene of her cubs instead of idly watching the show? Has a cougar sand enough to tackle *one* bear, to say nothing of four ·?

As I said before, in forty years one sees so many seemingly incredible things in nature that you hesitate to say "impossible," but they sure have a different stamp of lion to any I've ever run across if the above is literally true, and I have no reason to doubt it. A photograph of such a fight would be worth a king's ransom.

J. FULLERTON.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Bordering the eastern shore of the beautiful Kootenay Lake, and facing a panoramic series of mountain peaks, their caps glistening in the autumn snows, with Mount Loki towering ten thousand feet in its majestic grandeur in the distance and the glaciers of the Duncans overlooking the headlands, is the shooting ground which Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, has just acquired in southern British Columbia, northeast of Spokane. James Johnson, first vice-president of the Nelson Agricultural Society, has been installed as keeper, and it is likely the representative of King Edward in the Dominion will bring out a party from Ottawa some time this winter for an old-fashioned hunt.

The Grey lodge will be in the midst of such scenery as can be only equalled, not surpassed, by the famed Swiss Alps. The grounds leading to the hills are the haunts of white tail deer and caribou, while deeper into the mountain recesses may be found the silver tip and grizzly bear and the finest specimens of mountain goats and sheep.

The grounds have a frontage of nearly half a mile on the lake, the only place of habitation at present being a log hut. It is planned to reach the lodge by steamer, when the new line is put into operation on Kootenay Lake. The nearest neighbor is at Kuskanoak, eight miles south. On the shore of the lake thrive grouse, golden pheasant and quail, and off the pebbly shore dart trout of the Dolly Varden and rainbow varieties, which, fishermen say, are worthy the skill and rod of any expert. A few miles below on the Kootenay flats may be had some of the best duck shooting in the country.

Sportsmen in Spokane do not wonder that, once having seen the famous hunting and fishing grounds in the northern part of the Inland Empire, Earl Grey did not hesitate to become owner of a vast acreage. When his son, Lord Howick, who has hunted big game in Africa and shot over the best preserves in England and Scotland, saw the scenery, heard the calling of the grouse and the whistle of the early teal, the turf springing from the sharp hoof print of an alarmed whitetail before his eyes, the first tract proposed was not sufficient and he prevailed upon the owner to give up more ground, where will be erected a hunting and fishing residence which is also to serve as a ranch house. It will be beautified with lawns and gardens, which will make an ideal spot and attract widespread attention through the visits of Earl Grey and his sportsmen friends.

William Randolph Hearst has an option on a tract adjoining Earl Grey's lands, and Johnson is of the impression the New Yorker will not let it expire.

"I feel almost certain that Mr. Hearst will tire of the political turmoil soon," Johnson added, when visited a short time ago, "and then he will think of the Kootenay again and the sport he and Mrs. Hearst had here last year. If he does he will come out and build a place."

When the Hearsts were in the Kootenays last year, Johnson volunteered to teach Mrs. Hearst how to catch rainbow trout, the gamiest fish in the waters of the Northwest.

"Why," Mrs. Hearst said, "I have never caught a fish in my life."

Johnson was patient, as all good fishermen are, and Mrs. Hearst proved an apt pupil in his hands. The following day Johnson received a basket containing seven beauties, with these words on Mrs. Hearst's card: "My first catch, thank you."

Johnson is enthusiastic over the outlook for the

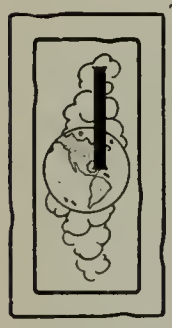
coming season, and declares the present one should bring a number of prominent sportsmen, since all kinds of big and small game are abundant, and every place of vantage does not bristle with rifles and fowling pieces.

He has numerous trophies of the hunt in his library, where he passes his odd moments in the study of horticulture and arboriculture, for let it be known that he understands the art of budding and grafting as well as he does that of potting a deer at the first shot. There are two trophies to which he points with just pride: One is the blue ribbon awarded at the London Horticultural Exposition in 1905, when his fruit exhibit outclassed the best grown in any part of the British Empire: the other the 54-inch spread of antlers of a bull moose bagged several years ago.

August Wolf.

SOMETHING OF THE GAME SITUATION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By M. KELLY.



IT IS bad, the game situation in British Columbia, and steadily growing worse. Not that we lack an abundance of game at the present Province, but because of the fact time in certain sections of the that, owing to existing conditions, it seems impossible to regulate the illegitimate yearly slaughter of our wild life. For this state of affairs, the Government is mainly responsible. It is altogether too bad that our law-makers cannot, or will not, realize before it is too late that our big game in the years to come would be a most valuable asset if ample laws governing the protection of the different species were made now and administered in the future without favor. We have laws, 'tis true; but they are hardly adequate; certainly not far-reaching enough. If enforced, however, they would help the situation considerably. The Government pleads poverty; in other words, it cannot pay to have the laws it makes enforced. This "poverty" excuse is a slur on the wealth of this Province; but if it is true, if there is not enough money now available for such a purpose, the Government could, it can, create a fund by taxing every gun in the Province, and which would, I venture to state, put a surplus into the treasury over and above that need for a liberal system of game protection. This tax need not be a prohibitive one, say one dollar; but if that would not be sufficient, make the tax two dollars. The sportsman who pays a considerable sum of money for a firearm, purchases large quantities of ammunition, etc., will hardly grumble at a small tax which would tend to insure a bag when he was privileged to go afield. Undoubtedly there are some who would object to a tax; but I do not believe there would be any dissentious voices raised against it, providing the Government set aside certain parcels of land—one or more on the mainland, and at least one on the island—as game and forestry preserves.

If we have no preserves, are not to have any, of what benefit, some of our sportsmen reason, would a gun tax be to the masses a few years hence. It is only a question of a short time when all the land will be privately controlled, and the sportsman not lucky enough to be blessed with a fat bank account will be debarred from indulging in his favorite sport. Let us have a gun tax by all means; but let us have the preserves as well, so that which we contribute to now will be of benefit to ourselves in the future as well as to those who will come after us; and with whom the memory of a day spent in God's glorious woods will linger as pleasantly as some days of the past now linger with us.

Some there are, indeed, who do not want to contribute to but one end, and that end the passing of all outdoor privileges into the hands of not altogether generous-minded mortals, such as we have, in some of our rural districts, lately heard from; and who, carried away with the newly-acquired importances of milk-pail councillors, have privileged themselves to undertake the persecution of a man should he have the temerity to carry a gun even on the King's rural highway without their gracious approval and written consent. Such discrimination, and that is what it means, does not tend to create a desire in certain sportsmen to impose too heavy restrictions on themselves, and accordingly, is not conducive to the welfare of our wild life.

If there are presumably two sides to the question of a resident license, there can only be one to that of the license for a non-resident—it should be collected, being tagged onto the Game Act, and a source of revenue if gone after. In many instances it is not paid. In our outlying districts, numbers of strangers hunt to their hearts' content, take the limit, and more, of trophies, and pay nothing for the privilege. A case in point, showing how it is

often done. During the past season, the S. S. "City of Seattle" touched at Fort Wrangel, in Alaskan territory, and on this especial occasion took on a party of wealthy easterners. These gentlemen sportsmen had been in the Cassiar country, at the headwaters of the Stikine River, and had something like five large crates of heads—caribou, moose, sheep and goat; and according to a friend of mine, who came down on the same boat, they openly boasted of having evaded the payment of any license. This license would have been a very small item in the expenses of such a trip, and yet it pleased them much to have it known that they had not paid it. This case is only one of many I have heard of, and all because the Government of the Province is "too poor" to collect the same. When the Government appointed a provincial game and forest warden, it did something worth while; but even as energetic as Mr. Williams undoubtedly is, we cannot hope to reap the best of results from his appointment until such time as he has a well-paid deputy acting under his orders in each district of this vast territory. In the meantime, tired of waiting for the Government to do something, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, realizing fully the value of the game and the fish on the island, is maintaining a warden at its own expense.

A little money might also be profitably be expended, by increasing the bounty on wolves, making it the same as for panthers—$7.50. The advisability of this has been brought to the attention of the powers that be, but so far to no purpose. In the opinion of those who visit our outlying districts, something must shortly be done to stop the slaughter of deer by the hordes of wolves that infest the island. Mr. M. S. Shaver, of Troy, Ohio, one of the best all-round sportsmen and game protectionists it has been my lot to meet in many a day, spent some profitable time on our west coast, after elk, last September, and he informed me that he counted carcass after carcass of half-eaten deer, which had been killed by wolves. He stated that hundreds of tons of deer meet must be consumed yearly in satisfying these hungry denizens of our forests. Other sportsmen corroborate Mr. Shaver's statements; and as the writer has some knowledge of the wolf packs, the gentleman cannot be far wrong. More than one elk calf, also, no doubt, has been done away with in a like manner. If more visitors like Mr. Shaver came our way, it might let the Government out of raising the bounty on wolves, for his guide is to get a bounty on each and every wolf he rids the island of in the future.

Something beneficial could be done, also, by changing the bag limits for certain species of game. For instance, we are now permitted to kill five caribou, and a like number of deer and goats. All the above are fairly plentiful, and yet it seems that two caribou, three deer, and two goats should be sufficient to satisfy any sportsman. A daily bag limit should be placed on our upland birds, which will undoubtedly go the way of our big game, while imported birds will be substituted, and probably thrive in areas where only the privileged can follow them. Our fish should receive some attention, and the open and the close seasons arranged more judiciously, while there should be a daily bag limit, which would prevent the taking, as is now frequently the case, of bags ranging from two to three hundred trout in one day. Our wild fowl continue to look strong in numbers, and will evidently take some killing before any appreciable difference is noticeable in the number of the great bands that come south every fall in the van of the heavy frosts.

Today, for big game, Southern British Columbia is practically barren, due slightly to settlement, but principally to lack of interest on the part of those who ought to have had some foresight. True, there is a remnant or two of the elk herds yet left in East Kootenai, some goat, a stray big horn here and there, with a fair showing of deer. North of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it requires at least from five to six weeks' time to have ten days' hunting. Northern British Columbia is still strong for big game, and is, without doubt, the greatest big game district in America today; but with at least two great transcontinental railways forging their ways westward to the Pacific Coast, how long will it remain so, if the laxness of the past and the present be continued into the future? On Vancouver Island, we have yet good sport to offer, where in vast areas yet to be explored, the elk undoubtedly run in sufficient numbers to give any sportsman the limit at the expense of a little exertion and hardship. Much of this land is not available for culture, and if created into preserve would go far to insure the preservation of the wapiti—the most noble four-foot we know.

The urgency of the case should appeal to our law-makers, to every sportsman in British Columbia, and to those who come as strangers to our forests for their yearly outing. If the Government will do nothing, sportsmen, be satisfied with enough; the limit is even now too generous; and remember, as British Columbia is the last stand of American big game (and it is, without question), let it be a stand worthy of enlightened and unselfish sportsmen; do not make of it an ever-to-be-regretted slaughter.

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf

Sportsmen returning from Montana say that the incoming legislature of that state is expected to do something in the matter of preventing the destruction of fish by the irrigation ditches. There is a law on the statute books, but for all the good it does it may as well be in an antiquated almanac. It was designed to prevent the complete damming of streams at points where irrigation ditches and flumes get their supply of water. Yet it is a fact, vouched for by scores of fishermen, that at various places along the Big Hole and Wise rivers in the remote districts of the southern part of the state, dams, extending across the streams, have been constructed to force the water into the flumes.

Protests by sportsmen resulted in removing enough of one of these obstructions to allow the fish to get into deep water, while in another instance the fishermen took chances of being shot by ranchers and tore out part of a dam. While the dam was in place the fish were plunged into the flume and killed by the hundreds when they struck the end of the small lateral.

Various schemes have been suggested and some of them undoubtedly have merit. But every attempt made to obtain a law for the protection and preservation of the game fish of Montana has met with the strenuous opposition of the members representing country constituencies. Yet the Government annually spends money to propagate the game fish, and millions of the smaller ones are distributed every year for the purpose of restocking the streams of Montana.

* * *

Several strings of trout were taken from Hayden lake, northeast of Spokane, the last week in November, among them being a catch of seven fish which averaged 30 ounces, by Charles E. Flagg of Spokane, Lawry Miles and Joseph Schwartz of Coeur d'Alene, also landed a string of 33 smaller trout. Mr. Flagg's catch was made in two hours. Two fish got away from him with tackle and all but the biggest one, weighing three pounds, that he landed, was taken on a fly rod. It required ten minutes to land this one; the others also proved gamey. Mr. Flagg said that for November fishing the quality was a surprise to him, and had there been a ripple on the water he believed he might have landed double or treble the number he brought back.

* * *

This is something about a case of mistaken identity, which cost Fred Heyd, a rancher in the Palouse country, $25 and the loss of a good night's sleep. Mr. Heyd was awakened by his bear hounds recently, and looking out of his window he saw them holding at bay what he believed was a huge black bear. He aroused a couple of his neighbors by telephone and grabbed his shot gun, loaded with double B, and started to do battle. Two shots brought the animal down, and when his neighbors arrived an investigation was made. It was found he had "bagged" a Poland China hog belonging to Craig McKee. Mr. Heyd promptly handed out five new $5 bills to Mr. McKee and swore the others to secrecy over mugs of fine old apple jack, but the story was too good to keep.

"Never again," Mr. Heyd said. "Hereafter when I want bear steak for breakfast, I'll make sure I'm not aiming at pork chops."

Al. Wieseman and sportsmen of the Spokane district are wroth over the reports of the wanton destruction of eggs of wild geese and ducks in Alaska brought to Spokane by soldiers and travelers, and as a result a petition will be forwarded to President Roosevelt calling his attention to the state of affairs and asking federal protection for the birds, also that efforts be made to punish the "butchers."

"They are slaughtering birds and destroying eggs by the thousands in Alaska," Mr. Wieseman said. "It is partly on account of the wanton destruction of the nests in Alaska that ducks are becoming so scarce here. The Alaska ducks and geese come south when the real cold weather sets in.

"I know of one man employed by the Government in Alaska, who makes more from the sale of ducks and ducks' eggs than he does from the Government. The man boasted of the fact to me when he was in Spokane last year. He has a gasolene launch which he uses in his work and goes to the nesting places daily for eggs. He takes a small boat to go around in the marshes to collect the eggs. He told me he got eggs by the barrel full and sold them to the miners for food.

"Alaska is not the only place where the nests are robbed, however. There is a great deal of it done in this state. Although the commissioners in every county are expected to appoint a game warden, Spokane is practically the only county in the eastern part of the state that has an efficient warden, and J. A. Uhlig deserves much credit for what he has done toward compelling obedience of the game laws."

Canadian lynx have been "bagged" in the wilds of North Idaho for years, but Miss Alice E. Duffield, until recently bookkeeper in St. Luke's Hospital, in Spokane, has the distinction of killing the largest of the species ever seen in the forest of the Gem State. The animal was killed within 200 yards of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gillon, at Eastport. Miss Duffield was accompanied by Miss Nellie Brown, of Duluth, Minn. They saw the lynx approach the cabin and gave chase, Miss Duffield felling the animal with a single shot from a rifle.

* * *

Tom Hopper, guide and bear hunter, accompanied by Pierce Johnson, killed two lynx and a cougar in the hills near Springdale, Wash., north of Spokane, a few days ago. Hopper used his bear hounds, and they worked well. The two men started December 3d for the British Columbia hills, where they will spend a month hunting bears, which are said to be plentiful this year. Deer are also much in evidence in Northern Idaho and Washington and Southern British Columbia.

AUTOMOBILING

By Arthur Inkersley

DURING the last two or three months of 1906 a mania for record-breaking set in among the automobilists of San Francisco. As already related in the December issue of Western Field, J. A. Landsberger's six-cylinder Franklin, driven by Tony Nichols, at its fifth attempt lowered the record made by a White steam car, 1905 model, driven by George Hensley, of 21 hours 12 minutes, for the journey between San Francisco and Los Angeles, to 21 hours 3½ minutes. A few days later Fernando Nelson's Columbia captured the record by covering the distance in 18 hours 13 minutes, or only one minute less than three hours better time than the White's. Both records were made over bad roads, dusty and rough, the fall rains not having yet arrived. A Cadillac car, driven by Arthur Hull, made some attempts to establish a record between the two cities, but met with mishaps, which compelled the abandonment of the journey. Arthur Van Valin, agent for the Studebaker car, started two or three times, but did not cover the whole distance. The record seems almost certain to remain with the Columbia for a time; at any rate until the winter rains shall have compacted the roads and made the going better.

Then J. N. Hunnicutt, in a Pope-Hartford car, 1906 model, ran up Twin Peaks and to the end of the road in 3 minutes 30 seconds. A few days afterwards Calvin C. Eib, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, in an Oldsmobile car, 1907 model, covered the same distance in 2 minutes 29 seconds, and further accomplished the feat of taking his car to the summit of Twin Peaks, turning round on the limited space and running safely to the bottom.

On Sunday, November 25th, Calvin C. Eib, accompanied by Charles Allen and an observer, made the trip round San Francisco Bay, a distance of about a hundred miles, in 3 hours 29 minutes, including the half-hour on the Creek ferry-boat. The start was made at 5.57 in the morning from the office of the Chronicle at Market and Kearny streets, San Francisco, and the motor car caught the 6:00 ferry-boat on the Creek route. At 6:33 the automobile passed off the boat. The roads on the Oakland side of the bay were found in good condition for the most part, and the St. James Hotel, San Jose, was reached at 7:42 a. m., or in 1 hour 9 minutes after leaving the boat at Oakland. Near Alviso some time was lost through uncertainty about the roads. The highways on the San Mateo side of the bay were not in good condition and vehicles on the roads occasioned some delay; yet the starting point at the Chronicle office was reached at 9:26 a. m., or in 3 hours 29 minutes.

Soon after starting an incident occurred, which

Calvin C. Eib in his Oldsmobile

shows that the task of an "observer" is not altogether free from peril. Beyond Fruitvale the automobilists came to a spot where street-car tracks were being laid. Turning quickly the automobile lurched and threw the observer out. Though the automobile was traveling at a rate of 30 to 35 miles an hour, he was fortunate enough to escape with some bruises and sprained ankle and wrist.

Disapproving of these attempts at record-breaking, the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California prepared a circular-letter, which was sent to the Boards of Supervisors, Chiefs of Police, Sheriffs and other officials of the counties through which the route between San Francisco and Los Angeles passes, urging the arrest of all automobilists who might be found breaking the State law, and promising to co-operation of the Club in punishing them. The drivers of the record-seeking automobiles asserted that, so far from the people dwelling along the route being unfriendly, they were really much interested in the fast-traveling motor cars. However that may be, the Supervisors of San Mateo county instructed the Sheriff to see that automobilists exceeding the limit of speed allowed by the State law are punished. The officials of San Jose and Santa Clara county have also declared themselves opposed to travel at high speed.

The executive committee of the Automobile Club of California found plenty of work on its hands in endeavoring to prevent a restriction of the privileges accorded to motorists in Golden Gate Park, many complaints having been made that parties of automobilists traveled over the Park drives at reckless speed and with an utter disregard of the rights of others, the Commissioners threatened to restrict motor-cars to the South Drive and to limit rigidly the permissible rate of speed. J. P. Lowe, S. C.

Clarence Diehl and Bert Saunders in Nelson's Columbia

Buckbee and C. C. Moore, composing the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California, attended the meeting of the Commissioners on November 16th and earnestly presented the case of the automobilists. On behalf of the club they promised to provide additional policemen for the Park and to furnish attorneys to prosecute those who might be arrested for violation of the Park rules. On these representations the Commissioners consented to extend for two months the privileges previously granted to automobilists. There the matter rests until the 16th of January, 1907. If at that time the Commissioners do not feel satisfied with the general behavior of automobilists in the city's playground, there is little douot that they will withdraw nearly all the privileges now enjoyed by the owners of motor-cars. In a city comprising within its limits so few good roads available for the pleasure of the motorist, this is a serious matter. For some time after the fire popular feeling was strongly in favor of the automobile on account of the good work that it accomplished during those troublous times and that it is still doing during the period of reconstruction, but the killing of a man by a motor-car employed by one of the San Francisco banks and the fatal injuring of another on the Oakland Mole by a chauffeur who did not stop to inquire into the fate of his victim are circumstances that tend to make enemies for the motor-car. The New York Motor Club recently authorized the payment of a reward of fifty dollars for the arrest and conviction of the driver of an automobilt who should injure any one and try to speed away without offering assistance. The New York Motor Club will also expel any member who may be found guilty of the offense. The Automobile Club of California is equally determined to check speeding and other violations of the law.

About the middle of November John K. Bolger, United States Inspector of Hulls and Boilers, was engaged, under instructions from Victor H. Metcalf, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, in making an investigation into the passenger traffic between San Francisco and the towns across the Bay. He took occasion to remark that the presence of automobiles on the ferry-boats was a source of great danger. "Not only," said he, "do they discommode hundreds of passengers, sometimes taking up half of the lower deck, but there is always the danger of an explosion. . . . The lives of thousands of passengers are endangered by their presence on the boats. Automobiles should go on passenger boats only during the hours when travel is slack and at other times should go on the freight boats."

At once the automobile men were up in arms, contradicting and ridiculing all the statements of "United States Inspector of Hulls and Boilers, Bulger." They said that the four automobiles permitted on a ferry-boat could not physically take up the space designated as "half of the lower deck." They maintained strenuously that it is impossible for a car to "explode" or "blow up," unless the cap of the gasoline tank is taken off and a light applied to the opening. It was just possible that the boiler of the early type of steam motor-car might explode, but the only steam car now on the market—the White—uses a steam generator which consists of a coil of seamless tubing. A steam-leak in this would not be dangerous at all, though it might interfere with the operation of the automobile.

Curiously enough, only a few days after the indignant and contemptuous comments of the automobile-men the statement was published in the daily papers that the gasoline tank of an automobile employed by Charles S. Fee of the Southern Pacific Railway Company had "exploded" in the Ferry Building, causing clerks and bystanders to run away in fear of being "blown up." It was said that, while the chauffeur was cleaning the car, some of the drippings ignited and the flames caused the tank to "explode." The automobile-men stated that the chauffeur was cleaning the car in a small room used for that purpose in the Ferry Building and left some drippings in the pan under the motor; when the engine was set going, these caught fire; the chauffeur seized a bucket which he thought had water in it; the supposed water was dirty gasoline which had been used in cleaning other cars; the resulting blaze was put out and the gasoline tank did not "explode."

The dealers, naturally afraid of the effect that an incident of this sort, apparently going a long way to confirm the lurid statements of U. S. I. O. H. A. B. Bulger, hastened to assert that, even if a gasoline tank leaks and a flame runs to the point of leakage, the gasoline would merely burn and no explosion would result. And there the matter rests at the time of writing.

POWER-BOATS ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Arthur Inkersley

THOUGH comparatively few motor-boats of the modern racing type are found on the Bay of San Francisco, there is a large number of launches and power-boats of various kinds. Many of these are put to commercial uses, while others are pleasure craft. Nearly all the pleasure boats are equipped with gas engines, either manufactured in the Eastern States or by San Francisco firms. The Buffalo Marine engine is the best-known one of Eastern manufacture on the waters of San Francisco Bay. The California Launch Company (J. C. Beetle and C. W. Keith), whose shop is on Blanding avenue, near the Park Street bridge, Alameda, has recently taken the agency for the "Peninsular" engine, made at Grand Rapids, Mich. The best-known gas engines of local manufacture are the "Union," the "Standard," the "Hercules" and the "Atlas." There are also the "Imperial," "Oriental" and "Hicks." The "Union," "Standard," "Hercules" and "Atlas" were manufactured in San Francisco formerly, but now all these four companies have plants in East Oakland, near the Creek. The Union and the Standard Gas Engine Companies had already begun the erection of their Oakland plants before the San Francisco fire, and so were prepared to supply the great demand that has arisen since the disaster.

For several years the only well-known pleasure craft on the Bay that employed steam as a motive power was E. W. Hopkins' El Primero, which was on the rolls of the San Francisco Yacht Club. She was a handsome but not very staunch vessel, 120 feet over all, and equipped with 250 horse-power engines. She rarely went on more extended trips than up the Sacramento river and for two or three years wae not once used by her owner At the time of the Portland Exposition she was taken up the Columbia river and lay at anchor near the fair grounds. She has since been sold to a resident of Tacoma.

The handsomest steam yacht now on the Bay is A. B. Spreckels' Lurline, which was built by John Twigg & Sons. She has a length of 69 feet, a beam of 12 feet 6 inches, and a draft of 4 feet, and is equipped with a triple-expansion engine, water-tube boiler, made by the Gas Engine and Power Company, Charles L. Seabury of Morris Heights, N. Y. The engine develops 100 H.-P. The craft is built in the staunchest manner of mahogany and teak, fastened with copper nails and brass screws. She has an independent electric lighting plant, Pullman berths in the cabin and a forecastle for the crew. She is used principally in running between San Francisco and Mr. Spreckels' ranch on the Napa creek.

G. W. Baxter, formerly governor of Colorado and owner of the schooner yacht Ramona, now has a 60 H.-P. steam craft named Green Dragon.

The 100 H.-P. steamer Imp, formerly owned by Robert Hickmott of Bouldin Island, is 42 feet over all. She has been bought by F. A. Robbins, who was at one time a director of the San Francisco Yacht Club and owner of the launch Rob Roy. She will be changed greatly by her new owner, who will fit her with a trunk cabin, a forward cabin with sleeping accommodation for two, and a toilet. She will be equipped with a 40 H.-P. Buffalo marine engine and so arranged that one man can control

Launching the Lurline—A. B. Spreckels Owner

Mrs. G. F. Kohl's "Idlewild"

Carlton Wall's "Olive"

the motor and steering-gear from the forward part of the cockpit. This will enable the owner to handle the boat and be among his friends instead of being buried out of sight in an engine-room. The Imp is 52 feet long and is built on the same model as the Aguila (formerly owned by W. R. Hearst), which beat the ferry-boat San Rafael by 2 minutes 30 seconds on the regular run from San Francisco to Sausalito.

The largest pleasure craft equipped with gas engines that has ever been owned on the Bay was the late Charles L. Fair's Lucero, which was one of the expensive toys of the young multi-millionaire. Little use was made of her by her owner and for a long time she lay in the upper waters of Oakland Creek, with only a keeper on board On the death of young Fair and his wife from an automobile accident near Paris, Lucero was sold to Captain Minor Goodall and converted into a steamer She was on the rolls of the San Francisco Yacht Club, but is now at San Pedro

The most powerful and one of the handsomest pleasure-boats on the Bay is Mrs. G. F. Kohl's gasoline launch Idlewild, which has a length of 60 feet over all, a beam of 10 feet, and is equipped with an 85 H.-P. 4-cylinder Union gas engine. She is a graceful, weatherly craft and has gone down the coast as far as Monterey Bay, where the photograph reproduced on these pages was made.

The Chipmunk, owned by Gordon Blanding, is 55 feet long, with a beam of 8 feet, and is equipped with a 45 H.-P. 4-cylinder Union gas engine. Mr. Blanding also owns La Petite, which is 28 feet over all and has an 8 H.-P. Union gas engine; and an unnamed open launch, 21 feet over all, with a 4 H.-P. Union gas engine. Mr. Blanding is a member of the San Francisco Yacht Club, but has a well-equipped boat-house of his own near his residence at Belvedere Point.

The palm for the highest speed ever attained by a motor-boat on the Bay lies between the "Twig It," built by John Twigg & Sons and the "Rogengeo," built by G. W. Kneass. The "Twig It" is 33 feet long, with a beam of 5 feet 2 inches and is built on the double hull principle, having a sharp, knife-blade-like hull immersed and a comparatively beamy hull on the surface of the water. She thus combines stability, buoyancy, roominess and slight resistance in a manner that is highly conducive to speed. Equipped with a Trebert 34 H.-P. engine built at Rochester, N. Y., she made 22 miles per hour, though the engine did not do the best of which it was capable for any considerable time continuously.

The "Rogengeo" was built for the Rogers Engineering Company, the head of which was S. D. Rogers, the first president of the Automobile Club of California. She is 45 feet long and 5 feet wide, with a very sharp entrance. Her hull is composed of two thin skins of hard wood, with canvas between them. She was equipped with a Buffalo marine engine, but was bought by the Union Gas Engine Company, which put a 45 H.-P. 4-cylinder Union engine into her, named her "Union" and sent her to the Portland Exposition, where she attained a speed of about 21½ miles an hour. Afterwards she ran from 40,000 to 50,000 miles on the Columbia River, Puget Sound and around Victoria, B. C. She is now at Kneass's shop near the Union Iron Works. A boat of precisely similar construction and of the same beam, but only 40 feet long, was built by Kneass and fitted with a 16 H.-P. Buffalo engine by the Rogers Engineering Company, which then held the San Francisco agency for the Buffalo marine engine. It is owned by L. Ricks of Eureka and is the speediest craft on the waters of Humboldt Bay. The engine of the "Union" was burned in the shops of the Union Gas Engine Company during the San Francisco fire.

Few launches are better known on the Bay than the "America," formerly owned by James Kitterman, who was a popular port captain of the San Francisco Yacht Club. She has a length of 50

John Twig's "Twig It"

fe over all and her Union gas engine develops 50 H.-P. The engine has been almost rebuilt by the Standard Gas Engine Company, which put in new cylinder-heads, a Standard vaporizer and some governor improvements. The Crowley Launch and Tugboat Company of San Francisco, formerly Thomas Crowley and Brothers, bought her from James Kitterman at the time of the fire, but will probably dispose of her, as their fleet already numbers nineteen craft, with engines of from 8 to 60 horse-power.

F. A. Hyde's power-boat "Olive" (at first named "Vladimir"), was built by John Twigg & Sons and is a good example of sound construction. She is 47 feet over all and has a 45 H.-P. Union gas engine. She is built for speed and rough water. Her owner recently sold her, with her small boats and complete equipment, to Carlton Wall, a rich young Oaklander, who formerly owned the most powerful motor-car in Alameda County, a machine imported from France and said to have cost $18,000. His motor-car met with so many mishaps and nearly killed so many of his friends that Wall parted with her to a Fruitvale doctor and will try motoring on the water, where the chances of collision are reduced by the absence of fences, gates, trees and other obstacles encountered by the erratic automobile. It is said that Mr. Hyde is contemplating the construction of a larger and more powerful boat than the "Olive," which, no doubt, will continue on the rolls of the San Francisco Yacht Club.

Other power-boats owned by members of the San Francisco Yacht Club are F. Raisch's naphtha launch "Edwinna," 55 feet over all and of 16 H.-P.; S. Naphtaly's gasoline launch "St. Francis," 44 feet over all and of 29 H.-P.; W. H. Falkenstein's gasoline launch "Sulu," 25 feet over all; R. S. Bridgman's gasoline launch "Cub," of 2 H.-P.; L. C. Pistolesi's gasoline launch "Sequoia," 26 feet over all and of 4 H.-P., and the same owner's gasoline launch "Bear Flag," 17 feet over all and of 2 H.-P.; the gasoline launch "Olga" (21 feet over all, with a 4 H.-P. Standard engine), formerly owned by S. J. Stuparich, but now by E. Slack; J. H. Cochrane's gasoline launch "Skip," 21 feet long and of 2½ H.-P.; J. Gilmaker's gasoline launch, 23.4 feet long and of 5 H.-P.; H. Warnecke's gasoline launch "Art," 21 feet long and of 4 H.-P.; F. M. Smith's 5 H.-P. gasoline launch "Haouli"; the 22-foot 4 H.-P. gasoline launch "Seal," formerly owned by Ehrenberg, but now by Trebell, and W. Jessen's gasoline launch "La Favorita," formerly Dr. A. W. McKenzie's "Alberta."

F. S. Wright and I. Zellerbach own the launch "Claire," which is 38 feet over all and is equipped with a 30-35 H.-P. gas engine. C. F. Meyer, commodore of the newly-organized Golden Gate Yacht Club (which is an off-shoot of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and has quarters on the Sausalito waterfront), owns the launch "Marguerite." Other launches on the roll of the Gee Gees are the "May W.," "Augusta" and "Hope." The launch "Augusta" was owned by the late Senator Moffitt, an Oaklander who found politcs a profitable profession. She has a 35 H.-P. Standard engine and is now in the service of the Western Pacific Railway.

The launches "Augusta," "Aloha" and "Ariel" were formerly on the rolls of the California Yacht Club, the "Ariel" being owned by Eugene Flanders, an old-time member of the Ariel Rowing Club. "Ariel" is now the property of an Oakland junk-dealer. Robert Vincent, commodore of the California Yacht Club, owns the launch "Oneonta," built by G. W. Kneass and equipped with a 20 H.-P. Buffalo marine engine. C. Vogel and others of the California Yacht Club own the launch "Ethel," which has a 15 H.-P. Buffalo engine. A. L. Horry owns the launch "Alfie," which is equipped with a 4 H.-P. Truscott engine. Horry came up from Santa Cruz, of which he was formerly a resident, to Oakland in this little craft.

Many of the arks which used to be moored in Tiburon Cove during the summer and in the lagoon during the winter, have abandoned Belvedere on account of the difficulty of getting into the lagoon since the new bridge was built, and are now moored in San Antonio Estuary, just above the Park Street bridge, Alameda. Some of the residents of the new "Arkville" own small launches.

Several power-boats are owned by residents of Belvedere or have headquarters in the Cove, among them being Gordon Blanding's three boats already mentioned. Charles H. Crocker owns a craft 33 feet long, 4 feet 10 inches wide, equipped with a 35 H.-P. high-speed Victor engine. She is of a good model, but is somewhat heavily built for speed. Frank Bower's "Corsair" is 31½ feet by 5 feet, and is equipped with a 15 H.-P. Buffalo marine engine. Edward Hax's launch "Glory" is a little longer and narrower, being 33 feet by 4 feet; she has a 15 H.-P. Buffalo engine and can make about fifteen miles an hour. Robert White owns a 21-foot launch equipped with a 5 H.-P. Peters engine. Bush Finnell owns a launch equipped with an 8 H.-P. Standard engine. Mr. Brooks owns a 34-foot cabin cruising launch, built by John Twigg & Sons and equipped with a 16 H.-P. Union engine. Hugo D. Kiel has an 18-foot boat, also built by Twigg, and equipped with a 2 H.-P. Oriental engine. M. B. Wallach's launch "Allegro" is 29 feet by 6 feet and has a 16 H.-P. 4-cylinder Victor engine. The launch "Munk," 18 feet by 4 feet, owned by G. F. Lewis of Belvedere, has a 2 H.-P. Union gas engine.

H. G. Hinckley, Vice-Commodore of the Oakland Canoe Club (which, since the earthquake, has made its headquarters on the old ferry-boat "Amador," through the courtesy of the University of California Boating Association), on Sessions Basin, East Oakland, owns a small launch. It is stimated that from fifty to seventy-five launches are owned on Oakland Creek, but many of these are used for commercial purposes and so do not come within the scope of this article. The demand for power-boats has increased greatly since the fire and those offered for sale are snapped up quickly. Many launches are owned at Vallejo, Benicia, Port Costa, Martinez and on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, but it has not been possible to get particulars of these and it is believed that most of them are used commercially.

Clarence Letcher of San Jose owns a 38-foot launch equipped with a 2-cylinder 18 H.-P. Hercules motor. She formerly belonged to Charles Granger of Redwood City. She is a roomy boat, having sleeping

accommodations for eight persons. Her headquarters are at the anchorage of the South Bay Yacht Club at Alviso, where other power-boats owned by members of the club are moored.

P. Swanson, the Belvedere boat-builder, has under construction for Clarence J. Macfarlane, Commodore of the Hawaiian Yacht Club, a trunk cabin cruising launch, 32 feet by 8 feet, to be equipped with a 10 H.-P. Standard engine. He is also building for Edward Hax a cabin cruiser 36 feet by 8 feet, with sleeping accommodations, toilet, galley, etc. She will be fitted with a 30 H.-P. Buffalo marine engine and will be used on shooting excursions. Swanson has a contract to build a speed launch, 34 feet by 5 feet, fitted with a 20 H.-P. Buffalo engine, for use on Clear Lake, Lake county. She is to be a handsome craft of highly-finished mahogany.

W. N. McCarthy, formerly commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club and owner of the schooner-yacht "Ramona," is supervising the construction by Pasquinucci, the North Beach boat-builder, of a powerful launch, 67 feet long, with a beam of 16 feet. She will be equipped with two 35 H.-P. twin screw gas engines built by Peters. She will have no cockpit, but her cabin will be large and fitted with a buffet; she is intended to carry passengers from Monterey to Santa Cruz.

Several power boats are owned by members of the Vallejo Yacht and Rowing Club. Among them are the launch "Catherine," length 32 feet over all and 28 feet on the water line; beam 9½ feet; draft 3½ feet; equipped with a 5 H.-P. gasoline engine and owned by C. A. Triebel, Port Captain of the club; the launch "Inez," 28 feet by 6 feet 6 inches, draft 18 inches, fitted with a 6 H.-P. gasolene engine, and owned by C. Kent Farmer of the South Vallejo Lumber Mill; launch "Terrible," length 27 feet 6 inches, beam 6 feet 10 inches, equipped with a 6 H.-P. gas engine, built by her owner, J. Malin; launch "Sadie H.," length 20 feet, beam 5 feet 6 inches, equipped with 3 H.-P. gas engine and owned by A. H. Morse; the launch "Iris," 16 feet in length, 4 feet 4 inches beam, equipped with a 1½ H.-P. gas engine and owned by J. W. Oliver, secretary of the club; launch "Alice," 20 feet length, 5 feet beam, equipped with a 4 H.-P. gas engine and owned by E. P. Huntington; a launch 20 feet by 5 feet, equipped with a 3 H.-P. gas engine and owned by David Root; a launch of the same dimensions equipped with a 4 H.-P. gas engine and owned by M. A. Clark; the launch "John Roddy," 15 feet by 5 feet, equipped with a 3 H.-P. gas engine and owned by W. H. Kirkland; a launch 20 feet long by 5 feet, owned by Clarence Fitzgerald and equipped with a 4 H.-P. gas engine. Wood Watson of the Vallejo Yacht and Rowing Club will put a 10 H.-P. auxiliary engine into his sloop "Olympic," which is 39 feet long, with a beam of 12 feet and a draft of 3 feet.

William D. Nutz has a yard at Vallejo in which he builds and repairs launches and boats. He tends the lights in the channel and owns several large launches which are employed on the Bay. Charley Lang, an employee in the boat-shop of the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, has built several launches. J. McPherson, an apprentice in the boat-shop, has built some launches and is now at work on a craft 30 feet or more in length, which, it is said, will eclipse any of the power-boats in the neighborhood of Vallejo.

Stanley Chisholm and Dr. White, residents of Benicia and members of the Vallejo Yacht and Rowing Club, own small gasolene launches.

These launches, like nearly all power-boats owned at Vallejo, Benicia, Port Costa, Martinez and other places in the vicinity, are much used for duck-hunting in the tules, especially on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings Little craft of all sorts are fitted out with small engines to convey sportsmen to the sloughs and ponds where ducks are found.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone"
—Byron.

HIGH CLASS, CLASS AND CLASSY

By H. T. Payne

THE words "class" and "classy," coined by Bernard Waters, of the Forest and Stream, some ten or twelve years ago, as applied to the quality of a field dog is less understood and more abused than any other expression used by the followers of the field trials. A recent article in the American Field by the veteran handler, John L. Barker, under the caption of "Judging at Field Trials," contains some very pertinent remarks on the misuse of these expressions. But Mr. Barker does not go far enough to fully explain the proper use of these terms. After some discussion as to the opinions of various sportsmen, Mr. Barker says: "But there is a greater pleasure than the mere bagging of game to be derived from sports afield with dog and gun. It is the recuperation which ensues from the exercise of mind and body in the open air, the exhilaration and enthusiasm inspired by the joyous work of our willing and eager canine companions, and it is the peace of mind which comes to one in the contemplation of nature's handiwork—forest and stream, hillside and valley, sweet flowers and balmy breezes—all contribute to lure our minds from the earth earthy. When to the above is added the companionship of tried and appreciative friends, the periodical return of the opportunity of participating in the pleasures of sports afield is looked forward to with the keenest anticipation, and the dog which can contribute in the greatest degree to our pleasure as described is the high-class dog for which we should strive." After enumerating a number of prominent field trial winners which have been constantly used by their owners in their private shooting and pronounced the most ideal shooting dogs, Mr. Barker continues: "So, then, a high-class dog must possess, first of all great range and pace, coupled with the skill and judgment that comes with the confidence that is gained by experience, which skill and confidence are not possible of attainment except by dogs possessing the keenest of noses. If these qualities are accompanied by a high-headed, merry way of going, so much the better."

This may possibly convey to the sportsman who has graduated at the field trials a fair idea of what is really a high-class dog; but it must fall very short of it with the ordinary man even with a considerable experience.

The dog which can contribute in the greatest degree to our pleasure, may or may not be a high-class dog. This will depend very much on the man's disposition and as well on his knowledge of what really constitutes a high-class performer. A man may be a keen sportsman, an admirer of nature and be inspired until his very soul

is filled with the great speed and grand range of a wild racer that frolics over the whole country, and even stand spellbound behind the staunch point that this dog will make if he should accidentally get near enough a bevy to catch the scent; yet this man may have no appreciation of animal intelligence, no conception of artistic beauty, no knowledge of animal locomotion either in its relation to beauty in action or capability of reasonable endurance. If he is lacking in these, the wild racer that never looked for a likely place in his life and makes an occasional point when he happens to run onto a bird, would furnish to such a man just as much pleasure as a really high-class dog would. Neither is this kind of man nor this kind of dog an exception by any means. The first are common attendants at our trials and by no means unfrequent in the judge's saddle; and the latter are, unfortunately, far too common in our derbies and even in the all-age stakes.

How often have we seen at our trials a brace of dogs cast off, race side by side for half a mile or more in a bee line away from their handlers, then turn and come back in the same way over the same ground, with never a thought that they were expected to look for and find birds. Then how often have we heard the remark, made with that enthusiasm which bespeaks of perfect satisfaction, "What a splendid cast!" If the dogs had been whippets it would have been a fine exhibition; but inasmuch as they were bird dogs it was simply abominable. But if one should say this to one of the admirers of such "splendid casts," he would be answered: "Oh, that's only the fault of the trainer." If so, then the trainer should be made to realize it by putting such dogs out of the race at the end of the first series; for so long as the judges will continue such dogs in the race and even give them places, the trainer, who is out to win, will continue to produce them. Then when we allow such dogs to be placed as winners they will be bred to and the breeder will continue to breed them to the lasting injury of the breed.

Another kind of dog that has been greatly admired by this same class of men, and one that is a good illustration of what is not a high-class performer, is the dog that races over the field with a great deal of dash and will snap in a more or less spectacular way to ten or fifteen points in a heat. Some times this kind of dog is found to be remarkably staunch, but usually changes his position to at least three sides of the bunch of brush before his handler arrives, then, in nine cases out of ten, by the time the handler has got the shells in his gun, this spectacular performer discovers that it was either a mouse or a grasshopper and gallops off to repeat the nauseating dose. His admirers, however, are completely satisfied and excuse the dog with the remark that the bird must have run. If so, then the dog whose combined power of scent and judgment cannot detect a fading scent and know enough to "get a move on" in an effort to relocate the bird, instead of freezing to a warm spot is a long way from a high-class dog. It may be argued that the point was just as inspiring as if the bird had been there. Even so, but what becomes of that inspiration when one realizes that the dog hadn't sense enough to know the difference?

There is still another class of dogs that seem to furnish a great amount of pleasure to a certain kind of field trial men. This is the short-bodied, long-legged, crampedly-built animal. When moving he looks to be twice as fast as he really is, because he has to make about two jumps in order to cover the same ground that a well-made dog would cover in one. From his faulty conformation he has to jump nearly as high into the air as the length of his stride, and is therefore about "all in" at the end of the first hour. He is generally a wide ranger, and rarely cares whether or not he is in the same county with his handler. He is satisfied to hunt (?) on bare ground over and over again, and if his handler gets him into likely ground he is soon out again where the going is easier. He, too, will point if he runs onto birds, but he is never or rarely known to take the foot scent of feeding birds and road them up to a well-found point. He may or may not be staunch on his points, but whether or not they are characterless, and lacking in that intensity and all-absorbing, straining attention of the brainy dog whose every thought is of birds and whose every move-

"Longfellow"

"Duke" and "Dandy"
Owned by Government Police, Nanaimo, B. C.

"Young Duke"
Taking his First Bear Track at 6 mos. Age

"King Zarr" Owned by Lloyd Tevis

BLOOD HOUNDS BRED BY J. A. ("JERKY") JOHNSON, A NOTED BEAR TRAILING PACK

ment is made in hunting such places as they are known to frequent. Yet I have seen men gape open-eyed and open-mouthed at such dogs and apply the word "classy" to them with as much zest as if they had a conception of its meaning; and some of them, too, sitting in the judge's saddle, place them over dogs with ten times the "class," and which showed just as much speed in their long smooth, easy strides; possibly not as wide, but more consistent and better rangers, hunting in likely places every moment they were down, anxiously, earnestly, intelligently looking for birds in the places where they were to be found, and then pointing them with that keen intenseness which betokens their pleasure and satisfaction in finding them.

What then is a high-class dog? Let us read from the rules of our own club and those of almost every other club in America.

"The judges are requested to place to the front dogs showing the best natural qualities, viz: intelligent ranging, desire to find birds independently, bird sense and nose, or expressed in fewer words, dogs showing the *greatest ability and desire to find birds.* All dogs should be broken as a matter of course. * * * * * *

"The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that maintains the most killing range throughout, viz: wide or close as the necessity of the case requires.

"The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful and easily handled.

"The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that shows the greatest bird sense. Bird sense is shown in a dog by his desire to hunt for birds; his selection of likely places; his industry at staying out at his work, and his skill in handling and pointing the birds after he has found them." Other minor points are mentioned, as well as what constitutes the demerits, but they are not essential here.

Here, then, in these rules, which I am sorry to say are more honored in their disregard than in their observance, we have described all the characteristics of a great bird dog.

"*He must be broken,*" says the rules, "*as a matter of course;*" he must be obedient and prompt in action; cheerful in his work and in obeying the direction of his handler; his range must not be back and forth over the same or bare ground, but intelligently laid out in the most direct routes from one likely place to another, hunting out each promptly and efficiently, leaving it for another as soon as it has been covered, and taking the advantage of the wind whenever possible. By his keenness, by the prompt and direct manner in which he goes to the places which the birds frequent, he must show that his only purpose and only desire is to find birds. And, when found he must show by his staunch and his snappy, positive points that his nose is good and his judgment unerring.

One that does his work in this manner is a great dog, and yet not necessarily a "classy" one, or in other words not really a high-class one. He may do all that has been said yet gallop like a cow or a foundered horse. He may be staunch, yet listless on his points. He may snap to his points, but instead of assuming a beautiful and attractive attitude he may sprawl on his belly. He may be fast and keen, yet run with a low head and a still tail. He may have an excellent nose, yet fail in recognizing the foot scent of feeding birds and be unable to follow it with that keen discrimination of scent that tells the foxhound the moment he strikes the trail which way his quarry is going. He may be a good retriever if the bird is killed dead, but never able to take the foot scent of a runing cripple and follow it until he brings it to bag.

Therefore to have a high-class dog we must add to the qualities of the great dog already described, that physical conformation which enables him to gallop with a long, easy stride as smooth as the sailing of the bird, his head high in the air and his tail merry in its action, making him an all-day companion. He must snap to his points from a keen gallop like the pop of a whip, assuming an attitude at once intense, artistic, inspiring, showing in his quivering nerves and blazing eyes the enthusiasm with which his whole being enters into his work. A locomotive may whistle itself hoarse yet there he stands as rigid

as if carved from marble, his whole mind—his whole soul, if you please—riveted on the bird, absolutely positive in his location, saying by his mute immovability, "There's your bird, right there! It's now up to you."

Such is the really high-class dog. I admit, with regret, that they are scarce, but that is no reason why we should honor dogs, devoid of more than half of these grand attributes, with the title.

Let us be honest with ourselves. Let us recognize as true merit only that which is true. We have allowed our judges to drift away from the mark. We have allowed our handlers to spend all of their time educating our dogs' legs to the shameful neglect to their brains. We have been chasing a fad—and a foolish one, too,—until we are now in the clouds. Let us get back to earth, and remember that a dog's legs can be far too fast for his nose, and that wide ranging is a positive detriment unless accompanied by an intelligent desire to find birds and good judgment in hunting only in such places as they are likely to be found. Let us get back to the timber we started to work on and compel our judges and handlers to hew to the line. When we do this we will begin to develop high-class dogs, and have a score or more where now we only see one or two in each decade.

A Suggestion to our Field Trial Men

FROM the favorable reports all over the State regarding the increase in the supply of quail, it is to be hoped that the grounds at Bakersfield on which the trials are to be held, will not prove an exception to what seems to be a general rule. The lack of birds in small bevies on good grounds has been a serious drawback to the development of the highest faculties in our field dogs. Rarely has more than one bevy been found in each heat, and these being so far apart and already located, the dogs have been taken directly to them. This gives no opportunity to the dog to exhibit that higher reasoning shown by his intelligent selection of the places in which he believes the birds are to be found. This reasoning, this intelligent selection of places without the wasting of time or physical energy by covering and recovering grounds which must of necessity be unproductive of results, has ceased to be a factor in the selection of the winners. And, it is hard to see how, with so few bevies and the character of the grounds, it can be otherwise. This condition, which has existed so long with little or no hope of improvement, demands a strong effort to find, if possible, a remedy.

From my personal experience I am convinced that this remedy is not hard to find. The massina quail (*Cyrtonyx montezuma*) of northern Mexico is an inhabitant of even a dryer and ofttimes colder climate than ours, being frequently found among the snows at an elevation of from six to seven thousand feet. They are really grass birds, living in the little valleys and on the hillsides wherever the cover is sufficient. They also take kindly to the grain fields wherever they have been established in or near their habitat. They are considerably larger than our quail and remain the whole winter in single broods of from six to fifteen birds. When startled they rush together and will allow one to almost step on top of them before they will flush. They scatter well when they again alight and then outhide any bird I have ever hunted. They are a round plump bird with short legs and exceedingly long claws, from which they take their generic name, *cyrtonyx,* from the Greek signifiying "crooked claw." They are therefore unable to run even if they had the disposition to do so. I have worked dogs on all the suitable birds of the United States and northern Mexico, and these are by far the best of them all for the purpose. The scent is strong, for I found it no uncommon thing for a young, inexperienced bitch to point these little bevies staunchly at from thirty to forty yards away.

Were those birds once acclimated in California—and I can see no reason why they should not be—they would be the bird par excellence for field trial work. There would be but little danger from poachers, for the man without a dog will rarely see one, and after the bevy has scattered I defy him to find one without a dog and a pretty good one at that.

The Grayson bobwhite (*Colinus graysonii*) of the Mexican State of Jalasca, is another bird that would certainly do well in California. It, too, is an inhabitant of a dry climate and takes to the cultivated field the same as its Eastern cousin.

It would be no great undertaking on the part of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club to import 500 or 1000 of these massina quail or even the Grayson quail and liberate them in suitable field trial grounds where they could have the proper protection. Then, if they should do well, the club would have the grandest trials in America, and the best bird on earth on which to develop the greatest and highest qualities of the field dog.

I make these suggestions for the serious consideration of the club, for if its members should ever see a brace of dogs working on these birds they would have them at any cost.

LETO

THE death of Mrs. H. T. Payne's beautiful little Italian greyhound, Leto, has removed from San Francisco possibly the most noticed and most admired dog in the city. Leto was not only one of the finest specimens of the breed in America, but she was also bred in the richest purple, being by the great champion Tee Dee out of champion Hilma. Leto's beautiful, clean cut head, delicately turned legs and graceful body attracted attention wherever she went to such an extent that had not Mrs. Payne been proud of her pet she must have been seriously annoyed by the constant questions she would have to stop and answer the admirers of her beautiful companion.

Little Leto was the baby of the house, and with her lovable ways and most affectionate disposition fully deserved all the care and attention that could be given her.

IF THE opinion of Wallace Bruce Coutts is to be taken as all wool and a yard wide, Frank Hicks' derby entry, out of Henry Keller's Sombra, will make the boys think there's something doing when the order is given to "cast 'em off." However, Dodge and Lucas and some of the others are yet to be heard from. Things may be different then.

What's the matter with the Secretary of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club? None of the papers have yet been able to get the derby entries. This is something everybody wants to know, and know as soon as possible after the entries close. Wake up, Mr. Secretary, wake up!

Mr. J. E. Terry of Sacramento has sent Mr. Keller of Los Angeles quite a good-looking setter bitch for Mr. Keller's use during the quail season. We are sorry for Joe, for from the way Mr. Keller's "kennel manager"—a chip off the old block, aged six years—has taken to the new bitch, the chances are about thirteen to one that Terry will never see her again. But then Joe will have the consolation that she is in good hands.

From the present outlook, the Los Angeles contingent promises to be better represented at the coming trials than has been the case for a number of years. The Southern boys have been playing in bad luck for some time with both dogs and handlers. But now it seems that the fickle goddess has taken a reef in her countenance, changing the heavy downward lines into those pleasing wrinkles which betoken favor. But then she's a flirting jade and may, after all, be only winking at them a little in the hopes of increasing the entry money for the other fellows.

ILLINOIS FIELD TRIALS

THE Eighth Annual Trials of the Illinois Field Trial's Association, recently run, had a fine lot of starters, there being thirty each in the derby and all-age. Besides these stakes a members' derby and a members' all-age were run, in which the entries were also large. The attendance was good and it goes without saying that the character of the dogs was high when such good ones as Policy Girl, Avalon and Keepsake were shut out of the money. In the all-age, in which these three dogs ran, there were twenty-two setters and eight pointers started. The winners were:

First—Fishel's Frank (pointer).

Second—Prince Whitestone (setter).

Third—Shot Wind'em (setter).

Fourth, equal—King Woolton (pointer); Oakley Hill's King (setter); Tonopah (setter).

In the derby, with twenty-one setters and nine pointers, the following were the winners:

First—Miss Lucia.

Second—Danny Stone.

Third—Bessie King's Rod.

Fourth, equal—Chit Chat; Mary J. All setters.

The old California handler, Charley Babcock, was in the race strong in numbers, having five in the all-age, including Policy Girl, Avalon and Keepsake, and three in the derby, but the company must have been pretty hot for he failed to get a place in either stake. Better luck next time, old man.